September 16, 1964

Registered in Australia for transmission by post as a newspaper.

The Australian

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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

SEPTEMBER 16, 1964 Vol. 32, No. 16

Head Office: 168 Castlereagh St., Sydney. Letters: Box 4088WW, G.P.O.
Melbourne: Newspaper House, 247 Collins St., Melbourne. Letters: Box 185C, G.P.O.
Brisbane: 81 Elizabeth St., Brisbane. Letters: Box 409P, G.P.O.
Adelaide: 24-26 Halifax St., Adelaide. Letters: Box 388A, G.P.O.
Perth: C/o Newspaper House, 125 St. George's Terrace, Perth. Letters: Box 491G, G.P.O.
Tasmania: Letters to Sydney address.

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OUR COVER

● *Orchids are on show throughout Australia now; the beautiful blooms of the Cattleya Fred Sander x Nigrella on our cover were grown by Mrs. E. Sinclair, of Balgowlah, N.S.W. Picture by Ron Berg.*

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WORTH REPORTING

THE LONDON GIRL (above) is being drastic in trying for the newly fashionable dead-straight look. Instead of burning her neck and scorching her hair, she should study the lift-out Hairdo Handbook in this issue.

This book is one we plan to keep ourselves until total baldness becomes the vogue — something we don't anticipate in our lifetime.

The ironing trick (tempting to those whose hair becomes steel wool in damp weather) would give the shudders to coiffure experts like those pictured below.

They are the Australian team who will compete in the Confederation Internationale de la Coiffure world championship in Basle, Switzerland, October 11-15.

They will also compete in Brussels, Paris, New York.

The official party also includes Madame Verna Greene, the "emergency," and organiser Miss Betty Ellis, both of Melbourne.

As well, hairdressers from all States will join the team, bringing the total to 22.

Interesting points about the Basle championship:

● The rules forbid "the obsolete technique where hair is backcombed and smoothed."

● Fantastic hairstyles are out. Even in the artistic-hairstyle section the height limit is six inches.

● *Hairdressers who will compete next month with teams from 17 countries at the world championship in Switzerland. Back, from left, Mr. Francois Kramer, Madame Chloris Ignace, Mrs. Shirley Juilfs, and her husband, Alwin. Front, Mr. Keith Dibble, Miss Barbara Walton. All except Mr. and Mrs. Juilfs (Camden, N.S.W.) are of Melbourne.*

POETRY FOR EXPORT

LONG-DISTANCE correspondence produced the current French-English issue of "Poetry Magazine" — the two translators live 12,000 miles apart: in Sydney and in Lausanne, Switzerland.

"These poems are precious things. Each is worth a hundred tears," said Sydney translator Margaret Diesendorf. "You must respect the writer's artistic logic and technique."

At the Lausanne end of the partnership is inventor-poet Louis Dautheuil, who won the Prix Roman for a collection of his sonnets.

A year's planning went into the issue, according to the editor, Dr. Grace Perry. It is a sampling of the work of 16 Australian writers, and will be distributed throughout the Commonwealth, in France, New Caledonia, and the French-speaking areas of Canada and Switzerland.

Dr. Perry believes this is the first bi-lingual magazine to be published in Australia. "It's a necessary thing for literary magazines to do to raise circulation," she said. "It's the only thing to do in a country this size. Export or die!"

"POETRY" editor Dr. Grace Perry (left) and translator Dr. Margaret Diesendorf.

Sunshine and a singer

IT'S hard nowadays for a world-famous anybody to slip quietly into Australia without publicity. But American opera star Jean Madeira and her conductor husband, Francis Madeira, did just that.

They arrived "officially" in Sydney six days after they'd flown into Brisbane to spend five anonymous days basking in the Gold Coast sunshine.

"It was so nice to walk around Surfers' Paradise and not be recognised," said Miss Madeira, who is out here to sing "Carmen" for the Elizabethan Theatre Trust's September-October opera season.

Only once were they discovered ("and that was on the last afternoon — so it didn't matter") and photographed as they frolicked with the porpoises in the pool at Coolangatta.

Reporting on the quality of Australian beaches, Miss Madeira, who says she is a "beach connoisseur," ranks Surfers' and Coolangatta on a par with Miami.

"I've swum at some of the world's loveliest beaches from the Riviera to South America, so I know what I'm saying," she said.

In Sydney the Madeiras will stay at one of the loveliest—Palm Beach.

★ ★ ★

AT Sydney's Paddy's Markets a little old man was buying a pair of reading-glasses.

He didn't try them on, or even look through the glass. He wanted a pair that would fit the case he had.

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● *George, John, Ringo, and Paul at the New York Press, radio, and television reception.*

THE AMERICAN SCREAM

Beatles give their best act off-stage

By BILL WILSON, of our New York staff

● The Beatles do more entertaining at their Press conferences than at their concerts. Their second tour of the U.S.A. has confirmed this.

THE Beatles, as one writer pointed out, are the only performers in show-business history who make millions of dollars for letting the audience entertain them.

As everyone knows, at a Beatles concert the sound you hear is the collective shriek from 15,000 to 50,000 young fans.

But at their Press conferences The Beatles provide the zany nonsense of the Marx Brothers. They put on an act worthy of any stage, day in and day out, for there's a Press conference every day.

In New York someone asked for their comment about the psychiatrist who wrote that the hysterical delight demonstrated by The Beatles' audience indicates an unhealthy and neurotic personality.

"He must be a pretty unhealthy and neurotic psychologist if he watches us," said Paul McCartney.

"What do you think of topless bathing suits?" asked the editor of a girls' magazine.

"We've been wearing them for years," was the answer.

And The Beatles poke fun at themselves.

They were asked what they thought of the "oversized louts" at Kennedy Airport when they arrived.

"Oh, that was us," said John Lennon.

But then they can well afford to poke fun at themselves. One promoter of the Forest Hills Music Festival (chief attraction: The Beatles) told me that the gross take for The Beatles in the past tax year amounted to £40 million.

The four Beatles themselves managed to keep just under £2 million after tax.

It doesn't much matter that The Beatles can't be heard at their American concerts. Their fans are happy to see and be near.

Those who actually want to hear them bring transistor radios along and hold them to their ears.

Because in every American town The Beatles have visited, the radio disc jockeys have come into their own. Radio interviews alternate with commercial messages as the only interruptions in nonstop Beatle records.

In New York three stations devoted themselves to The Beatles, and one of them kept it up night and day.

"Let's yell"

The fans who came to the airport and those outside The Beatles' hotel were kept up to date with the latest movements of the quartet.

Since they all carried transistors, the disc jockey need only say: "All right, now, let's give a yell for Paul," and his audience would call in unison "We love you, Paul!"

In the New York subways many girls wore badges calling for *"Ringo for Prime Minister."*

In Atlantic City, where the Democratic Party convention was held the week before The Beatles arrived, almost as many youngsters wore *"Paul for President"* badges as *"L.B.J. for U.S.A."*

And the President's daughter, Luci, stayed on for The Beatles.

In San Francisco more than 50 teenage girls — including the president of the local Beatles Fan Club — leaped fully clothed into the fountain outside City Hall when the mayor declined to give Ringo the city keys.

The New York police would have preferred to lock The Beatles in their hotel rooms—and throw the key away.

Three hundred New York cops were always on hand. The Beatles were told to keep away from their room windows; the thousands of fans outside the hotel, the police said, might get out of hand if they spotted a mop-head.

To get them to their performances in Forest Hills Stadium — where the U.S. national tennis championships are held — the police called in a helicopter.

As it pulled away after the concert the screams of the fans drowned out its engines. They tried to shoot it down with jelly-beans, but it got away.

The Beatles, so early in their second tour of the United States, were even more popular than before.

What would it be like if the fans could hear them sing?

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NEXT WEEK

★ Eight-page liftout

CAKE RECIPE BOOK

. . . with recipes for cakes like these

There are 25 carefully selected, carefully tested, and wonderful cakes: luscious continental cakes for gala occasions (and for desserts, too), special afternoon tea cakes, and small cakes for teas and cut lunches.

★ *What is the very latest hairstyle from Paris?*

It's the biggest fashion story this season. It's very sleek. It's chic. It's . . . but you'll read all about it (and see FOUR COLOR PAGES of hairstyle pictures) next week.

★ Six more pages for your gardening book are all about

CHRYSANTHEMUMS

Here's a guide to the selection and growing of these magnificently showy and colorful plants (they'll make *your* garden a showplace!).

★ "Spring-summer suits are a triumph," says fashion editor Betty Keep, and she shows some of the most glamorous styles in two color picture pages . . . they're "young, uncluttered; they reflect the tempo of life today."

Readers' stories of EERIE EXPERIENCES

● **Strange experiences described by three readers in the issue of July 29 are matched in letters from others, responding to our invitation. Some incidents were funny, others startling, many tragic.**

IN the hundreds of letters, the most common experience mentioned was of "seeing" someone, or "hearing" his or her voice, at the time that person died or was injured far away.

Many other readers claimed to have been warned or consoled by someone dead or distant. Children and animals often appeared to see or sense things adults were unaware of. There were stories of premonitions, ghosts, dreams that came true to the letter, of mental telepathy, and of links so strong between husband and wife, or mother and child, that death or distance was no barrier to communication.

MUM'S OLD ROCKER

ABOUT two years ago my husband was home from hospital after a long illness. He was not to be worried at all, so I pretended that I managed easily on the pension, although, with five children, it was rather uphill.

In desperation I would go to the local T.A.B. and place small bets. The winnings were small but consistent.

One week things were especially bad, so instead of my usual place bet I put 10/- for a win on the favorite, which lost. I sat down in Mum's old rocker to think things out. This chair had been a comfort to my mother, but was an eyesore by now.

As I sat there, wishing I hadn't wasted my 10/-, the name "High Ideal" flashed through my mind.

I had never heard of this horse, yet sure enough it was running that day. I put 5/- each way and collected £28 and some shillings.

I didn't breathe a word to my husband, but the following week I sat in Mum's chair again and "Planetoid" was the message. I placed 5/- each way and collected over £6.

On the way home I planned to bet big next time and bigger after that till, in my imagination, I was rich.

When I got home my husband was sitting in Mum's chair, and suddenly the arm fell off. What did my man do? He walked out with the chair and set fire to it, and I've never had a message since.

"MUM'S CHAIR," East Reservoir, Vic.

TIMID LITTLE "PET"

MY home is old and rather large. All the main rooms open into a long passage. For several years I often had the feeling, as I walked down this passage, that I was being followed.

If I turned I would see, out of the corner of my eye, a sudden movement as though something about two and a half feet high had just raced out of sight.

This experience was never frightening. It was rather like having a very inquisitive pet that was also very timid. I came to think of this movement as "he."

One day while I was in the sitting-room he must have become especially curious, for when I pulled the door open to go out, there he was in the doorway.

In the second before he moved I saw that he was very short and thick-set, his head was unusually large and oddly flattened on top, and his face was waxen in texture, although I saw no features. As he scuttled off I saw that he had very short legs.

The poor little thing must have been badly frightened, for I have not seen him since. Still, it's not every day one frightens a short-legged ghost.

"SHORT-LEGGED GHOST," North Adelaide.

THE VERY MOMENT

WHEN I was about seven I was staying with my aunt in Parramatta. Her husband was very ill in hospital with TB, though I didn't know that at the time. But I knew I had to be a very good, quiet little girl and not worry my aunt.

We were sitting on her front verandah doing fancywork. She had a pile of lovely silks in her lap and was concentrating on choosing the right colors.

Suddenly she sprang to her feet and ran down the path. The silks spilt from her lap. "Jim," she cried. "I didn't know you were coming home!"

I could see no one, but almost as suddenly she turned and walked back from the gate. Her face was very pale.

That was the very moment, I learned later, that my Uncle Jim died.

"STILL REMEMBER IT," Bundanoon, N.S.W.

THE HORSEWOMAN

WHEN our first lad, Tony, was two years old we lived in a country town. One day, when he had been playing near the house, he rushed inside screaming that a woman on a horse had tried to run over him.

He was terrified. I ran out but there was no sign of a horse or rider.

A week or so later I happened to mention the episode to Mrs. Next-Door. She declared that Tony had seen the apparition of her dead daughter, Kathleen, who had been killed some years before when she fell from a bolting horse at about the spot where he had been playing.

"PSYCHE," Ceduna, S.A.

MESSAGE TO PENNY

I'D always felt particularly close to my daughter, six years old at the time this happened.

The subject of thought transference came up with a friend one day. I said I felt I could make it work with my daughter, who was playing half a mile away. So I concentrated like mad, saying over and over, *"Penny, come home.*

In a few minutes in she rushed, saying, "Did you call me, Mummy?"

Even now that she's 17 I can still get a message across to her, such as *"Brush my hair"* or *"Make some coffee."* She just says, "Oh, Mum, you're at it again."

This has worked with my husband, too, but not often, and never with my other children, whom I love just as dearly.

"THINKER," Milperra, N.S.W.

SOCIABLE PRESENCE

NOT long after we moved into our present home we realised we were not the only residents. One night our dog began growling and the hair on his back stood on end as he followed an invisible (to us) figure across the room.

The figure evidently sat down, for the dog kept up the growling vigil in front of the lounge until "it" walked from the room again. We felt distinctly uncomfortable and the atmosphere was most eerie.

After several of these visits we decided it was a very sociable being, as it made a point of appearing when visitors were present, and either stood or sat nearby.

At times I feel like moving, but as the house is soon to be demolished and a new one built in its place, it should be interesting to see if it moves back in when we do.

"SCEPTIC NO LONGER," Manly, N.S.W.

I'M TOO KNOWING

MANY times during my life I have "seen" and "known" things which were happening to people I love but who were many miles away.

For instance, I "knew" when my brother was in danger while serving in New Guinea, and "knew" with equal certainty when that danger had passed.

Though I am nearly a thousand miles from my sister, I lived through the birth of her first child with her, so much so I was able to tell her husband, when he rang to give me the news, exactly when she had gone to hospital and when the birth had occurred — in fact, I knew everything but the sex of the child.

To page 12

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Princess Grace hopes it's a boy

By ARMANDO VANNOZZI

● Prince Rainier and Princess Grace of Monaco both hope that their new baby, expected in February, is a boy. But whether boy or girl, they adore children and want at least four.

PRINCESS GRACE watched swimming races at Monte Carlo with Prince Albert (left) and Princess Caroline. Prince Albert took part in one race and led almost to the finishing line, but gallantly allowed a small girl to overtake him and win the race.

"LONG ago," said Princess Grace, "we told each other that we would love our children as they came, whether girls or boys.

"My husband and I would like what is called a 'large family' today — four, possibly five, children.

"We would very much like another son and daughter, but the sex makes little difference. We both adore children, all children."

Their elder child, Princess Caroline, is now seven and her brother, Prince Albert, heir to the Principality of Monaco, is six.

"When they entered the world I looked after them, and I have done so ever since," the princess said.

"I have had help, of course, nurses and nannies, but no matter how good any nurse is, she has not the mother's touch.

"I wanted my children to know me as their mother, not some stranger. I bathed them and fed them and put them to sleep, I walked them out, and I played with them to the exclusion of all others except my husband."

In Monaco, when Caroline was born and in the following year when Albert was born, the Monegasques feared the children would be raised as Americans.

But the former American film star has no such plans.

Homesick

"When I married Prince Rainier," she told me as we walked in the palace garden, "I put behind me all the past. I did not long for the old life.

"There were times at first when I was homesick—any newly married girl gets homesick a little, I suppose—but I found kindness and love, which compensated for anything I then thought I may have lost.

"America became rather a memory to me, a nice memory, but something belonging to my past.

"I had no intention of raising my children as Americans. It would have been tantamount to high treason, because the children belong to Monaco.

"It is true I am teaching them the fundamentals of American history and facets of the American way of life, but this is no more than natural. No child should grow up knowing only the world immediately around him.

"When my children grow up and perhaps visit the United States, I do not want them to feel lost over there, knowing nothing of the customs and habits and way of life.

"They will not know as much about America as about Monaco, but they will know enough not to be total strangers in a strange land.

"My children are being raised as Monegasques—by upbringing, by education, and outlook in life.

"I am not entirely in favor of tutors for the reason that it tends to narrow a child's life and outlook. I rather prefer an educational system under which the children mix with other children and get to know them.

"I never want my children to have inflated ideas of their own importance.

"I want them to grow up believing that they belong to the people rather than the people to them. I believe the late Queen Wilhelmina told her daughter Queen Juliana that once."

Princess Grace did not conceal the fact that while she and Prince Rainier would accept their third baby as a gift from God—all children, the princess declared, are gifts from God—they were both keen on another son.

"The ideal family in my opinion," Princess Grace said, "would be four or five children, but there can be no arbitrary figure.

"It depends on the means of the parents, their ability to feed and clothe and educate their children properly."

Grace has been criticised in Monaco for her strict economy.

"It is true," she told me, "I save where I can, but some people seem to think because they have money it must be spent.

"We were taught at home to be careful with money and I have never been otherwise.

"I shop carefully and buy where I get the best buys, whether for myself or my husband or children, and while it is true that I do not exactly polish my own floors, I do not require an army of servants to run my home.

"It is my home, I am proud of it, and I like to run it myself. I like to cook for my husband the special dishes he likes and I like to look after my own children.

"If this calls for criticism, then let those who wish to criticise do so—all they like. It is my life and the life of my husband and children which concern me most."

No more films

I asked Princess Grace whether she would ever consider returning to films.

"You may put it down as a cold, hard fact that I have no intention whatsoever of ever making another film," she said.

"I was tempted in the summer of 1962 by Mr. Alfred Hitchcock, who asked me to star in 'Marnie.'

"To tell the truth, I weighed the matter seriously and discussed it with my husband, and then decided against it—for two very important reasons which I have not disclosed up to now.

"It would have meant at least a three-month separation from my husband and children and I could not bear any kind of separation.

"Secondly, the idea did not appeal to my husband. When we were married I made marriage and home my new career and I decided that this was the only career I wanted.

"Mr. Hitchcock was most understanding about it.

"There have been other accounts of why I did not return to motion pictures, but they were rather distorted. What I have told you is the truth."

The one thing Princess Grace wanted more than any other, she admitted, was to have recognition for herself rather than for the former movie star Grace Kelly. This was her hardest struggle.

People, she said, were inclined to look upon Prince Rainier as the husband of the film star rather than upon her as the wife of the ruler of Monaco.

Changing this meant changing her whole life.

In the early years of her marriage Princess Grace often had American movie-star visitors, among them Frank Sinatra and the late Gary Cooper.

She gradually dropped them because there were too many associations with the past, and today very few ever visit her.

Highest honor

In fact, at her 1964 Red Cross Charity Ball this season (ruined by a thunderstorm which hit Monte Carlo) the sole well-known American present was Eleanor Powell, the singer.

The crowning success in Princess Grace's struggle for personal recognition for her husband and herself came in the form of an invitation from Queen Elizabeth and Prince Philip to an exclusive dinner in Buckingham Palace.

It was the highest honor that could be bestowed on the rulers of Monaco by the monarch of Great Britain.

Last year Princess Grace, who is part Irish, visited the Irish Republic with her husband and children.

She told me that she was keen on a "hideaway" home in Ireland for her family, "somewhere where we can go and completely relax."

But when the matter was discussed last January, Rainier and Grace decided to shelve it until 1965 because money was tight in Monaco.

In February Prince Rainier was granted a pay increase equivalent to £A10,000 annually, although Monaco had a national deficit of more than £A1,500,000 — a large amount for so small a country.

The increase in allowance, however, barely offset a 10 per cent. increase in staff salaries at the palace which Prince Rainier has to pay.

His grant for 1964 totalled just over £A750,000.

After meeting expenses he did not have enough to pay an asking price of £A12,500 for a house in which he and Princess Grace were interested, about 20 miles out of Dublin on the coast.

They are still "thinking about it," the princess told me, and would still like a retreat in Ireland, "when we can afford it."

PRINCE RAINIER wants to buy a retreat in Ireland, but has decided he can't afford it just yet. He is pictured here with his family on a recent visit to the Irish Republic.

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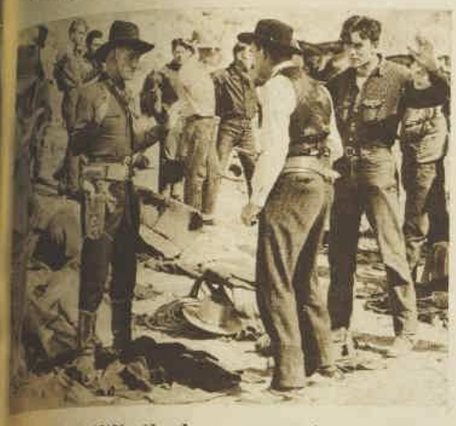
Six-shooters blazed . . .



ALEX CANN (back to camera) menaces Hopalong Cassidy (Bill Boyd) in an early Western epic. Alex usually ended up dead.

GUNFIGHT between Hugh Cann, 7, and his ex-baddie Dad, who is still pretty quick on the draw, even if he hasn't a gun. Hugh loves to see Dad's movies on TV.

WHEN FATHER WAS A 'BADDIE'

● Seven-year-old Hugh Cann, of Newport, N.S.W., has more reason than most little boys to stay glued to the television screen when an old Western is shown.

VILLAIN Alex Cann in a film made in the 1930s.

HE'S just as likely to see his Dad, as the villain, menacing Hopalong Cassidy.

Hugh's father is Alex Cann, a craggy-faced, mid-fifties Canadian who, in spite of the fact that he has never wanted to be an actor, made more than 50 Hollywood films in the 1930s.

Alex played with such stars as Humphrey Bogart, Spencer Tracy, Pat O'Brien, Claudette Colbert, Melvyn Douglas, and most of the big names of that era.

He was the baddie who was finally despatched by Gary Cooper's knife in "Marco Polo." In Chaplin's classic "Modern Times," Alex was the sinister Big Brother figure whose voice boomed at subjects from seeing-eye television screens.

Recently, Alex resumed his acting career at Sydney's Ensemble Theatre, when director Hayes Gordon cast him as the Judge in "Between Two Thieves."

Until last month Ensemble Theatre patrons could see Alex as the stately Zeus in "The Thracian Horses."

Born in Nova Scotia, Alex Cann went to a New York college and became a construction engineer.

When the Depression hit America, all those connected with the building trade were the first to lose their jobs, according to Alex.

"New York was in the throes of a building boom similar to the one Sydney is in now," he said.

"Buildings were going up everywhere.

"Then suddenly, overnight almost, all building ceased."

With no job, Alex was only too pleased when some friends offered him a small part in a Broadway play.

That play led to another, then another, and in 1932 Alex decided to try Hollywood — "the place where the money was."

Alex knew better than to fall into the trap so many aspiring stars fell into in those Depression days.

"Even though there wasn't work for a little while I wouldn't take 'extra' work. It's the kiss of death in Hollywood.

"Once an extra, always an extra."

One famous exception who made the grade from extra to star, said Alex, was Carole Lombard.

It was in a play called "The Night of January 16th" that Alex got his movie break.

Appearing as the Judge, he was seen by a Columbia casting agent and signed as the lead in a picture called "The Donovan Affair."

"After this I played mostly heavies," he told me, "though I always wanted a comedy part."

But even though his acting career was flourishing and he was earning between 28,000 and 29,000 dollars a year (equal to about £A14,000), Alex felt that he was on the wrong side of the camera.

He wanted to make pictures — not act in them.

With the pooled resources of some interested friends, and helped by an MGM film man named Slavko Vorkapich ("one of the greatest film cutters ever"), Alex made a documentary film on the Depression.

It was called "Millions of Us" and after it was released it created a furore.

"It was just straight, honest documentary reporting on the plight of the American people in those days," said Alex.

"Critics read all sorts of things into it like Leftism and Fascism and it became very controversial."

Alex doesn't know if "Millions of Us" is seen anywhere these days, but the films he acted in certainly are — on television.

"I often come home from the theatre at night and my children say: 'You died well tonight, Dad.'"

The Australian-made film "Eureka Stockade," shown on Sydney television some weeks back, was an evening of nostalgic viewing for Alex and his Australian wife, June.

"June and I were married during the shooting of 'Eureka Stockade,'" he said.

"I was assistant director to Harry Watt and June was the cutter on the film.

"We married after shooting one evening, took a seven-hour honeymoon, and had to continue living in the separate living quarters at Singleton Army Camp."

Alex first came to Australia as a naval lieutenant during the war.

In 1942 he was appointed an Official War Correspondent for the Australian Military Forces and spent the next years making documentary films in the South-West Pacific.

His film subjects included P.O.W. camps, enemy surrenders, and interviews with internees.

In his film "Shangri-La," he had a "scoop" — the rescue of the three American survivors of a plane crash in a remote New Guinea valley.

After the war, "with no special plans in mind," Alex returned to Sydney.

"Then I met a friend of mine who was taking a trip into the country—to Moree," he said. "He asked me to go along.

"It was a time of terrible drought and I was so moved by what I saw that I couldn't wait to make a film on it."

He did, and the documentary film on sheep and shearers that he turned out was called "A Lamb for Mary."

After this Alex made another documentary exploring the forests which supply timber for Australian newspapers.

Then came "Eureka Stockade," and, with the late 'forties and early 'fifties, a personal clash with alcoholism.

"At the time I didn't realise my drinking was getting hold of me," said Alex.

"Even now, when I look back, I can't quite see where it started."

He spent four years on and off in a Repatriation Hospital with a wartime back injury.

But even after his hospitalisation his drinking continued to be a problem and a friend took him along to the Foundation for Research and Treatment of Alcoholism.

"We call it Frata—I can't give enough praise to the people who run this organisation," he said simply.

These days, Alex lives quietly and happily with his wife and three children, Alexandra, John, and Hugh, at Newport Beach.

"We have lived at Newport for twelve years," said Alex, "the longest I have ever stayed in any one place in my life."

Things look bright in Sydney for him.

"Hayes Gordon, of the Ensemble, helped me a great deal to regain confidence in myself," he said.

"People have to see that a reformed drinker is reliable again, that he can turn up at a theatre night after night.

"If I was still in Hollywood I probably would never have had the chance to prove myself again.

"Once anyone in Hollywood begins to drink heavily, he is out for good — the late John Barrymore was a sad example."

Alex is at present preparing a series of lectures he will give for the Arts Council of N.S.W.

He will talk on movies — "what makes a good film and what makes a bad film" — with scenes and clips from films to illustrate his points.

A shooting script he wrote for a film on alcoholism in Australia is at present with the Australian Broadcasting Commission awaiting its fate, and Alex is on "the last three or four chapters of a novel which is really the story of my life."

"It's called 'A Deeper Grave,'" he said wryly.

"And that's exactly what a compulsive drinker digs for himself when he gives way."

— Patricia Johnson

AT HOME at Newport, New South Wales, Alex Cann relaxes with his sons, Hugh and John, daughter Alexandra, and wife June.

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Night or day, for dinner, travel, cocktails, or sport...

● *Courreges' dramatic pants suit (right) is made in pillarbox-red flat-surfaced wool. The lean tunic worn over pipe-slim pants is matched to the space-age bonnet. Chic suede boots are in matching red.*

● *Castillo designs navy-and-white check Bermudas (below) for "le sport." The pants are worn with a brown suede jacket matched to brown boots and a feather-trimmed hat. Boots were new again for the Paris autumn.*

● **New pants fashions exploded like a bombshell through the Paris autumn collections.**

THE couturiers were divided in their opinions. Some favored at-home pants; others showed pants for town, for travel, or for sport.

Dior had the widest and most glamorous dinner pants in all Paris.

Designer Marc Bohan, of this house, believes pants are for round the house—not for the street.

Courreges, however, sponsors them for all occasions.

Courreges deserted his favorite white for pillarbox-red, and narrowed down and elongated his square tunic top.

Capucci's delicious suit, for elegant spring mods, has knee-pants and a matching button-through dress. The suit is made in exotic fabric.

More mature elegance comes from Jean Patou via a dramatic white brocade evening coat worn over bright pink pants and a matching top.

To me, the real news is that pants can no longer be called just pants—couture designers have come up with something fresh for any time of day or night.

Paris has the power to impose this concept on women's dressing. The question hangs on the fashion air: who will wear the pants?

—Betty Keep

● *Dior showed the widest and prettiest pants in all Paris (left). The pants, made in pale pink cloque satin, are worn with a heavily jewelled waist-length sweater. Marc Bohan, of Dior, designed the ensemble for home entertaining.*

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WHO'LL WEAR THE PANTS?

● *Jean Patou's dramatic floor-length coat (right) is made in white brocade. The coat is side-slit to show shocking-pink trousers and a matching top. The same pink is used to tie-belt the coat.*

● *Nina Ricci's military-inspired two-legged dress (left) is made in slate-blue wool and lined in gay tartan. The stockings are matched in color to dress and shoes.*

● *Capucci's pink cocktail suit (right) for young mods. The pants are worn under a button-front dress — pants in pink silk, dress in pink-and-silver lame. Note headband and flat bow.*

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INVESTMENT GUIDE

This week: Two suppliers of industrial equipment

By MARY BROKER

● I have talked about many of the companies engaged in Australia's burgeoning secondary industry, but have never discussed that section of it which is probably one of the most basic — the distributors and suppliers of industrial equipment.

AS you will have realised, one of the first things to investigate when trying to discover whether or not to buy shares in any company is the background of the industry in which it operates.

The industrial equipment industry can, I believe, look forward to extremely prosperous times in the near future.

In fact, it is already in a healthy state.

The reasons for this are numerous, but probably the most obvious one is the buoyancy of the economy in general.

It is only natural that in good times manufacturers are apt to spend considerably more on equipment than in bad times, and with the wheels of industry churning at the present speed, one can expect that the installation of equipment will be in proportion.

This ties in with my second point, which is that manufacturers can be expected to throw out their old, outdated equipment at times like these and to put in its place the most modern plant available.

This lowers running costs, and since the Government has increased company taxation by 6d. to 8/6 in the £, one may anticipate that companies are going to make as much use as possible of the high depreciation allowance on new plant.

A third point, which has been the subject of much discussion, is the high cost of labor.

In the more underdeveloped countries, it would, naturally, be silly to use a piece of heavy equipment in the place of 100 men when labor is so cheap.

But with the recent increase in the basic wage, and with the current dire shortage of skilled labor, it would be just as silly for a manufacturer in Australia to use 100 men when a piece of heavy equipment could do the job at lower cost.

A good name

One company which has had a good name in the capital equipment field for some years, and whose shares are well regarded by the market, is William Adams & Co. Ltd.

The company's activities range from merchandising many types of basic basics such as nuts and bolts, electric tools, valves, and industrial tapes, through the distribution of steel, agencies for turbines, diesel engines, pumps, etc., to the manufacture of certain types of equipment.

An additional activity is the sales and servicing of Hyster industrial trucks and Caterpillar Tractors. Both these products, as you know, are internationally famous.

One of the unfortunate things about this type of company is that when the economy suffers a recession they are hard hit. You can see from the slump in William Adams' profit from £317,000 in 1960-61 to £120,000 in 1961-62.

However, by the latest year, 1963-64, profit had recovered to £406,000, giving an earning rate of 24.1% on ordinary capital. With no recession in sight, and with a sales increase of 27% in the first quarter of 1964-65, I feel the 10/- shares can well be bought at around 33/6 for the short to medium term. One hundred would cost about £170, and dividend would be £6/5/- at the 12½% rate.

McPhersons

McPhersons Ltd. is another company engaged in the same industry, being the largest manufacturer of nuts and bolts in Australia, a big manufacturer of machine tools, and a leading maker of pumps for both the industrial and agricultural markets.

Various other interests are held, as you can see from the company's annual report, and McPhersons is regarded as the leader in the capital-equipment field through sheer size and the wide spread of its activities.

As with William Adams, McPhersons had a nasty shock when the credit squeeze occurred. Net profit fell from just over £1 million in 1959-60 to £720,000 two years later, but topped £900,000 in 1962-63. Results for 1963/64 should be excellent.

Benefits

Shareholders have received quite a few benefits in the past, the most recent being a 1-8 par issue and 1-2 bonus issue in 1960-61.

At 48/- the 20/- shares do not look overpriced, having regard to the industry's potential in the current year. One hundred would cost about £243, for a dividend of £8/6/8 per year.

As with William Adams shares, I emphasise the short- to medium-term situation.

Lectures on decoration, design

● The Hon. John Siddeley, Britain's leading interior decorator - designer, and a foremost architect, arrives in Australia with his wife this month to begin a lecture tour.

THE tour, sponsored by The Australian Women's Weekly in conjunction with David Jones Ltd., includes five States.

Mr. Siddeley will lecture twice a day on "Living For Comfort, 1964," and "Art and Architecture, in terms of interior design from then until now."

A travelling exhibition of screens depicting room-settings designed by Mr. Siddeley will illustrate his lectures. Among his settings is an opulent Sydney "Lace" dining-room, a budget English country-cottage dining-room, and a "Wool" living-room.

Six of these settings will be constructed in David Jones Ltd. store, and the travelling exhibition will direct people to the display of rooms.

SYDNEY LECTURES: October 19-23 inclusive. "Living for Comfort, 1964" at 11 a.m., "Art and Architecture, in terms of interior design from then until now" at 2.45 p.m., Sixth Floor, Market Street store, David Jones Ltd. Tickets 10/-. Available from September 21 at Booking Office, Ground Floor, David Jones Ltd., Market Street.

Ita Buttrose's SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT

A CHARMING terrace house in Mona Road, Darling Point, with views of Rushcutters Bay, will be the home of Sue Moore and Campbell Swan after their marriage at St. Michael's Church, Vaucluse, on September 30.

Sue, who is the daughter of Mr. N. G. Moore, of Vaucluse, and of the late Mrs. Moore, will have Miranda Riley, Jennifer Helmore, and Gillian Beaumont as bridesmaids, and after the ceremony her father will welcome 200 guests to a reception at the Wentworth Hotel.

Campbell, the son of Mrs. A. L. Swan, of Pymble, and of the late Mr. Swan, will be attended by Nick Allen, Rollo Dixon, and Antony Wise, who has just returned home after two years overseas.

Incidentally, Sue tells me that her sister Ann and her husband, Jonny Schitzinger, who live in Salzburg, Austria, will be arriving in Sydney early next year to make their home here.

★ ★ ★

TWO dates for the diary . . . The Presbyterian Women's Association Presbyterian Market at the Trocadero on October 15; to mark the 50th anniversary of the market, the association is running a "fifty years of fashion" parade . . . An art exhibition, which the Parents and Friends' Association of Daramalan College, Canberra, will hold at the College on September 11, 12, and 13.

★ ★ ★

MANY Sydney people will be setting off for Japan within the next few weeks for the Olympic Games. Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Harding will travel with Mr. and Mrs. Grant Walker in Oriana, which sails on October 2 and arrives in Yokohama the day before the opening ceremony of the Games in Tokyo on October 10. While they're away the Hardings will have a reunion with friends Mr. and Mrs. Dick Doran, who live at Kowloon, Hong Kong, and formerly lived in Vaucluse. Before returning to Sydney, Mr. and Mrs. Walker will visit Mrs. Walker's niece, Mrs. Geoff Brookes, in Auckland, and they'll arrive home a couple of days before the marriage of their daughter Robyn to John Anderson, of Port Elizabeth, South Africa, at St. Stephen's Church, Willoughby, on November 20.

★ ★ ★

ALSO sailing in Oriana are Mr. and Mrs. George Eilbeck. They'll have ten days in Tokyo before returning home in the same ship. By the way, the Eilbecks' daughter Rosemary and her husband, John Canfield, expect to move into their new home at St. Ives early next month. They have just discovered that their next-door neighbors will be Pam Nash and Terry Ferris, who'll marry at St. Augustine's Church, Neutral Bay, on September 18. Pam and Terry are building a colonial-styled home which will be finished by Christmas.

ALTHOUGH Sir Frank and Lady Berryman have only just returned home after four months overseas, they are planning another trip in October. This time to Adelaide, where they'll visit their son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Bill Wills, of Walkerville. Lady Berryman has brought home many souvenirs of her trip, but by far her most beautiful keepsake is an antique princess ring set with 20 emeralds which a friend bought for her in Bangkok. "The young princesses of Thai royalty used to wear them," she told me.

★ ★ ★

ENGAGEMENT-RING shopping — Ian Paton, of "Fellow Hills," Morven, has given his fiancee, Prudence Tulloch, an exquisite diamond solitaire. Prudence, who has been teaching at North Albury High School for the past year, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Tulloch, of Roseville, and she and Ian will marry at St. John's Church, Darlinghurst, next February. Ian is the son of Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Paton, of Albury.

★ ★ ★

SEPTEMBER 11 will have a special significance for Mr. and Mrs. Arch Mackinnon, for not only will it be their daughter Gail's wedding day but it will also mark their twenty-eighth wedding anniversary. Gail will marry Geoff Isaacs at St. Andrew's Church, Longueville, and afterwards her parents will welcome guests to a reception at the Pickwick Club.

★ ★ ★

A FASCINATING overseas trip is being planned by Mrs. Edward Esdaile, who sails in Galileo on October 26 for a four-month holiday. Her first stop is Egypt, where she'll visit Cairo and Aswan before catching the Nile steamer down to Abu Simbel to see the temples built by the stonemasons of Rameses II more than 3000 years ago. She'll then go on to Jordan to tour the ruins of Petra, which can be reached only by mountain horse and was once a trade route of the Nabatean kings. She plans to spend Christmas and New Year skiing in Switzerland and will return home through India next year.

ABOVE: Miss Melinda Stebbins and Fulbright Scholar Mr. Norman Broadhurst, who have announced their engagement in California. Mr. Broadhurst, who has been overseas for 12 months, is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Broadhurst, of Muroubra. His fiancee is the daughter of Professor and Mrs. Robert Stebbins, of Berkeley, California. They will marry next June.

AT LEFT: Mr. Bruce Gordon and his bride, formerly Miss Lynette Kneipp, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Kneipp, of "White Cottage," Tenterfield, who were married at Christ Church, Tenterfield. The bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Gordon, of Woollahra. They are to make their home at Darling Point.

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MELBOURNE WEDDING. Mr. Fraser (Jam) Falkiner, of "Wanganella Estate," Camargo, and his bride, formerly Miss Anita O'Donovan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. J. O'Donovan, of Balgowlah, who were married at St. John's Church, Toorak. They will live at "Wanganella Estate."

AT OPERA. Mr. and Mrs. Walter Levy at the opening night of Bizet's "Carmen" at the Elizabethan Theatre, Newtown. Mrs. Levy wore a fox-trimmed satin theatre coat over a faille dress.

GUEST OF HONOR Miss Winifred Atwell with Mrs. Niels Giddings and Mrs. John Dyneley Fell at the Australian Orchid Society's 2nd Orchid and Horticultural Exposition, "Pacific Paradise," which was held at Grace Bros.' Auditorium, Broadway. Miss Atwell opened the show, which will aid Torch Bearers for Legacy.

AT PREMIERE. Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Gollan, who were among the audience at the Sydney premiere of the Omsk Siberian Company of 30 at Her Majesty's Theatre. Mrs. Gollan teamed a mink jacket with her lame sheath-dress.

AT LEFT: Miss Eve Buchanan and Mr. Terry Gilchrist, who will marry next June. Miss Buchanan is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Buchanan, of Point Piper, and her fiance is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Alan Gilchrist, of Hunters Hill. Miss Buchanan is wearing a diamond engagement ring set in yellow gold.

AT RIGHT: Mr. Robert Gough - Wheatley, of Dubbo, and his bride, formerly Miss Jill Campbell, pictured leaving Trinity Grammar School Chapel, Summer Hill, with their attendants, Mr. Ken Kennedy and Miss Jan Campbell. The bride, who is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Campbell, of Dubbo, wore a full-length gown of silk organza.

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FROM THE FASHION WORLD OF KAYSER INTERNATIONAL

EERIE EXPERIENCES

From page 4

My sister told me later that she had called for me during that time.

I "know" when my mother or brother is ill or worried, though, unfortunately for my peace of mind, I can never "see" the whole story. I "know" when there is danger or sickness or accident or worry, but not what is causing it.

I have done everything I can think of to break down this extra sense, for it is unpleasant to be constantly aware of other people's reactions, but I still have these strange premonitions.

"MENTAL TELEPATHY," Merino, Vic.

PROMPT TELEGRAM

DURING the war I was a member of the A.W.A.S. stationed in a country town. One day I was involved in an accident, and during the time it took for me to be extricated from the wreckage, I yelled over and over, "Mum! Mum!"

On recovering consciousness in hospital I was handed a telegram from my mother 600 miles away. It read, "What has happened? Are you all right? Love, Mum."

I discovered that at the moment of the accident she heard me as if I were in the next room screaming for her. She sent the telegram and was in a state herself until she heard from me.

MRS. J. COLLINS, Woodville, S.A.

DREAM BLACKBOARD

DURING my last year at school I was reading up my chemistry. The written exam was to be the next day and five questions had to be answered.

I found myself dropping off to sleep so I decided to go to bed. I had such a vivid dream that I woke up.

I had seen on the big blackboard in the main hall five questions in my teacher's handwriting. I sprang out of bed, found my chemistry book, and learnt the answers to those questions, word for word.

The next morning I opened the exam paper and there were the five questions I had seen in my dream. For the first and only time I got 100 per cent.

E. M. DARTON, Elizabeth Bay, N.S.W.

AUNTIE'S VISIT

BEFORE my auntie died she used to come to our house every day at 8 a.m. and stay till 10 a.m. About a week after she died we were all sitting down to breakfast when the door opened and closed. We didn't take much notice till 10 a.m., when it opened and closed again.

This kept up for a week until the next Sunday night about 11, when we heard it open and close again. Five minutes later the figure of my aunt swept into the room.

She smiled, then disappeared. The door never opened or closed again unless someone was there.

MISS J. THOMPSON, Cronulla, N.S.W.

WONDERFUL POT

ABOUT five years ago, in an inner suburb, we moved to an old house previously occupied by an elderly spinster and her one love in life, an equally elderly fox terrier. Both had recently passed on.

During our six months' stay a peculiar thing happened. A large pot used for water for our dog seemed to stay full of fresh water. I didn't fill it, nor did any others in the family, and any amount of lapping by our alsatian never emptied it.

We tipped all the water out one evening but in the morning it was full again. We used to jokingly theorise that the old lady filled it up at night for her dog.

MRS. P. KLINGENBERG, Doncaster, Vic.

NO TIME TO LOSE

THE usual busy day ahead of me, I was vigorously polishing the floor when I heard my name called. Knowing no one was in the house or garden, I leaned back on my heels, puzzled. Again I heard the voice saying, more loudly, "Hurry, get your purse, run for the bus. No time to lose."

By now I felt I must do this, and soon found myself running hatless, coatless down the road in the cold wind. At the bus stop three buses rolled up.

The voice spoke clearly, "Get the third one." I jumped on and the guard asked, "Where to, Miss?" I didn't know, so I said, "All the way."

The bus rolled on its way for some time. Then the voice said, "Get off here. Be quick, it's very urgent."

I set off down the long street lined by terraced houses. I began to run, strongly urged now that somewhere there was something wrong. Feeling a hand slapped on my shoulder, I stopped, but no one was near me.

Standing, I heard the voice shout, "Hurry, this is the house. Be quick!" Without question I turned the knob of the house door, stepped into a dark passage, saw a door on my left, opened it, and found a bonny baby tied to a chair, with a note pinned on its dress.

Now I smelled gas, and dashed out to the kitchen. Lying on the floor with her head in the oven was a very thin young woman.

I turned the gas off, smashed the window with a chair, struggled to open the back door to the yard, and dragged her out. I dashed in to see if the baby was safe, and back to the yard to start first aid.

The woman slowly recovered and we returned to my home.

She had had a most unhappy time and was desperate. How did I, a complete stranger, come to do all that?

"PERPLEXED," Tas.

SEVEN DAYS EARLY

MY sister and I ran a small business. One night I was resting but suddenly ran to my sister, chased out the customers, and begged her to drive me around the town. I kept seeing my husband lying face down in a gutter in a dark alley.

We drove for an hour till I found the place I had "seen." We went home to find my husband cheerfully making coffee.

Seven days later two policemen knocked on the door to tell me my husband was in hospital. He had been robbed and left lying face down in a gutter.

"I know," I said, and took them to the spot.

"WITCHCRAFT," Rowville, Vic.

DEATH IN A CORNER

SOME years ago I had a flat in an old convict-built house in Sydney. This house was reputedly the scene of a murder, but in those days flats were very hard to come by.

Something about the atmosphere of the place was rather unnerving and frequently disturbed friends of mine.

At one period I had a small dog, a friendly little pup. One of his favorite games was chasing a ball, thrown round the large, high-ceilinged living-room. But whenever the ball bounced to a certain corner the dog would back away, hair bristling, lips drawn in a vicious snarl.

Inquiring from other tenants in the house, I discovered I indeed had the flat where a murder had taken place, and the body had been found in that corner.

"UNSEEN," Elizabeth Bay, Sydney.

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Olympian's double mission in Tokyo

By CYNTHIA ROBINSON

● While Australia's Olympians are sightseeing during their free moments in Tokyo next month, Brian McCowage, a swashbuckling swordsman from Sydney, will be visiting a pedigreed pup.

BRIAN, 30, is a champion dog-breeder and judge as well as a champion fencer.

He has two missions in Tokyo — to try to win a gold medal for Australia in the men's foils and to see a pedigreed Scottish terrier, grandpup of one of his own Scotties.

"One of my favorite Scotties was Pot of Gold," he said, "and I sold one of her puppies to New Zealand. Now there's another generation, and Pot of Gold's grandpup (he's about eight months old) is living with a Japanese family in Tokyo.

"After my fencing worries are over, I'll buy a big bone and pay him a call."

Brian is Australian men's foils champion, a national title he has won six times.

In 12 years of fencing, he has had victories over six reigning world champions at various times.

Brian started fencing about the time the Australian Olympic team left for Helsinki in 1952.

He was an instant success. Within 18 months he'd been chosen for the Vancouver Empire Games, but lack of finance prevented him from competing.

At the Melbourne Olympics in 1956 he just missed out on the finals, although he beat every member of the top-rated Hungarian foils team.

In 1958 he won two silver medals at the Cardiff Games, and later at the world championships in America he eliminated the then reigning champion.

Brian appeared "without memorable success" at the Rome Olympics, and he was dogged by bad luck at the Commonwealth Games in Perth two years ago.

He was a member of the men's foils team, which narrowly missed out on a gold medal, and in the individual event he had a good chance of winning until a gastric wog caught up with him during the final — and he was carried out unconscious!

Brian first began showing and breeding dogs (Scotties and Sealyham terriers) nearly 20 years ago.

His dogs won more ribbons and championships at shows (including the Sydney Royal) than he can remember off-hand, and he is an experienced judge.

OLYMPIC FENCER Brian McCowage, who hopes to win a gold medal for Australia in Tokyo. He represented Australia at the Olympics in Melbourne and Rome.

Pocket-size

On his overseas fencing trips he has been commissioned (often with hundreds of pounds at a time) to buy dogs on behalf of breeders and fanciers in Australia, England, and America.

He has also sold offspring of his dogs throughout Australia and New Zealand, and lately he has had inquiries from Honolulu, Fiji, and America.

Recently he became interested in Miniature Pinschers, which, he said, are "magnificent dogs."

"They're small versions of the German guard dogs, and though they're only pocket-size, they stand on their own feet and look you in the eye like a man's dog," he said.

"This appeals to me. I just can't stand pampered nonsense.

"They're most economical pets — in fact, they're cheaper to keep than a budgerigar. A family of four can easily satisfy the appetite of a Min. Pin. with their left-over food, whereas you have to buy special seed for a budgerigar."

Because fencing takes him away from home so much, Brian has all but two of his dogs permanently "boarded out" with friends.

The two exceptions are the "family favorites"—a Scottie (Teddy Boy) and a Min. Pin. (Slasher)—who have V.I.P. status at the McCowage home in the Sydney suburb of Strathfield.

When he's not fencing "out of town," Brian's weekday schedule begins with a game of squash at 6 o'clock, followed by physical training, and, occasionally, a run round the park.

This is followed by a full day's work (he is a research officer at the Reserve Bank). Three nights a week he goes from work to the Swords Club, where he fences till about 9.30.

Brian is a proud family man with four sons — David, 7, Adrian, 4, Geoffrey, 2, and baby Stephen, born in July.

His wife, Marie, once a "moderate" fencer herself, encourages his fencing.

"She recently bullied me into taking up sabre competition as well as foils," said Brian. (The sabre fencer, he explained, looks more like the daredevil Errol Flynn-type fencer than the foilist.)

Brian tied for first in the sabre individual contest at the 1963 and 1964 national championships.

He will concentrate more on sabre after the Tokyo Games, and he hopes that at least one of his sons will become a champion fencer.

MINIATURE PINSCHERS Slasher, her eight-week-old pup, Prima Donna, and Ace (Prima Donna's father). Prima Donna, so tiny that Brian thinks she should be called "Mighty Mouse," is a rare black-and-tan.

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Tony Charlton

Norman May

Alex Baz

Jim Fitzmaurice

Bernard Kerr

45 Channels combine for Olympic Games

By NAN MUSGROVE

● National and commercial TV channels in Australia and New Zealand have combined to form a gigantic Olympic Channel so that Australian televiewers will have ringside seats at Tokyo's Olympic Games.

MORE than 45 TV channels are involved in this big deal that will bring viewers into the Olympic stadiums of Japan only 24 hours after events shown have been won.

Plans for the Olympic Channel—the first time all Australian channels have combined—began over 12 months ago when Sir Charles Moses, General Manager of the Australian Broadcasting Commission, visited Tokyo to open discussions with the Japan Broadcasting Corporation.

The visit paid off. Soon the combined TV operations team will be in Tokyo involved in the mammoth task of getting the Games coverage back to Australian televiewers.

"I hope and believe that this Olympic Channel will give the best cover of an Olympic Games that Australia has ever had," said Mr. Alex Baz, TV Supervisor of the project and Manager of TCN9.

Mr. Baz should know what he is talking about. He directed TCN9's cover of the 1960 Rome Olympics.

The cover of the Games will be the result of great thought, experiment, and detailed organisation.

Difference in times alone presents a vast headache, and the actual physical effort involved in getting films on planes to Australia on time is no small thing.

Speedy coverage all over the Commonwealth once the films arrive here will be gained largely by the use of TCN9's coaxial cable to Melbourne.

Immediately the filmed Games highlights arrive, TCN9 will shoot it down the cable to GTV9 Melbourne, who will film it from there and send it speeding on its way to Adelaide, Perth, and Tasmania.

The gigantic Olympic Channel tie-up means that viewers will see the same Olympic films on any channel they may switch to in Australia or New Zealand.

Times will vary, but because of the use of the coaxial cable between Sydney and Melbourne, even Western Australian channels should see the films within 24 hours of the event.

"In Tokyo we will select pictures for the Australian films from the Japanese live telecasts," Mr. Baz said, "and use our own commentators.

"In other words, viewers will see Japanese pictures but will hear the commentary in the voices of their own State commentators.

"The daily film of Olympic highlights will last at least 30 minutes and up to 60 minutes, depending on the Australian interest in the day's events."

Bernard Kerr, ABC-TV's national sporting editor, is the Tokyo Olympic Channel Team leader.

Television

Commentators will include Tony Charlton, Victoria; Graham Cope, Tasmania; Jim Fitzmaurice, Western Australia; and Norman May, New South Wales.

"The Olympic Channel will also use, as commentators, coaches, competitors, and other TV and newspaper experts who will be in Tokyo," Mr. Baz said.

"As well as the live coverage of the events the Olympic Channel will have a studio at the TV centre just near the main stadium in Tokyo. There the team will record interviews with Australian competitors and hold panel discussions.

"On occasions we will be able to get competitors straight into the studio at the finish of their event."

Two Japanese cameramen have been engaged by the Channel to cover events which have special interest for Australians and which the Japanese do not plan to cover in their live telecasts.

"At the moment," Mr. Baz said, "the Japanese have no plans for covering the yachting live. Australians must have pictures of the 5.5-metre yacht race, in which Bill Northam, who at 59 is the oldest member of Australia's Olympic team, is skippering his own yacht, Barrenjoey.

"Another event that so far as we know the Japanese are not covering live is the early stages of the equestrian events, which are being held at Karuizawa, about 100 miles from Tokyo.

"The Olympic Channel's cover of the Games from the Japan Broadcasting Corporation gives us tremendous advantages. As well as on-the-spot live cover we will also enjoy and bring to Australian viewers the latest Japanese TV gimmicks.

"These include slow-motion TV (a new development). We can arrange in advance for a slow-motion playback of any event immediately the live telecast finishes.

"Another gimmick which adds tremendous interest to events is the time clock the Japanese have perfected for the TV screen, which is superimposed in the corner for all events."

The clock adds great viewer interest to any event.

Take, for interest, the 100-metre swimming event in which Australia's Dawn Fraser will be defending her world record of 58.9 seconds.

The commentator will announce the record time before the race. The clock will start ticking at the sound of the starter's gun and stop immediately on the time taken when the race is over.

Viewers can battle with the clocks to see whether the race is a record or not.

Having heard the rundown of what is involved in getting the Olympic films on to the Australian TV screen, I am going to watch with a great feeling of luxury.

It will be a non-stop assignment for those concerned with the Olympic Channel from October 10 to October 24.

They won't even be able to put their feet up on Sundays, for Japan counts Sunday as an ordinary day, and the Games go on non-stop.

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READ "TV TIMES" FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMMES

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Two regular male leads —Michael Tolan as a resident doctor and Joe Campanella as a neurologist — will be added to the next series of the highly rated "The Nurses" to support co-stars Shirl Conway and Zena Bethune (at left). In addition there will be at least three "two-parters," one of which will start on "The Nurses" and continue on "The Defenders." Producer Joe Katz said the aim of the changes was to "defeminise" the show.

DID YOU KNOW?

● Viewers can expect a growing number of tongue-in-cheek murder mystery and adventure dramas in the smoothly sophisticated James Bond manner.

THIS follows the success of Gene Barry (formerly Bat Masterson) in the series "Burke's Law," a stylish action show that might have been written by Ian Fleming himself.

Set in the same mould is the projected, but still untitled, weekly drama about an international tennis star who doubles as an undercover agent.

Robert Culp, who five years ago was the Texas Ranger in "Trackdown," has been selected for the role.

THE city of Los Angeles must have the highest crime rate in the world—on TV that is. The U.S. National Association of Better Broadcasting recently monitored the city's seven television stations for one week and counted a total of 501 TV killings in 192 telecasting hours. That's more than two-and-a-half premeditated murders an hour.

Other crimes noted: 394 attempted murders, 61 robberies, 40 kidnappings, five suicides, 29 non-fatal shootings, along with assorted gaolbreaks, extortions, and arson.

★ ★ ★

GEORGE HAMILTON, once a dashing young man of U.S. society before turning actor, has been selected for a most ungentlemanly role in a new TV series, "Kissin' Cousins." The programme, based on the movie starring Elvis Presley, concerns a clan of hillbillies suddenly exposed to the missile age. Up till now Hamilton has preferred more sophisticated parts in films such as "Light in the Piazza."

Television

THE crusty old character of Bub, as portrayed by William Frawley in "My Three Sons," is about to acquire a younger brother. In three episodes of the series now being filmed, Bub will be visited by Uncle Charley O'Casey, to be played by William Demarest.

★ ★ ★

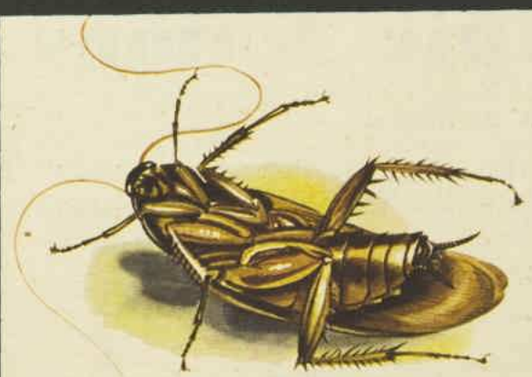
IN Hollywood Walter Brennan celebrated his 70th birthday by setting to work on a new series, "The Tycoon." And viewers will be in for a surprise.

Walter, now in his 44th year as an actor, will break away from his usual role as a simple, lovable old backwoods man. This time he will appear as a ruthless, big business tycoon. Said Walter: "I'll never retire. Sitting around is a lot of baloney."

★ ★ ★

HORACE MacMAHON is retiring from the police force. He was the grumpy lieutenant with a heart of gold in "Naked City," but will hang up his badge to play a former policeman in a new series called "Mr. Broadway."

SILVERFISH are a costly menace. They damage clothing, upholstery and fabrics. They breed in cupboards and wardrobes.



COCKROACHES are loathsome, filthy disease carriers. They are a hazard to health. They lurk in cupboards, especially those where food is stored.

ANTS can contaminate food in minutes. They come indoors and, when they come, they come in swarms. Spray where they nest.

CARPET BEETLES damage carpets and rugs. Spray where they hide—under rugs and mats, and around skirting boards.

SPIDERS are a constant danger. Particularly when there are unsuspecting children around. They hide indoors and out, in dark, undisturbed places.

One spraying with Mortein Ant & Roach Killer kills them all *and keeps on killing for weeks!*

These crawling insect pests can be a hazard to health, and a costly menace. You can put an end to these dangerous and disease-carrying insect pests by spraying Mortein Ant and Roach Killer in cupboards, around skirting boards, under carpets and wherever they lurk and breed. Mortein Ant and Roach Killer contains ingredients to quickly kill cockroaches, ants, spiders, silverfish and carpet beetles; and ingredients to keep on killing for weeks!

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Tommy Hanlon's Thought for the week

Momma once said: "I'm getting a little tired about all those back-seat driver jokes aimed at wives. You know the type — like they have just invented a new muffler for your car; it fits right over her mouth. Or . . . 'I got rid of that rear noise in the back of my car!' 'How did you do it?' 'I made her sit up front with me.'" Well, if your husband accuses you of back-seat driving just read him Momma's moral . . . and I'm sure he will never do it again . . .

Momma's moral: For every wife who tries to drive from the back seat, there's a husband who tries to cook from the dining-room . . .

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5528474

THE NEWLYWEDS

ONCE upon a time there was a TV series called "Brothers-in-Law." This seems a queer way to start a story about a new ABC-TV comedy series called "The Marriage Lines," but it is necessary.

For "Brothers-in-Law," a delightful series starring Richard Briers as young barrister Roger Thursby, apparently had some of the magic quality of a fairy-tale.

It was a huge success, and two spin-offs (story ideas given by an existing series) have already been made. They have been just as successful as the original, and a third spin-off series is planned.

The first spin-off was "Mr. Justice Duncannon" (Andrew Cruickshank), surely one of the best series yet shown; the second is "The Marriage Lines," starring Richard Briers again.

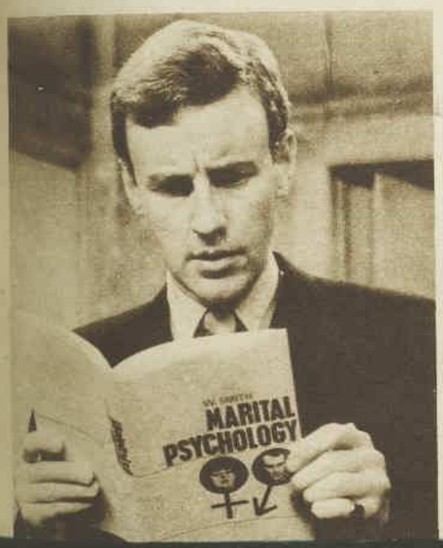
The third one, not yet made, is a sequel to "Marriage Lines," so far called "Bringing Up Baby."

From what I have heard and read about it, "Marriage Lines" is as entertaining as its predecessors and is another quality production.

In "The Marriage Lines," to be seen on ABC-TV in Sydney on Wednesdays at 7.30 p.m. and in other capital cities later, Richard Briers is newly married George Starling. It starts as he and his bride, Kate (see pictures), arrive at their flat after their honeymoon.

—*NAN MUSGROVE*

Television



RICHARD BRIERS as George Starling (above) is inclined to worry. He finds his text-book doesn't give all the answers about the ways of women. Above, right: George in a happier moment with his bride, Kate (Prunella Scales). In real life, Richard has been married seven years, Prunella for nearly one year.

POOR GEORGE (above) finds an innocent encounter rapidly becomes an "other woman" incident.

KATE behaves in a quite unscheduled manner, and George, still befuddled with sleep, finds wives are difficult.

CONSTERNATION. The Starlings haven't made it; there's a party and they're not asked. Friend is Peter (Ronald Hines).

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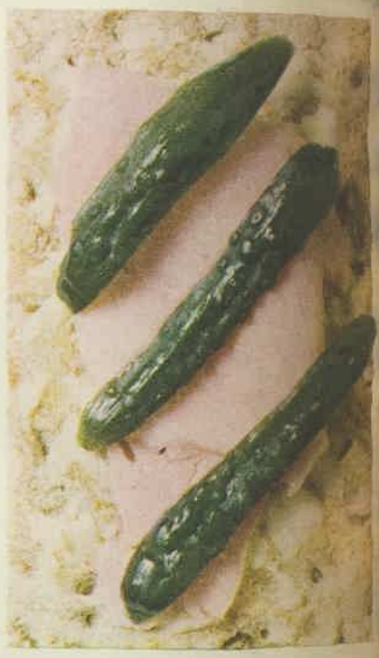
7 delicious ways to beat starvation diets



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Six of them *start* with Ryvita Crispbread. The seventh is crunchy, tasty, satisfying Ryvita Crispbread — served solo, or with maybe a dab of butter.

Ryvita Crispbread is a real *food*. It's packed with vitality-giving rye vitamins, minerals, proteins. It's packed with taste and crunch. And it's oh-so-low in weight-building calories.

So why starve yourself into shape? Eat all the Ryvita you like. Crunch into Ryvita and your favourite spread (forget heavy starchy breads, forget your waist-line worries). If you *must* snack between meals, have some more Ryvita. It makes you fit, keeps you slim.

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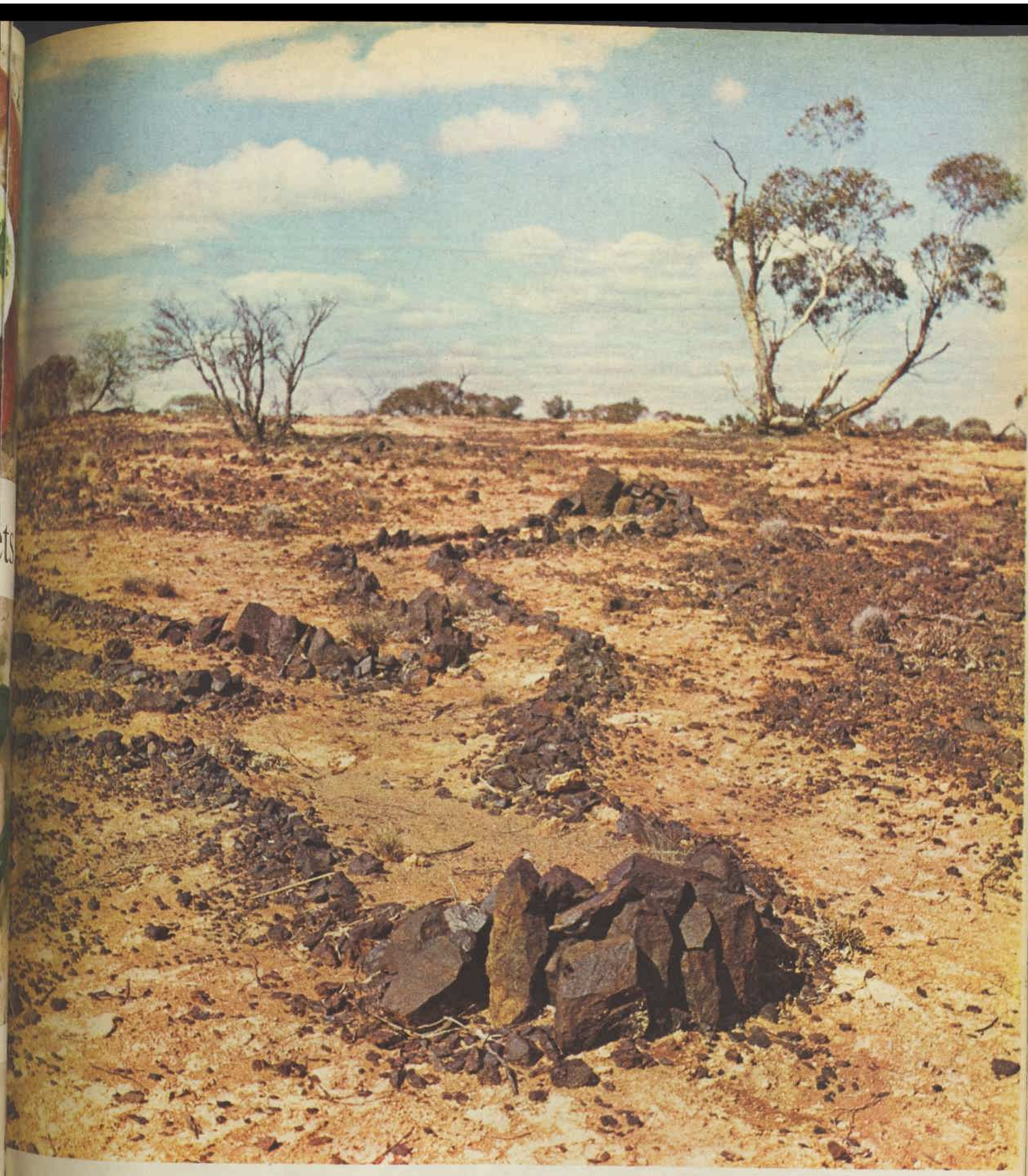

BEAUTIFUL *AUSTRALIA*

Ritual stones in the desert

Picture by Mr. Vincent Serventy, Wembley Downs, W.A.

● These stone arrangements are on the Great Victoria Desert, near the South Australian border. Patterns of stones, usually lying on a stone pavement, occur through much of Central Australia and mark important ceremonial grounds of the aborigines. Rituals would be carried out on them, including the manhood ceremonies, or those performed for the increase of food, plants, and animals. Today there are few aborigines in the area pictured, and no white people. Occasionally the desert is visited by surveyors, geologists, and naturalists. Recently the area enclosing these stones has been declared a fauna reserve in order to preserve a sample of this fascinating country for scientific study and, later, tourist interest.

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PARIS SAYS PLEASE LOOK PRETTY

THIS spring, pretty news floats across the Paris air in a look that is feminine and often romantic. Paris puts flowers on the head, flutters pleats, and has new beguiling ideas for sleeves. It also robs the cradle of tender baby colors.

No wardrobe is complete without crisp white touches and at least one pink suit or coat.

Find your own form of fashion prettiness—spring is bursting with delicious ideas. Remember it's a season when girls will be girls.

—*Betty Keep*

● *The Paris jacket-dress is younger and prettier than it has been in years. Patou design (left) in blue-and-white polka dots is sleeveless, has white touches and a swing to the skirt. Hat in matching dress fabric.*

● *Cardin's romantic suit (above) in tender blue. The sleeveless jacket is worn to show the prettily ruffled sleeves of a white organdie blouse. Cardin designs are full of imagination.*

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● *Blue and white is suddenly everybody's love and is seen above in Heim's jacket - dress worn with an endearingly pretty hat in pink straw. The classic jacket has a single-breasted fastening. The dress flutters all-round pleats.*

● *Completely candid about its prettiness is the flower - trimmed turban above. The hat mixes large and small blush-pink roses and green rose leaves mounted on brown tulle.*

● *No spring wardrobe is complete without a light wool suit in a pretty color. The one at right in pale flecked wool has a round youthful collar and slim skirt. Hat in soft pink matches the powder-pink stockings.*

● *The pink coat is one of the joys of spring fashions. Example, right, from Maison Dior is full of ease and lightly belted by a narrow roll of self material. The brown straw hat has a youthfully uptilted brim.*

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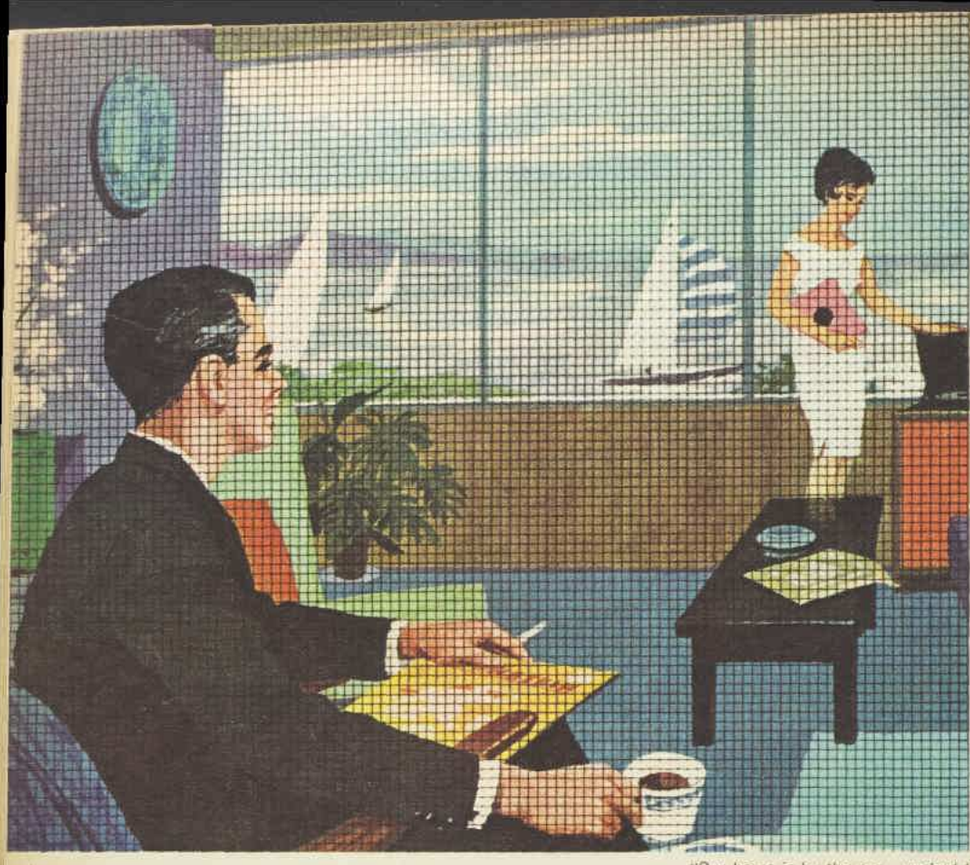

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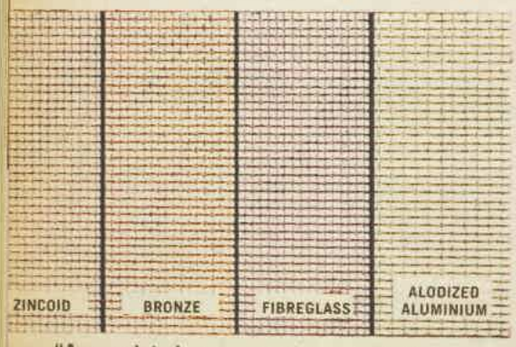

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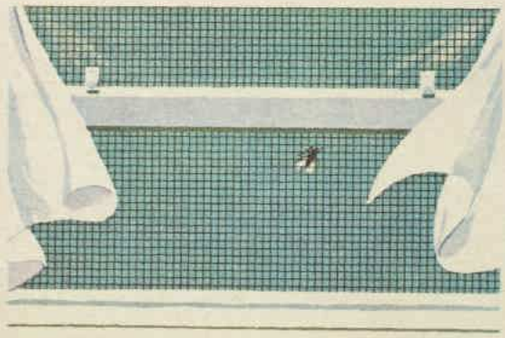

"With Cycloscreen, we leave open the windows at night and let in only the breeze—no flies and mosquitoes." After a hot day, your home needs the night breeze through it—but you don't want the insects it brings. There are Cycloscreen meshes designed to keep out the smallest pests—yet keep the air flowing. You can cook, eat, relax, sleep in comfort without fear of the infections that summer flies and mosquitoes carry into the home.

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Dress Sense

by

BETTY KEEP

● On this page I answer some of the most frequent fashion queries in my current mail. The day dress at left was chosen for a young home dressmaker.

A PAPER pattern is available for the dress, which has a hi-line bodice and easy fit. It should suit her need for a day dress suitable for making in linen in a young-looking empire-line style.

The dress pictured is sleeveless, but the pattern includes a design with wrist-length sleeves. Details are given below, beside the illustration.

"Please assist me in the choice of accessories to wear with an aqua linen suit."

Stripes are firm favorites for spring and I suggest you use the idea for a jumper and matching turban to wear with your suit. Add beige gloves and shoes. Note that the new spring shoes have rounded toes and quite low, shaped heels.

"Do you think a velveteen frock which is sleeveless with a bell skirt and deep V at back would be suitable for a party in September? I am 17."

No; a velveteen dress would be neither correct nor comfortable. I suggest something more summery such as a flowery silk or cotton or perhaps a dotted swiss cotton.

"Please suggest some sort of frock that could be worn in the daytime and evening. The style is for a young teenager to wear in spring."

A pinafore dress with a blouse (subtract the blouse for evening) is the best night-and-day fashion I know for a teenager. Have the pinafore in any linen-like fabric and the blouse in a striped sheer.

"I am worried about what to wear to a morning wedding this month. Would a floral suit be correct?"

A floral suit would be fine.

"As I have a rather ruddy complexion, I wondered if I could wear pink?"

Pink is not flattering to a ruddy complexion. Greys and browns, whites, and muted greens are all colors that should become you.

2798.—Dress in sizes 10, 12, 14, and 16 for 31, 32, 34, and 36in. bust. Butterick pattern 2798, price 6/- includes postage. Address orders to Betty Keep, Pattern Service, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. No. C.O.D. orders.

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WEAR WITH MATCHING COTY NAIL POLISH IN SOFT PINK, SWEET TANGERINE, BRANDY FLING

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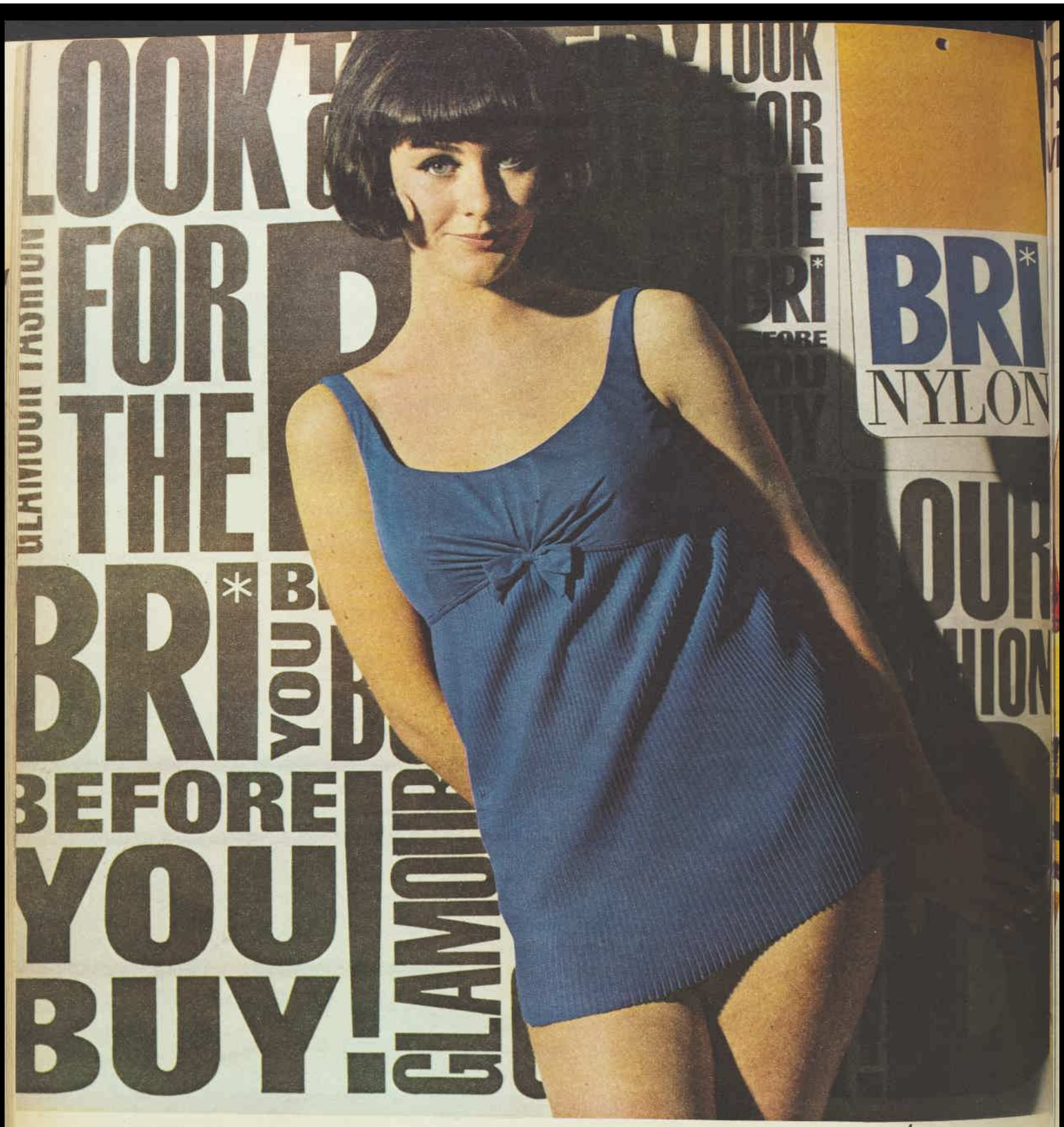

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Rendezvous with a Memory

It was a most eventful reunion – a short story

By DOROTHY WILLIAMS

IT was dusk when Ethel and George Harding turned into the Merrills' well-kept grounds. Studying the house, low and luxurious, Ethel wondered for the hundredth time what had prompted Lorraine to invite them.

Glancing at her husband's long, lean frame sliding out from under the wheel, she thought: it isn't every evening a man has the chance to view the girl he had loved and the job he had wanted being dangled before his eyes as the possessions of another man!

A shadow crossed her face. She hadn't wanted to come, but felt she must. Their eyes met as he helped her from the car, his impenetrable, hers troubled. Was she, she wondered, still just the girl George had married on the rebound, his consolation prize?

A maid led them through rooms deep in carpeting to the terrace. Ken came forward, his hand outstretched to George. "Well, old man, good to see you again." Then turning to Ethel, "You, too, Ethel, you look wonderful!"

Lorraine Jordan's beauty had remained untouched by the years. The lush countryside was the perfect backdrop for her smooth Lady of the Manor role. One look at the flowing lines of her gown, and Ethel knew her own appearance was not right. After ten years she was still the pretty, efficient secretary; Lorraine was still the boss' glamorous daughter both men were in love with!

She spoke graciously to Ethel. "So good of you to come, dear; do sit down." Then, with her classic profile toward Ethel, "You haven't changed a bit, George. You're as handsome as ever."

Ethel waited to see what effect this would have on her husband.

"And you, I would say, are even more beautiful." He inclined his head slightly, his manner that of a gallant knight paying homage to a queen.

Exactly the way he had always treated Lorraine, Ethel thought with a sick little feeling, as she took the cocktail Ken handed her. Smiling up at him, she said, "How does it feel to be head of research in one of the biggest drug plants in the country, Ken?"

He shrugged, smiling ruefully over at George. "You know," he said, sipping his drink, "they picked the wrong man for it."

"Oh, Ken, don't start that again!" Lorraine spoke with annoyance. "Really," she said, turning to George and Ethel impatiently, "Ken is always running himself down. Father has helped him so much—if only he'd try . . ."

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As Ethel stood beside Ken she angrily watched her husband, George, listening intently to Lorraine.

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A SONG OF SIXPENCE

Second instalment of our serial

By A. J. CRONIN

ILLUSTRATED BY BOOTHROYD

LIVING in Ardencaple, a small Scottish village, CONOR CARROLL and his wife, GRACE, are a happy but impoverished family. Their six-year-old son, LAURENCE, who has been sick, is just about to be enrolled in the village school, whose headmaster is MR. ROGER, nicknamed PIN by the children. Laurence's only friend, thirteen-year-old MAGGIE, daughter of the local washerwoman, is happy to take him there on his first day.

Conor leaves his job as a salesman for a flour company, and takes on the agency for a Dutch firm selling yeast, with high hopes of improving the family fortunes. So much so, he has a new piano delivered for Grace and plans to employ Maggie as a maid when she leaves school.

An unexpected visit by Laurence's worldly cousin, TERENCE CARROLL, has two results for Laurence. Firstly, he learns that his mother's Presbyterian family has rejected her because she had married Conor, an Irish Catholic. This is the same reason the village of Ardencaple, a stronghold of Scottish Presbyterianism, has not accepted the family. Secondly, Laurence cold-shoulders Maggie when Terence laughs at her. Ashamed about his unkindly treatment of Maggie, he is desolate when she is killed in a train accident. NOW READ ON:

HOW sad and confused, above all how unforeseen, was the period that followed. Even now, disentangling it from memory, I still cannot view it without pain. Surely no one could have blamed Mother for Maggie's death. On that same night Father had gone back to the level crossing with a lantern from the signal box and found, wedged in the switch points" of the rails, the torn-off heel of Maggie's boot. My poor friend, trapped in this vice, had clearly made a frantic effort to free herself.

At the inquiry the Procurator-fiscal had made it clear that if Maggie had wished to destroy herself she would not first have carefully inserted her foot in the switch, then tried to tear it loose. And I knew, too, from Maggie's last hopeful remark to me that no such intention had ever entered her mind. And yet, despite the evidence, the certainty of accident was rejected by the village in favor of the more awful alternative, and Maggie, crushed by tragedy, became a martyr to our interference.

The theme was played with variations. Father, bitterly reporting the latest gossip as we sat at dinner, did not spare us. If we had not come between a devoted mother and her only child, dangling false promises, arousing illusory hopes, if only we had "let the poor girl be" she would still be alive and happy. And, of all people, what need had we of a servant!

Mother, who had not stirred from the house for days and who now at our evening meal was barely touching her food, pressed her hands together.

"We'll have to leave, Conor."

"What!" Both Father's eyebrows shot up dangerously. "Run away! Bolt like a rabbit! What do you think I am? There's nothing wrong with Ardencaple itself. I like the place and country here. Now especially, nothing would make me leave. Besides . . ." He spoke slowly, with special meaning. "Don't forget you have an engagement at the concert."

"That!" Mother cried, all the softness in her nature shrinking from the mere idea. "I'm going to no concert, never, never."

"You must."

"I'm not capable of it. I'd break down."

"You won't."

"But, Conor . . . to be up there, before them all, alone."

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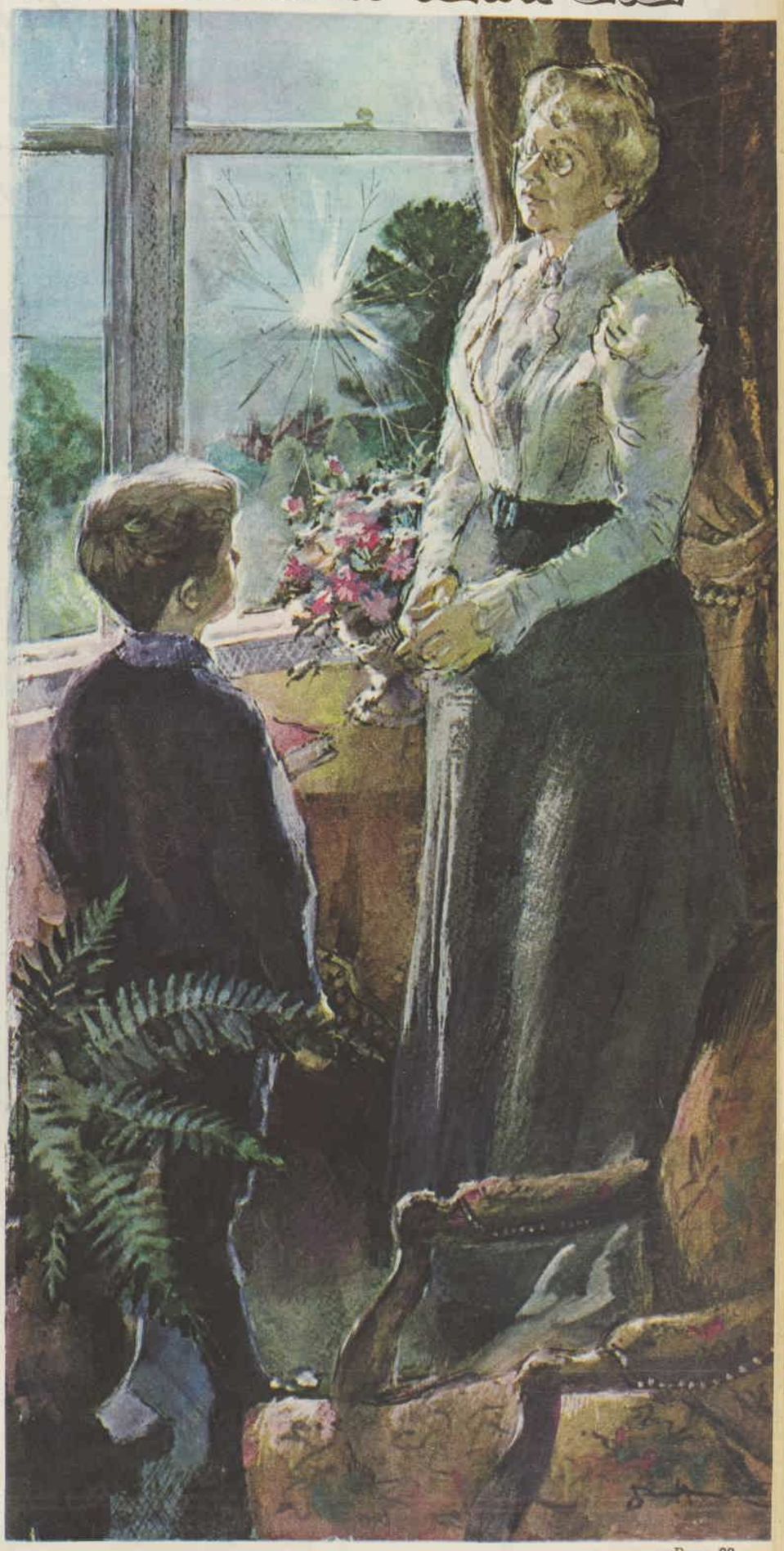

Laurie found Miss Greville beside the broken window as he entered the room.

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The most beautiful bride in the world

It is every girl's dream that her wedding day should be perfect . . . a tender short short story

By JOAN PLATTON

LYNDA was a beautiful bride. She hadn't needed that final peep in the mirror to tell her so, and now, as she walked slowly across the smooth, green lawn to where Michael stood waiting, she had before her a mental image, clear and sharp, of herself, almost as though she were two people, Lynda the bride, and Lynda the onlooker.

Her hair, curling softly around the heart-shape face, glinted gold in the sunlight, little gleams of gold through the white lace veil that softly framed her face. Her dark eyes were luminous with dreams and a soft glow warmed her smooth cheeks.

The perfume from her bouquet rose gently around her and she glanced down, seeing the sprays of white blossoms resting so gently against the ivory satin of her gown and thought how delicate they looked in their waxlike perfection.

As though in a dream Lynda heard the organ music swelling into the wedding march. Michael was looking at her now and she smiled across at him as slowly, in time to the wedding march, she moved toward him, past the crowd of guests gathered there.

SHE felt a moment of wonder that there were so many people, friends, relations, yet how vague and far away they seemed to be. It was as though she was seeing them through a mist. Their faces were indistinct, with only here and there a familiar one which she could recognise. She noticed her mother wipe away a tear and her smile trembled a little.

Lynda heard, as she passed, the tiny sighs that usually precede a bride, the hushed whispers of "Oh! Isn't she beautiful!" and felt a glow of pride.

I am beautiful today, she thought, and I'm so glad. I want to be the most beautiful bride in the whole world.

I'm so glad it's springtime, she thought happily, as she took her place beside Michael. It wouldn't be the same if the peach tree wasn't in bloom. To be married here, beneath this froth of pink blossom, to stand here with Michael in our fairy bower, what could be more perfect? Why, even the bees are humming "Here Comes the Bride."

Poor Michael. How serious he looks. I do wish he'd look at me, if only he would smile at me and not look so stern.

Of course, he didn't want a big wedding, but I'm glad I was firm about it. Every girl should have a big wedding, and to be a bride on such a perfect day as this, nothing could be more wonderful. I'm so happy today.

There! The parson is speaking now. I can't really understand what he is saying, he mumbles his words so. Wouldn't it be funny

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If he was holding his book upside down? No! I mustn't think that or I'll giggle and that would be a shame. It would spoil everything. I won't think any silly thoughts today at all.

I don't think there's any chance of Michael giggling; he looks so uncomfortable standing to attention like that, his back so straight, and he's frowning a little.

He's quite handsome, though, with those wonderful dark eyes. I do wish he would look at me, if he'd just smile at me. I think he's embarrassed about it all, but he speaks his lines well, his voice is strong and clear.

I wonder how my voice will sound. My throat feels very dry now. Wouldn't it be awful if I open my mouth to speak and nothing happens. I don't really feel nervous though, but I suppose I must be, that piece of fern in my bouquet keeps trembling. I won't think of being nervous.

I'm so glad we're being married here beneath the peach tree. It's funny how I've always loved this tree, I've felt as though it belonged to me in a very special kind of way.

For as long as I can remember I've always watched for the first buds to burst into bloom. I used to think they were like fairies, with their tiny, pink party dresses bursting out from beneath their little green jackets. In a way I wish I still believed in fairies.

I always feel so wonderful the day the first bloom appears on the peach tree, as though the whole world is beginning all over again, but then, I've always loved beginnings.

I used to have a swing here, the rope was tied around that big branch just above my head, and I'd go flying up there among the peach blossom. How wonderful it used to be.

ONCE, when I was very little, I remember coming out here one night. I thought I could swing high enough to catch me a star. Mother was cross with me then, I suppose she was afraid I'd catch a chill.

I wonder what Michael would say if I asked him to catch me a star; he'd probably think I was silly. He's always telling me I'm silly, but I don't mind.

I wish the old swing was still here. I remember I used to sing while I was swinging high into the peach blossom, with the blue sky over my head. I'd pretend I was a bird flying high into the sky. If ever I have a little girl she'll have a swing under a peach tree. I'll plant a tree straight away to be sure of it.

I suppose people will wonder why I wanted to be married out here. Most people want to be married inside a church, but I think this is the biggest church in the whole world. The sky is the roof of my church and He is up there smiling down on us today.

Now. Now I have to speak, they're all looking at me, waiting. There! That was better than I thought it would be, my voice was clear, not too loud, and I didn't mumble. Strange though, I didn't seem to be speaking at all, it was almost as though someone else spoke the words for me, and I just stood here listening.

Soon Michael will put the ring on my finger and it will be all over. Oh! I wish I could hold this moment for ever and never let it end.

How clear the sky is, not a cloud to be seen, only that high, blue dome stretching on and on. I'm glad it's springtime. Of all the seasons, this is my favorite, everything seems so fresh and new at this time of the year.

My bouquet is lovely, but I do wish that piece of fern would stop trembling, it makes me nervous. It seems a pity to have to throw away something so lovely. I wonder who will catch my bouquet when I throw it. They say whoever catches the bride's bouquet will be the next one to marry. I wonder if that's true.

I do hope whoever it is will catch it gently; flowers bruise so easily, and I don't want anything to be hurt on this day, not even a single flower. This is my one perfect day, and I wish it could last forever . . .

"Lynda," the voice cut through the stillness of the afternoon. "Oh! Lynda! Tell Michael and Johnny to run home now, it's time you came in."

"You'd better go now, Michael and Johnny. Thanks for playing with me."

The little girl turned and ran toward the house, the skimpy dress flying up around her thighs, the ragged lace curtain still pinned to the straight, mousy hair, trailed lopsidedly over the thin shoulders.

All that remained of the most beautiful bride in the world was a circlet of daisies and a few scattered blossoms, wilting on the grass beneath the peach tree.

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Continued from page 29

A SONG OF SIXPENCE

"You won't be alone. I'll be with you. And so will Laurence. Don't you see, lass," he was looking at her grimly, "if you don't go it'll be a clear admission of guilt. We are utterly blameless for poor Maggie's accident. So we must go, all of us, stand up for ourselves, and show that we don't give a tinker's curse for what they say."

Already I was shaking at a prospect that had suddenly reached out chilly arms toward me. Yet while, like Mother, I sat dismayed, Father faced us with a calm, remote determination.

"You'll see," he said, as though talking to himself. "Yes, you . . . will . . . see."

ON the afternoon of the concert Father came home by an earlier train. Under his arm he carried a long, stiff cardboard box, the contents of which were revealed to me when, at half-past six, Mother came slowly, almost unwillingly, downstairs, looking lovely but, oh, so fearfully pale, and wearing a new blue silk dress, cut low in the neck and with a long pleated skirt.

"Yes," Father said in a hard voice, after studying her critically. "Exactly the color of your eyes."

"It's beautiful, Con," Mother said faintly, "and must have cost a ransom. But, oh, I feel so nervous."

"You won't, lass," Father said in that same gritty tone. Then, to my amazement—for I had never seen such a thing in the house before and knew my father to be of a most temperate habit that rarely took him beyond a glass of beer with his customers—he produced a flat bottle labelled "Three Star Brandy." Carefully, as though measuring out a medicine, he poured a substantial draught into a glass, added a sudden generous splash, then held it out to Mother."

"No, Con, no."

"Get it down," Father said implacably. "It'll put new heart in you."

While Mother hesitated, there came the clop-clop of horses' hoofs and the rattle of a cab drawing up to our gate. Trembling at the sound, she feverishly snatched the glass, and while I watched, wide-eyed, emptied it at a gulp that made her choke.

The darkness of the cab brought a temporary relief. I sat on the edge of the seat, stiff in my starched collar and Sunday suit. Father was wearing his best clothes, too, and his moustache had been trimmed and curled so that the points had a combative upward sweep. At least we were showing a brave front to whatever lay ahead. And suddenly, as the red glare from the smithy fire lit up the interior of the cab, I saw Mother reach out and press Father's hand.

"I'm not afraid now, Con. I feel all warm and strong. I know I can do my best."

Father laughed softly, yes, to my shivering amazement the man actually laughed.

"Didn't I tell you, dearest lass?"

"Yes, Con darling." Mother's voice held a strange note. "Only . . . I feel I want you to kiss me."

Was the woman mad, too? To my shamed horror, unmindful of me and of the chasm that confronted us, they embraced each other closely, after which Mother gave a sustained, comforted sigh.

It was a minor relief to get her safely delivered at the performers' side door, then Father took my hand and we went round the building to the front entrance. The hall was full, already people were standing at the back, but at the front, immediately beneath the platform, places had been reserved for relatives of the performers.

Toward there Father advanced, with his head high in the air, so high indeed that while himself conspicuously visible, he need recognise nobody. However, despite this strategic posture, he had not failed to note the crowd, made up mostly of young men, at the back of the hall, for he hissed cryptically into my ear: "Outsiders from Levenford . . . there'll be trouble."

Our entry had been well timed. We had barely taken our seats when the proceedings were opened by Lady Meikle, who bustled on to the stage, made a short speech indicating the purpose of the concert and asked the audience to be receptive toward the artists.

"These good people," she concluded, "are giving their services free for a most worthy cause. I want you to welcome them, every one, without exception."

At these emphatic words Father turned to me with a meaning self-satisfied glance and murmured: "That's for us, my boy. She distinctly caught my eye. You'll see, Mother'll be all right."

Unfortunately, while her ladyship's request was greeted with restraint from the body of the hall, it met with exaggerated applause from the rear, and as she went off someone exploded a paper bag. The loud bang was partly drowned by the hired accompanist, who, by way of an overture, had begun to hammer out "Land of Hope and Glory."

After this the first vocalist appeared—a tall, thin young man draped in a borrowed outsize dress suit. Met with shouts of derisive recognition from the back, he began nervously to sing "Thora."

Speak, speak, speak to me, Thora,
Speak once again to me.

It was not a success. Indeed, the young man was loudly advised to gargle his throat, to have a bath, to take his suit back to the pawn, and, finally, to go home to Thora and put her in a sack.

Next to come on was a violinist who, upset by frequent interruptions and urgings to put the cat out of pain, struggled through "Traumeri." By this time Father was moving restlessly in his seat. The chilly "village" reception he had feared for Mother was nothing to what she might suffer from this rowdy mob, now recognisable as apprentices from the shipyard at Levenford, who were known troublemakers.

Father's feeling had been communicated to me, and as the disturbance continued my agitation increased so pitifully that actually my head began to quiver on my shoulders. I sat sweating and shivering for my poor dear mother, who undoubtedly would burst into tears since, of all things, I knew she had chosen to play that difficult classical piece, Debussy's "La Mer." Nothing could have been more unsuitable, more likely to provoke abuse. Nothing worse.

But now she was there, actually on the stage. My spasm ceased, I was frozen. She seemed small on the wide platform and so ridiculously young and pretty that my fear deepened. What a tender morsel to be thrown to the lions! A storm of whistles had greeted her and now a voice shouted something that made Father bristle. He was sitting erect with his most steely look.

For a moment I dared not look at Mother, but when I forced my eyes upward I saw that she had seated herself at the piano and, half turned, had actually waved a friendly greeting toward the back of the hall. Good heavens! What had come over her? She did not look like my mother at all, but, disregarding the whistles and the catcalls, she was smiling now at her tormentors.

Suddenly, as I shrank down in my seat, waiting for the first feeble whimper of "La Mer" to destroy her, her hands descended hard on the keyboard, startling me with the stirring strains of one of Sousa's "Besses o' the Barn" marches: a favorite of Father's entitled "Washington Post."

Was I dreaming? Apparently not, for when this ended, without pausing, without acknowledging the rattle of applause, before even someone yelled, "Give us another," Mother dashed intrepidly into another rousing tune, the famous Pipe Band favorite of the Highland Infantry, "Cock o' the North." If the first number had pleased the Levenford contingent this completely won them. Before she was halfway through she had them singing along with her.

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Notice to Contributors

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NO PUBLICITY, PLEASE

The crime presented some very contradictory points —a short short story

By JOHN CREASEY

SUPERINTENDENT Roger "Handsome" West, of New Scotland Yard, known to many as its glamor boy, was called to the Commander's office on a bright April morning.

"Some people have all the luck," the Commander said. "You've another seaside job—at Rockholme. Kennedy will brief you when you get there."

"Can you give me a general idea?"

"A jewel robbery," the Commander said, "Avis Gilda's teeth."

Roger had seen her on the screen and on the stage. He had not realised she was so ravishingly beautiful. When the Superintendent's arrival Avis was eating chocolates from an open box.

"I have heard so much about you, Mr. West," Avis Gilda said in a husky voice. "You are going to find my jewels." "I am going to have a good try."

"You must find them," she pleaded. "They were only insured for a little of their value. My manager made an awful mistake. If anyone was to hear about it . . ." She spoke as if that would be the final indignity.

"Will you please tell me exactly what happened?" he asked. "I know you've told it before, but . . ."

The telephone bell rang in the room. Avis answered it.

"Hello . . . Yes, he is here." She turned again. "For Superintendent Kennedy."

Kennedy was gruff. "Who is it? . . . What? . . . Come? . . . All right, I'll come." He banged down the receiver. "Nasty job over at the amusement park," he said. "I have to go and see what it's all about."

"Superintendent West," Avis said in that husky voice, and glided to his side. "Please believe me, I will do anything to get those jewels back." She told the story which Kennedy had already told Roger.

The diamonds, over twenty thousand pounds' worth, had been given to her by her late husband. She had come to Rockholme for a rest after shooting a new film.

"I went down to dinner last night and most of the diamonds were in this box." She moved swiftly across the room and into the bedroom. But soon came back, carrying a travelling case. To his surprise, she went down on her knees in front of him. "You see—it is locked."

Roger studied it. He knew the make well.

"And it was locked when I came back. That is the great mystery," declared the actress. "So—someone came in there with a key."

"Who would have a key?"

"My manager. But I have great confidence in him."

"The man who so heavily under-insured these same diamonds?" Roger remarked dryly.

"That is unkind." She stood up, hesitated, stretched out for another chocolate, and stood looking down at him.

"It's a fact, isn't it?" Roger asked.

"But I owe Lucius everything! Superintendent—" she drew nearer, holding her hands out to Roger. "I am sure that Mr. Kennedy suspects that Lucius Gley knows about the theft. You will keep an open mind, won't you?"

Some time later West was discussing the scene with Kennedy.

"I know exactly what you felt like," Kennedy said. "She had a go at me. She kept eating chocolates and looking at me like a strip-tease artist. She knows the thief was Lucius Gley, of course."

"What about the hotel staff?"

"I spent all the morning, with my men, questioning them. They're all in the clear. The hotel detective can vouch for that. Avis told the management she didn't want anyone to know she was here, and he arranged for the detective to watch and make sure no reporters or photographers lay in wait for her. Only Lucius entered that room while she was at dinner."

Roger widened his eyes. "Sure he went in?"

"I'm positive. No reason why he shouldn't, either."

"May I see him?" asked Roger.

"Of course. I got a search warrant, and I've been through the room, his car and his clothes, with a fine-toothed comb. But he's got rid of the diamonds."

"Could be," Roger said non-committally.

. . . . . .

Lucius Gley surprised him. He was a tall, fair-haired, open-air type of individual.

"I know perfectly well that I am the chief suspect," he said. "But I know nothing at all about the diamonds."

"Why did you under-insure them?" Roger demanded.

"I valued them at about five thousand. When they were lost, Avis stated their value was twenty thousand. I don't think they were under-insured. I know which were genuine and which were imitation," Gley said, with a sneer.

The two policemen left on that note.

"But unless we can trace them to him we'll never be able to prove it," Kennedy pointed out. "His fingerprints are all over her room, as he's often there. 'Handsome'—check with all the big-time fences."

"If they come on to the market, we'll find 'em," Roger assured him. "How long is Avis Gilda staying here?"

"For another week."

"It's Wednesday," Roger said. "I'll be back Tuesday."

Through the Yard and its Divisions, he laid on an intensive search for the diamonds. No fence had them —and as far as it was possible to trace they had not even been offered. Roger did some homework on Avis Gilda in the old newspaper cuttings. Next day he returned to Rockholme . . .

Avis Gilda's figure was sheathed in a shimmering silver dress. It seemed incredible that any woman could keep such a figure and eat so many chocolates.

Lucius Gley was present, as also was Kennedy.

"Have you found the diamonds?" Avis asked eagerly.

"I think so," Roger said. "This has been a phony case from the beginning. A film star who had lapped up publicity all her acting life suddenly shuns it, although news of this jewel loss could make a headline in every newspaper in the country. She does all she can to throw suspicion on her manager, while he accuses her of over-valuating the jewels and insures them for a smaller sum. Yet they must work together, not hate each other.

"It seemed to Superintendent Kennedy and me that you were both putting on an act. If you were, then the whole affair might be a fake. I don't think the diamonds ever left this room."

"That's slanderous!" gasped Avis.

"Are you crazy?" demanded Lucius Gley.

"Search anywhere — even search me!" cried Avis.

"If they could be found easily, you'd be slipping," Roger said. "Do you mind if I have a chocolate, Miss Gilda?" Before she could stop him, he stepped to the open box, and took a chocolate from the centre.

"Put that down!" shouted the film star.

Roger popped the chocolate into his mouth, and bit cautiously — on to something hard. A moment later a chocolate-smeared diamond stuck to the palm of his hand.

Half an hour later all the diamonds were scintillating in the bathroom, washed clean again.

"You always ate your chocolates from the outer rows in the box," Roger said, "and the centre chocolates were untouched each time I was here. If they had never been stolen, that would be a good place to hide them."

Then Lucius hurled himself at Avis, eyes glittering with rage. Roger pushed the actress aside, and stopped Gley.

"Now, what's it all about?" Roger asked roughly.

White-faced, Lucius Gley said: "She wanted me to marry her, but I knew what a two-faced treacherous creature she was. When she realised marriage was off, she tried to frame me for a crime that was never committed."

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Use for the family, too CHAPPED HANDS HEAT RASHES

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AS I READ THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY: Week starting Sept. 9

ARIES
MARCH 21-APRIL 20
★ Lucky number this week, 3. Gambling colors, grey, red. Lucky days, Wed., Thursday.

★ Some would say the 9th is lucky for you. Anyhow, it would not hurt to guard against emotional exuberance that could lead to trouble in marriage and partnership affairs.

TAURUS
APRIL 21-MAY 20
★ Lucky number this week, 5. Gambling colors, green, navy. Lucky days, Fri., Sunday.

★ The 9th could bring a lift to your personal affairs, but over-confidence or rashness could lead to trouble. Some could get unexpected word from those in authority. Romance brightens up.

GEMINI
MAY 21-JUNE 21
★ Lucky number this week, 2. Gambling colors, orange, blue. Lucky days, Fri., Tuesday.

★ If you have anything of a legal nature you must undertake, especially the 9th, proceed with care. Yet any letters you write. The 10th could bring surprise events romantically.

CANCER
JUNE 22—JULY 22
★ Lucky number this week, 1. Gambling colors, silver, red. Lucky days, Fri., Saturday.

★ You've perhaps felt a little impatient lately, wanting to get things over and done with. Use this drive to advantage while it lasts. Home matters and personal relations are spotlighted, 9th.

LEO
JULY 23-AUGUST 22
★ Lucky number this week, 8. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Wed., Saturday.

★ A good time to use your flair for planning. New projects stand a good chance of success if you watch out for over-confidence. Romance and the lighter side of life excitingly accented.

VIRGO
AUGUST 23-SEPTEMBER 23
★ Lucky number this week, 7. Gambling colors, black, lilac. Lucky days, Thurs., Friday.

★ Early part of the week is exciting; there could be an unscheduled trip or removal. But watch your nerves. Continue to push your affairs and be your own public-relations agency.

LIBRA
SEPTEMBER 24-OCTOBER 23
★ Lucky number this week, 6. Gambling colors, rose, tan. Lucky days, Sat., Monday.

★ Many Librans will be mentally stimulated. An air of originality will surround them. There could be dissatisfaction — a desire for change. Proceed with new plans, but with caution.

SCORPIO
OCTOBER 24-NOVEMBER 22
★ Lucky number this week, 2. Gambling colors, yellow, red. Lucky days, Thurs., Tuesday.

★ There could be sudden changes at the beginning of this week. A desire to break old, outmoded ties could lead to unexpected results. Perhaps a minor romantic set-back at week's end.

SAGITTARIUS
NOVEMBER 23-DECEMBER 20
★ Lucky number this week, 4. Gambling colors, pink, gold. Lucky days, Sun., Monday.

★ Dissatisfaction with the status quo and a yen for a new deal could lead to successful results if you control that tendency to act first and think afterwards. Romantic events, 9th-10th.

CAPRICORN
DECEMBER 21-JANUARY 19
★ Lucky number this week, 9. Gambling colors, lilac, black. Lucky days, Sat., Monday.

★ There could be purple patches in matters of romance, flavored with the unlooked-for, 9th-11th. End of the week could bring a minor setback or loss. Beware accidents, especially 15th.

AQUARIUS
JANUARY 20-FEBRUARY 19
★ Lucky number this week, 8. Gambling colors, brown, blue. Lucky days, Thurs., Friday.

★ Anything could happen romantically and if you keep your poise there could be surprise packages. Friends play an important role — you might need tact to avoid upset with one.

PISCES
FEBRUARY 20-MARCH 20
★ Lucky number this week, 5. Gambling colors, pink, navy. Lucky days, Sat., Tuesday.

★ Perhaps romantic matters tend to get mixed up with your ambitions. With some a friendship could mean a boost status-wise. First part of the week is more exciting than the end.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

Making ends meet . . .

Furnishing is quite a problem for young marrieds—naturally they want only the best for their new home. One sure way of having the best and stretching the budget, too, is to choose Actil sheets and pillow cases. Actil gives *real* value for money, because Actil's greater strength and guaranteed quality give far longer wear. So be sure to ask for Actil sheets and pillow cases.

- Sheets full 100 inches long *after* hemming.
- No filling.
- Wide strong hems.
- Mill tested 32 times.

ACTIL
SHEETS & PILLOW CASES

Guarantee:
Should these Actil Products prove unsatisfactory in wear they will be replaced by the Sole Manufacturers.

A SONG OF SIXPENCE

Continued from page 32

While the last verse still vibrated against the roof more applause burst out, stamping of heavy boots, and repeated shouts of "'core, 'core." And now Mother was in full cry. Scarcely hesitating, she broke into what I can only call a medley, or rather an improvisation — since she played many of them by ear—of the old Scottish airs, "Ye Banks and Braes," "Green Grow the Rushes, O," "Over the Sea to Skye," and ending with the local favorite, "The Bonnie Banks of Loch Lomond."

The effect was tremendous, even those most unresponsive in the body of the hall, whom I had thought to be our enemies, were conquered, beating time now, nodding and humming, swept away by this brilliant melodic surge of sentiment and national spirit.

I was glowing with pride, my palms hot with clapping in homage to this wonderful mother whose undreamed-of cleverness and skill had saved the day for all of us.

And they wanted more. Even when Mother rose from the piano they would not let her go. Someone unseen in the wings must have signed to her to yield. What would she play now? The answer came quickly and it seemed that her eyes had sought us out. She struck the first chords of Moore's "Far from the Land," a tribute not to her old loyalties, but to the new. And she was singing it, too, calmly and confidently, as though she were sitting at the piano at home. I scarcely breathed as her voice rose, clear and sweet, in the perfect attentive stillness of the hall.

Father, leaning back, twirling his moutache, and with a strange, rapt smile, had kept his gaze riveted on Mother as though he could scarcely believe his eyes. And when at last, after a final curtsy, she left the stage, he rose abruptly and, demonstrating in every action that the event of the evening was over, he took me by the collar, steered me down the aisle and out of the hall.

We had not long to wait for Mother. She came hurrying down the steps of the upper entrance wearing her coat, with a fringed white shawl round her head, and ran straight toward us. Father gave her such a hug it lifted her off her feet.

"Gracie, Gracie . . ." he murmured in her ear, "I knew you had it in you."

"Oh, Mother!" I was hopping with delight. "You were splendid."

Mother gave a little gasp.

"It was an awful hash of sentiment, but I fancied it was the only thing, and I think they liked it."

"They loved it, Mother," I shouted.

"Couldn't have been better," Father purred.

"I didn't want to go on so long, but Lady Meikle made me."

"Ah," said Father, with a satisfied click of his tongue. "I knew the Whalebone would be on our side. But what made you think to do it in the first place? Did she give you the idea?"

"No!"

"Who, then?"

Mother gave him a sly glance.

"It must have been your brandy."

Shouts of delirious laughter from all three of us. What joy, what bliss! What a triumph for the Carrolls.

"Oh, we mustn't, Con," Mother said suddenly. "Think of poor Maggie. You know, all the time I was playing somehow at the back of my mind I felt I was doing it for her."

We walked back together under the shining moon, Mother and Father arm in arm, talking, talking as though they would never stop, but I did not feel jealous or that I was at all excluded for Mother with her free hand had found mine and snuggled it into the pocket of her coat. There she held it cosily all the way home.

How bright the moon was, how clear and high. And our star, the Carroll lucky star, was rising, too, yes, rising again, clear and high, to join the galaxy above.

THE next day was Sunday, and perhaps in the spirit of thanksgiving we went to Mass at Winton, coming home to a late and rather special lunch of roast duck followed by the trifle, with crystallised cherries and whipped cream, that Mother made so well. In the dwindling winter afternoon, after Father had had a nap, Mother suggested a stroll along the shore. The golden aura of yesterday still lingered about her, and, in addition, a kind of happy languor which, from the dreamy reminiscent glances she directed toward him, I somehow associated with the attentions of Father.

Already I had begun to sense the strong physical attraction that existed between my parents, which in the beginning, overcoming every conceivable obstacle had brought them together almost from different worlds and which now endured in a close responsive union. In later years, when I came to read the records of other childhoods so often marred by constant parental strife, by conjugal incompatibility and mutual hatred, I became morbidly aware that in their marriage my mother and father were uniquely fortunate.

Although there were sudden minor storms, provoked by Father's quick temper they never lasted more than a few hours and ended in spontaneous reconciliation. And always between them even in their silences, there existed a mutual understanding that made my home a safe, warm place in an often threatening world.

This feeling was palpably in the air as we were returning slowly through a soft mist gathering on the dead, deserted estuary. Mother idled in front, accompanied by Darkie, the Snodgrass farm cat, which often attached itself to her on these excursions. Father and I had fallen some paces behind, competing in a game of "skiffers" and being cautioned, though indulgently, by Mother for our shouts as we counted the skiffs when the flat stones, smoothly polished by endless tides, went skimming and leaping over the calm grey water.

Suddenly, as he threw, Father gave a short, wincing cough, straightened, and put his handkerchief to his face. I looked up in surprise, then, with the air of making an announcement, called out importantly: "Father's nose is bleeding!"

Mother turned round. I saw her expression change. I saw, too, that the handkerchief was covering Father's mouth. Mother came near.

"Conor, it's your cough."

"It's nothing." He had moved the handkerchief and was staring almost stupidly at a small, scarlet stain. "Only a spot. I must have just strained myself."

"But you coughed," she persisted, in concern. "You must sit down and rest."

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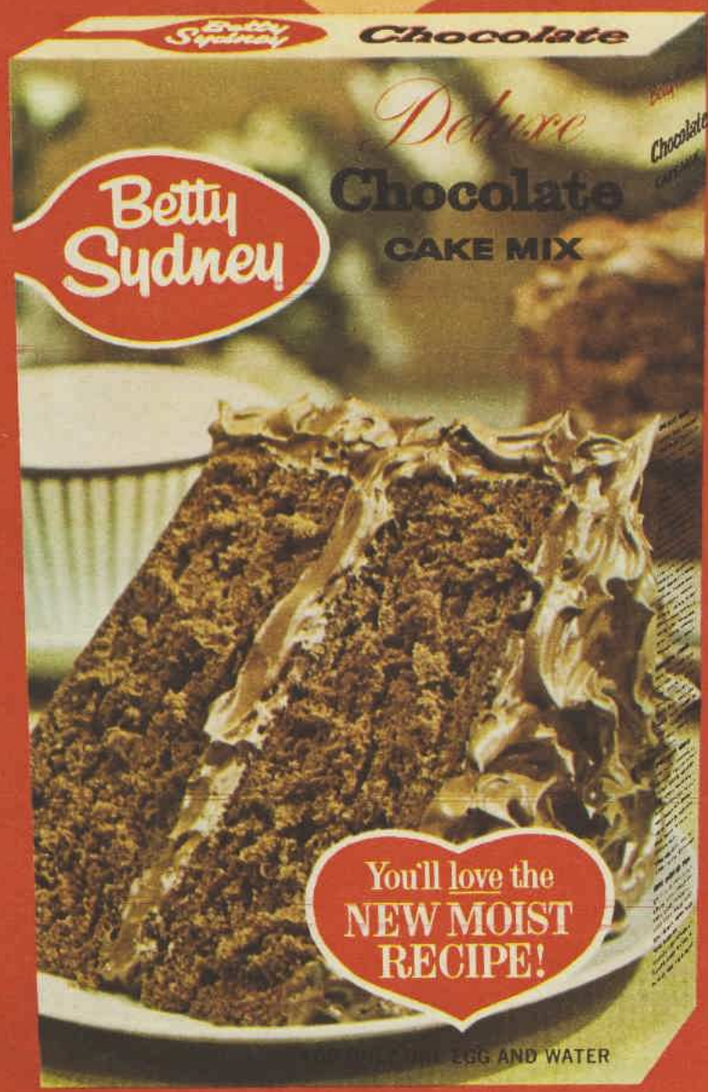
You'll LOVE the new moist recipe



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LETTER BOX

• *We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.*

Those young aunts

[..]S BOOTH (N.S.W.) [..]ndered if she had set [..] in becoming a great-[..] at 20. At 11 I was [..] to 14 children and at [..]came great-aunt to two.
[..]1/1/- to Miss S. Nor-[..] Woodville Gardens, [..]

★ ★

[..] sister, Denise, is 14 and [..] is a great-aunt twice. [..] has two great-nephews, [..]ephews, and 12 nieces, [..]dest being 21. Not bad [..] a 14-year-old schoolgirl.
[..]1/1/- to Mrs. A. Hurst, [..], N.S.W.

★ ★

[..] 19-year-old uncle of [..]y sister and me was al-[..] great-uncle three times [..] (to my son, daughter, [..] niece) by the time he [..]. He is the youngest [..] children, and has two [..] and one nephew older [..] himself.
[..]1/1/- to Mrs. B. [..], Roma, Qld.

★ ★

[..] BROTHER-IN-LAW of [..] became a great-[..] at the age of 13. He [..] youngest of 14 chil-[..] and was an uncle [..] times over at birth. [..] he is now a great-[..]-uncle.
[..]1/1/- to Mrs. J. Smith, [..], N.S.W.

★ ★

[..] HAVE an 11-year-old [..]ughter whose eldest [..] has a daughter who [..] baby son. Which makes [..] 11-year-old daughter a [..]-aunt.
[..]1/1/- to "Beat This" [..] supplied), Camp Hill, [..]

★ ★

[..]T 16 I am a great-aunt [..] three girls. The [..] of six children, the [..] I was born I auto-[..]ally became an aunt to [..] In all, I am an aunt [..] nieces and nephews.
[..]1/1/- to Miss K. Gittus, [..], Tas.

★ ★

[..]ING the youngest of 11 [..]ildren, I was an aunt [..] to one nephew and [..] nieces. At the age of [..] I was a great-aunt, and [..] at 23 I am great-aunt to [..] children. If these great-[..]phews and nieces marry [..] and have children, I'll [..] a great-great-aunt at [..] 38.
[..]1/1/- to Mrs. Ruth [..], South Melbourne, [..]

★ ★

TWO months before I [..]rned 15 I became a [..]-aunt, and before I was [..] had been a great-aunt [..] times over. Like Mrs. [..] I also was the [..] of eight children, [..] eldest being a sister who [..] and had three chil-[..] before I was born.
[..]1/1/- to Mrs. W. L. [..], Bowraville, N.S.W.

She's treasurer

SEVERAL years ago I assumed responsibility for managing our household finances. My husband, who decided that he had enough worries managing his business, is still the boss, but I am treasurer — responsible for feeding and clothing the family, budgeting, banking, and sending out cheques. Completely understanding our financial commitments, I would never do anything foolish and betray this trust. Some people say that a man is weak-willed if he gives a woman the liberty I have. My husband says it's common sense.

£1/1/- to Mrs. D. Williams, Epping, N.S.W.

Economising on Mum

UNDER the title of "How to Live on the Basic Wage" displayed prominently on the wall of our butcher's shop is the following: "Basic wage £16, Husband's beer £5, Bookmaker £3, Car expenses £5, Tobacco £1/13/-, Wife's beer 13/-, Our quality meat £2, Groceries on credit, Rent — next week, Clothing, etc., etc. — on credit. This comes to £17/6/0. So cut out wife's beer."

£1/1/- to Mrs. M. Fuller, Norseman, W.A.

Teenage marriage succeeded

I LEFT school at the end of 1925, was married in October, 1926—a teenage girl in both years and wisdom. My husband was very little older, and it was the first boy-girl love for both of us. We have been—and still are—very happy, contrary to the forecasts of well-meaning friends and relations.

£1/1/- to "Another Expectation" (name supplied), Campsie, N.S.W.

Mother's helper at four

MY son, who is not yet four, dries all the breakfast dishes (and very well, too), helps make the beds, takes out the rubbish, tidies up after himself, while my five-year-old would walk over his clothes for a week and not even notice. Does anyone else have such a young and house-proud helper?

£1/1/- to "Wondering" (name supplied), Mooroolbark, Vic.

Long service twice in a lifetime

MY father, now aged 83, still fit and active, retired from his semi-government job at 65. He took another job at which he worked until two years ago and then left only because the section closed down. On leaving his job he was paid long-service leave for the second time. Is this a record?

£1/1/- to Miss F. N. Breen, Nth. Coburg, Vic.

Porpoise, beware!

• **Marine researchers at Honolulu have trained a porpoise to respond to electronic signals. They let it loose in the sea and called it back. The porpoise obeyed calls several times and followed the boat back to its pen.**

The porpoise is intelligent and gay,
Responds to overtures with friendly play,
Has its own language and communicates
(The theory goes) in whistles with its mates.
An innocent, it's ready for the trap
When man, who seems a kindly sort of chap,
Sends it on ocean errands forth to roam,
And signals it, when wanted, to come home.
The guileless porpoise, by its captors praised,
In due course swops, half-rueful, half-amazed,
Its freedom for affection — which, it's true,
Is what, in essence, humans mostly do.

— DOROTHY DRAIN

Driving teacher squelched

FOR some weeks now my wife has been having driving lessons, and, as she has made many mistakes, her instructor's comments were becoming shorter and louder. "If I wanted to be talked to like that," she said to him, "I would have had my husband teach me to drive."

£1/1/- to Mr. J. Crawford, Greenslopes, Qld.

Allaying new baby jealousy

JUST before our second child was born we bought our two-year-old daughter a doll and pram, plus doll's bath and feeding bottles, and presented these to her when we brought home the new baby. By setting her up with these on an old towel on the back porch, I was able to feed and bath baby in peace, as I found bathing and feeding dolly helped allay a lot of jealousy. I would like to pass this idea on to other young mothers.

£1/1/- to "Kate" (name supplied), Peakhurst, N.S.W.

Ross Campbell writes...

OUT THEY GO

"MONSTER Birthday Sale of Shoes," I read in the window.

It is a likeable habit of shops that they get very excited about their birthdays. Instead of expecting to be given a treat, they want to give *you* one.

As it happened, I needed some black shoes. I stopped and looked inside.

In the shop there were scores of pairs of shoes on the racks. Up to £2 knocked off the prices. Some of them, to be sure, were in rather urky colors, but there were black ones, too.

A polite assistant asked me to take my left shoe off. It was a pity I had a hole in the toe of the sock. If I had known I was going to a shoe sale I would have looked for some socks without holes.

The first shoes he brought me were too pointed and narrow. They were the sort that jesters used to wear, except there were no bells on them.

Then he got a very long pair with wide toes of the kind you see on circus clowns. They, too, were unsuitable.

While he was away getting more shoes I tried to hide the toes of my socks under the chair. Gradu-

ally the pile of ill-fitting shoes grew bigger.

It began to dawn on me that this was really a sale of shoes for men with unusual feet.

There were tiny shoes for pigmies and huge ones for giants. There were flat shoes for web-footed Chinamen and blunt ones for the Bobble That Has No Toes. There were high shoes for Spring-Heeled Jack and shoes with toes curling up for Sindbad the Sailor.

Any customers of these types have found amazing bargains. But, having common-or-garden feet, I could get nothing to fit me.

Then the assistant had an idea. "We've got a new line here, sir. I'm afraid they haven't been marked down, but they're very good. Would you like to try them on?"

He fetched the shoes and, sure enough, they were O.K. I bought a pair at the normal price.

As I walked out I wondered whether I had ever got anything to fit me at a sale of clothing or footwear. I could not remember it.

I envy the customers whom these sales are intended to outfit—the midgets and giant policemen, pinheads and Humpty-Dumpties, fatty-puffs and walking skeletons.

But the favoritism is unfair. Some day there should be a bargain sale for *ordinary* people.

HAIR PROBLEMS?

Rinse them away!

Dry, fly-away hair?

Bleached, damaged hair?

Too curly? or tangled?

Hair that refuses to hold its set?

Now there's a completely NEW way to make hair behave! Use New Tame Creme Rinse straight after washing your hair, it takes only a minute.

And TAME makes your hair

- *soft, silky, shining*
- *easy to comb*
- *it sets like a dream, keeping its shape and sheen*

TAME is made by Toni. It's not a sticky hairdressing. Not a greasy surface cream. Tame is a non-oily Creme Rinse Hair Conditioner. It rinses on . . . and actually rinses *into* the hair to condition it, and remove static electricity — the cause of fly-away hair. With Tame your hair will have vital new sleekness, so easy to set.

IT'S A SHAME TO SHAMPOO WITHOUT

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"Dismal Damsels" beat the blues

● A group of women in the Queensland town of Nambour claim they've found the easy and relaxed way of blowing away the middle-age blues and frustrations by forming a club called "The Dismal Damsels."

THE club, which meets for an outdoor picnic once a month, was formed last year as a "cheer-up therapy" for women who felt in the doldrums once their families were grown-up and scattered in various parts of the world.

"We needed something to lift us from the groove we'd become hidden in," said Mrs. Silvia Gartner, one of the founders of the club.

"With the Dismal Damsels we now have an outlet which involves no cooking, no competitive tea parties, no housework, no entertaining, etc., but brings us much laughter."

There are no rules and regulations in the club except that in each carload of members driving to the monthly picnic spot there must be at least one "elderly lady, aged from 70 to 100."

"We ask each Dismal Damsel to try to find a lonely or elderly lady who'd be interested in attending our picnics," said Mrs. Gartner.

"Most of the older ones in the district are pioneers and can tell us quite a lot of fascinating stories. This is fun for us and it also makes the older ones feel important and wanted."

Tea "rations"

The Dismal Damsels meet outside the Nambour Post Office on the third Friday of each month, and they all take their own vacuum flask of tea and four sandwiches.

This "ration" is to provide enough for their own lunch and also for the 70-to-100-year-old guests of honor.

"No Dismal Damsel is allowed to bring along anything cooked, because then it would become competitive with everyone trying to out-do one another's cooking, and this would take away from the spirit of the club," said Mrs. Gartner.

"From the Post Office we drive each month to a handy beach or to a well-known beauty spot and just enjoy each other's company . . . relating to each other funny stories and experiences.

"There's always enough transport, as those who drive fill their cars and provide an outing to many who would normally not be able to attend.

"And even if at any time we fell a bit short of drivers among our members we'd still get by. A couple of Damsels' husbands have said they'd be only too happy to take any ladies to and from our picnics because they felt the club had done so much to brighten the lives and moods of their wives."

It's popular

The Dismal Damsels' Club began with a membership of two, but there are now more than 50 members, with more wanting to join at each meeting.

Because the support for the club is growing so rapidly, the Dismal Damsels are starting a Saturday afternoon group for those would-be "Merry Matrons" who can't get away from their business or family commitments to go picnicking on a Friday.

The club has also formed a physical-culture class known as "The Dismal Damsels' Deportment Department."

"This department is extremely hilarious, as our outfits are many and varied," said Mrs. Gartner.

"One 12-stoner performs in pink ski-pyjamas; another wears her husband's pyjamas; three wear vivid red tights.

"For the exercises we meet every Thursday morning from 10 till noon at the local Little Theatre hall, and we have a wonderful young ballet mistress who teaches us. We all benefit greatly from it, and it's certainly fun to see all the varicose veins, knobbly knees, bulging bulges, etc.

"In October we plan to carry this further by having a class for swimming exercises."

Describing how she became one of the original "Dismal Damsels," Nambour housewife Mrs. Grace Swan said: "I was in the throes of a bad attack of middle-age blues.

"I felt I had no friends, and that my family of six, plus my husband, only wanted me to be a slave to them. I imagined they thought of me as a useful piece of equipment. I was really down, and almost out! . . .

"Then one day the phone rang and it was a friend with whom I'd lost touch since I'd become swallowed up with rearing a family and retiring into a shell of my own making . . .

"When she invited me to go along to the next outing of the Dismal Damsels my first reaction was one of sheer panic, as I'd reached the stage of being scared to meet people.

"I nearly said I did not have time (my favorite excuse those days), but I went along, and I haven't missed one D.D. day since.

"For weeks after an outing, I chuckle to myself as I do my daily chores and remember the funny experiences and stories various members of the D.D.s have related.

"One of the main attractions of the club is that a Dismal Damsel doesn't have to do anything. She doesn't have to be witty, clever, or glamorous. She can just be herself. And that is a good feeling.

"There's no competition. She doesn't have to talk if she doesn't want to, but one thing is certain — she WILL laugh, because it's impossible not to . . .

"I give three hearty cheers for the D.D.s, who saved me and dozens like me from becoming 'Melancholy Middle-Aged Matrons.'

"May people in other districts, who have lost their confidence and gone into their shells, take heart!

"Form a Dismal Damsel group in your community. Get together, have a friendly 'cuppa' at some beauty spot, enjoy a chat, and, most important of all, have a good laugh.

"It will do more for you than all the sleeping-pills, and, what is more, your family will benefit because mother comes home with so many funny stories and incidents to relate, and the laughs keep everyone cheery."

Don't despise jumble sales!

By a reader (who wishes to remain anonymous)

I'D always been very careful with my money, but after seven months of living in the city in a £4/10/- a week flat I'd had to be drastic in some ways, particularly with clothes.

While expecting my second baby, I'd moved to the city hoping to look for a new house. My husband couldn't do this because he was away working.

However, the cost of someone to mind my daughter, the cost of keeping two homes going, and the unexpected expenses which arose, such as hospital and doctors' bills, set us back a lot.

Both my daughter and I badly needed winter clothes, but when I jotted down our needs the lowest amount we would be able to make do on was an astounding, impossible £50.

My sisters said they could tell me how I could manage, but they realised the risk of being told off.

Their solution was to shop at the jumble sales.

So I did, and I was amazed to see so many well-to-do-looking people waiting for the door to open, and I was even more amazed when I got inside, for some of the clothes looked brand new.

My sisters were grabbing (so were others) whatever caught their eyes, and so was I. It ended up being great fun, and I forgot how embarrassed I'd felt.

There I was, laden with clothing, and I was thrilled, though I knew I'd have many late nights of sewing ahead, for I not only bought what would fit but things I could cut down, too.

The prices and clothes were so attractive that I even got four outfits for home for me, and two overcoats instead of one for my daughter.

My daughter got skirts and slacks, in addition to all the other clothes she needed. The total cost was just over £12, so you can imagine the windfall it was.

So I say, to anyone else who feels guilty about spending their limited funds on clothes, forget your foolish pride and go along to a jumble sale. You'll enjoy it (and so will your purse!).

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LIPSTICKS

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THE HAIRDO HANDBOOK

By Dorothea Zack Hanle

Step - by - step instructions for home hairdressing - the shampoo, set, brush-out, teasing, and problem hair, with illustrations for many different glamor hairstyles.

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly, September 16, 1964

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5528499

CHOOSING YOUR STYLE

● There are many points to consider in choosing a hairstyle that is both becoming and suitable to your way of life.

YOUR face shape, your special arrangement of features, the proportions and size of your figure, the life you lead, and your activities —all these should be appraised.

Then there are the special, individual problems — of noses, eyes, glasses, the nature of the hair.

Artists, photographers, and beauty experts all proclaim the oval as the perfect face shape. It's said that she who has an oval face can wear any hairstyle. That would be true if you could select a hairstyle with just your face as the criterion, but there's the rest of you to consider, too. Before you choose a style, study yourself in a full-length mirror, as if you were a stranger.

Type. Are you the well-scrubbed outdoor type, perhaps? Then bypass the siren hairdos and sensational colors. Is yours a sparkling-eyed, dark-haired, Irish colleen look, with a hint of natural curl? Then don't try for an ash-blond, pure-line Swedish coif.

Is it a petite, pixie, or gamin face? No exotic hairdos for you, either. Have you a regal or madonna look? Then don't choose the feather and ruffle cuts. Be yourself — be your type.

Figure. Are you tall, short, slim, or stout? Have you considered the whole length and breadth of you in relation to your hairdo? Look in a full-length, three-way mirror and get the total picture. Know your proportions, learn the artist's dodges of illusion to camouflage the less than ideal, and develop a sense of scale.

If you are too short, hold yourself "tall" and think "tall" (and remember that men most often like "little women"). Avoid wearing your hair too long, too fluffy, too elaborately styled. Try on an over-large hat and see how disproportionate it is for you. The same holds for an oversize hairdo. Avoid tall coifs, too — they can add actual inches, but make the rest of you look like a midget. Wear a "little head" look, one of the pretty bobs that are never out of fashion and that can be varied with many details of styling.

If, in addition, you are too fat (you should diet it off, you know) or of a stocky, chunky build, the same rule applies. But you will then wear a medium-length hairstyle — not one that's so brief it will make your figure look even pudgier.

Too tall — and skinny, too? In a world of high-fashion-conscious women, this is no longer a handicap. But do wear your hair long enough to avoid a too-tiny-head-for-the-body look.

If you're too tall and also very full-figured — or even fat — don't try fussy hairdos. Stick to the simple, the classic, off-the-neck at back, wide-waved, well-groomed coif. No curls for you.

If you're hippy, you'll find that a hairdo with some width will help to give your figure an illusion of symmetry.

And if you're average, you can concentrate on other features or faults. Study your shoulders, for instance. Sloped and drooping shoulders are only accentuated by long, relaxed, pageboy styles. Medium-length hair, softly styled and groomed, is best. Too-narrow shoulders should not be umbrellaed by a big, bouffant coif of extreme width, but can be made to look broader with a small cap-coif — a sleek one or a tossed-curl variety.

Neck. The illusion of a graceful, swan-like neck and throat can be created with a suitable hairdo. The scrawny neck may be softened with a style that keeps the back hair longer than the natural hairline, and filled out. This fashion is best, too, for the neck that is too long and not so gracefully arched.

A short neck requires the reverse treatment of the long neck, and long back hair should be avoided. Short hairstyles are fine, and a few medium-length styles will work nicely if the neck is not too squatty. Plump necks cannot take fussy-back hairdos, and severe upsweeps are not for those with untidy napes or hairlines that grow too low on the neck.

Head. Beneath those pretty and provocative coifs there are many pointed, egg, flat, and even literally square heads. Luckily, you can conceal some of nature's mistakes.

The pointed or pixie head shape, with a high crown that actually comes to a peak at the top, is one of the most difficult head shapes to coif. One way to offset the "peak" is by using a low diagonal part in the hair, beginning low at the hairline and ascending to the peak.

For the head with an abrupt "shelf" at the nape, the upswept back is out. A medium-length style with soft, loose curls to cover the back is better.

The too-narrow head demands smoothness at the back and fluffy, soft waves or wings at the sides. The too-broad head needs fluffiness and fullness at the back, closeness at the sides — as does the head that's too flat at the back.

One of the most effective hairstyles for the short, round head shape is the irregular layered cut.

Ears — jutting, flyaway, or extra-big ones, are part of your head outline, too. Hide them under a curved, gently pouffed-at-sides coif.

Camouflage. Here are some common problems, with suggested ways to camouflage them:

Long nose: Balance and counteract with back masses of hair; never crowd the face with hair or you will emphasise the long nose.

Large nose: Balance it with large, curved waves; never emphasise with fussy hair details and tiny curls on small hairdos.

Short nose: Try a brief cap-cut with short curls or a feather cut.

Too-full face: Wear a hairdo with height and sweep hair away from the widest and fullest part of the face.

Uneven hairline: Cover it with bangs or a bandeau of hair drawn diagonally across the forehead.

High forehead: Avoid skinned-back styles and ponytails and wear long, thick bangs or a bandeau of hair swooping low on the brow.

Weak chin: This can be strengthened by fluffs of curls below the ears.

Double chin: Wear upswept hairstyles — and try to keep chin up, too.

Jutting chin: Soften the look with medium-length hair, never pulled back, but crowding the face. If short hair is desired, wear it brushed high and full at top, full at front.

Glasses: Avoid long bangs or fluffy arrangements on the brow. Always wear

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irdos that cover earpieces on frames and ear frames that leave eyebrows exposed. (See page 14.)

Eyes too small, close: Wear hairdos drawn back from temples, perhaps fastened with a French twist or swinging loose in a ponytail flip. Avoid long bangs; if you must have bangs for some other facial fault, keep them short, fringy, wispy.

Face. To find your face shape, pull hair back from the face (or slip on a bathing-cap that fits snugly and tuck all hair in), and study it in your mirror. Like a ruler and see how your face measures up to the artist's concept of the ideal oval — 5in. across forehead, 5½in. under eyes, 4½in. under nose, 3½in. under lips, and 7½in. from chin tip to hairline. If this is not you, perhaps you fit into one of these geometric categories:

Round—Nearly circular, with rounded apple cheeks, a full chin, perhaps a low forehead.

Square—Jawline is about as wide as the cheeks and the forehead is squared off.

Oblong—A long face, roughly rectangular, with the jaw about as wide as the forehead and cheeks.

Diamond—Width is concentrated at the middle, and both the forehead and the jaw are narrow.

Triangle—A wide chin and jaw, tapering up from cheeks to a narrow forehead.

Inverted triangle—Brow is very broad, jaw area narrow, chin sometimes pointed.

Those are the basic, pure shapes. You're lucky if you have a perfectly round or perfectly square face, but if you come close to one of these, here are some suggestions for achieving that desirable oval face illusion with your hair.

Round: Do de-emphasise the roundness with a side part, a dip or pouf on one side. Keep hair full and soft above the ears so that the illusion of height or elongation is given to the round shape. Don't part hair in the middle, flatten it on top, or have fussy little round curls that emphasise the roundness of your face shape.

Square: Do place emphasis on the top, to soften the square lines, add height, detract from the too-broad jaw. Use curvy bangs, diagonal parts, or soft, full waves. Soft fullness at the sides can help round out the shape. Don't style hair too severely, pull it back at the temples, or have it too wide at the lower sides. Avoid severe details, curls, or waves that are too regular.

Oblong: Do choose a style with some fullness at the sides to add more width there. Bangs are another help, especially if your forehead is very high — the horizontal line helps shorten the face length. A low side part can help as well; it shortens the brow. Don't wear very high hairdos and stay away from very sleek styles — you need more softness in your coif to round the angles.

Diamond: Do keep hair full and wide at the top (but not too high) to broaden the brow, de-emphasise the wide cheek span. Keep hair soft at sides and experiment with lengths to see which is most becoming — probably a little below ear-length, with upturned ends, though a very short length might work if chin is not pointed. Don't brush hair straight back from ears and temples and avoid bangs that tend to narrow the brow.

Triangle: Do try for added width at the brow with a style that lifts hair at the temples, curves it round the brow in soft, wide arcs. Try an angular part, starting low near the temple and angling it up to the crown. Don't wear full, winging lower sides that exaggerate jaw's width, or straight severe styles.

Inverted triangle: Do enlist fluffy, asymmetrical bangs that cover part — not all — of the brow to narrow it. Or try a little fullness at the jaw area to make it appear wider, less pointed. A diagonal, off-centre part can help. Don't adopt middle parts, straight-across bangs, or behind-the-ear hairdos.

Experiment to find the hairstyle for you without sacrificing a lock of your hair or a penny of your money. Try these ways:

Shampoo-sculpture: Next hair-washing time, whip up a dense lather of shampoo in your hair and start "sculpting" in front of your mirror. See different effects by moving your hair about, copying the lines of coifs you've admired in fashion photographs.

Picture-play: Have a series of inexpensive snapshots taken from front, side, back, again with hair drawn tightly back or encased in a plain bathing-cap, so that no hair is visible — just face and head shape. Next, cut out the pictures, carefully trimming off everything but you. Tape these silhouettes on plain paper and start drawing hairdos you'd like to wear around them. Study the effects.

Wig-try: Go to your hairdresser or a shop where wigs are sold and try on wigs in different styles (and colors, too). You'll see instantly what is becoming to you and what isn't.

When you're looking for a hairstyle, beware of one trap — don't copy someone else's hairdo just because you admire that person and her way of wearing her tresses. Your hair is one accessory that can be custom-made for you and you alone.

Don't follow fashion if the current mode doesn't suit you. The fashion will change as inevitably as the season, and the next may be more suited to you. Even then, it should be adapted to you — not copied exactly.

What you need

● Once you've found the hairdo for you, your problem will be one of maintenance.

EVEN if you visit a hairdresser once a week, between trips to the salon you'll be practising a little home hairdressing, and you will need the proper equipment.

Decide where you will do your hair — in the bathroom or your bedroom. Then set up a storage area close to your hairdressing corner. Check the work centre to ensure that you have adequate lighting, a three-way mirror, or a large mirror and hand-mirror large enough for back viewing.

Now check your shampoo spot. If you shower-shampoo, that's one good way. If you basin- or tub-shampoo, then a shampoo spray is an important piece of equipment. There is an attachment for taps that is simply a flexible hose with a spray head, necessary for thorough rinsing after the shampoo.

Your basic supplies are shampoo, an after-shampoo rinse (if needed), color rinse (if used), setting lotion, conditioning cream (if needed), and hair spray.

Your tools will include rollers in various sizes, clips, bobby-pins (if used), hairpins (if you have extra long hair), plastic picks for rollers (if needed), large comb, rat-tail comb, hairbrush (for daily brushing), and styling brush.

Other special aids you will find useful are a shampoo brush, a hair dryer with hood, shower caps, setting net, end papers for setting hair, and cotton-wool.

Rollers (with their working partners, clips or picks) are the basis for all the beautiful hairstyles you see. They come in many shapes and sizes. You need a good wardrobe of rollers, of types and sizes suited to your particular style and your kind of hair.

Wire-and-mesh or brush rollers have the advantage of quick-drying, and come in a wide range of sizes. Some come with brushes in the centre for neater rolling of hair ends; end papers should be used on those without brushes. They can be fastened with picks, clips, or bobby-pins.

Plastic rollers also come in a variety of sizes. Easily washed, they are the most sanitary and safe to use for soft-body home permanents. Some have brushes, others flexible grip-teeth or a separate

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brush for rolling. Use picks, clips or pins to fasten.

Foam rollers are tubes of plastic foam with plastic prongs for holding — the most comfortable for sleeping.

Self-fastening plastic rollers have their own fastening device, eliminating the need for picks or clips. Some have clamps to go over the finished roll; some have clamps to go over the ends before you roll; some use elastic fasteners. They may have brushes or tiny teeth to grip hair, if not, it's best to use endpapers.

Metal rollers are sometimes used for special styles like the pageboy. They usually come with self-fasteners. Never use for permanent waving.

Clips vary in size from 1in. to 4in. long, and are used mainly for pin curls and for holding some kinds of rollers. Longest clips are used mainly for holding sections of hair, securing rollers, or making and holding deep dips (like the wide finger wave). Those curved to hug the head are best for holding a deep wave.

The most popular pin-curl clip is flat, double-pronged, and a standard 1¾in. long. These have replaced the bobby-pin for setting pin curls because they slide easily and hold firmly. They can also be used for holding rollers. Tiny clips, single or double-pronged, are good for setting very fine, short nape hair.

Bobby-pins, for the most part, are interchangeable with clips, though most women prefer clips. Bobby-pins are less conspicuous and may be used for fastening French twists, chignons, and hairpieces. They are also used in making stand-up or sculptured pin curls as opposed to flat ones. Most bobby-pins now have plastic or rubberised tips over the metal ends to protect hair.

Hairpins are a must for the girl who wears her locks uncut, for put-ups, chignons, and topknots. Wire ones in very small sizes to match hair color are indispensable for anchoring a switch invisibly (used two at a time, one up and one down, for double security). Giant, super-strong ones are used for holding up very thick, long hair.

Picks are the modern roller fastener and are made of nylon (the toughest variety) or plastic. Some are just straight pins with little round tops; others are T-shaped with split centres.

Combs. Did you know there is a comb for fine hair, for coarse hair, for rolling, for untangling — in fact, for every purpose, every type of hair?

Basically, you need two — a dressing comb and a rattail comb. The former is your usual dressing-table comb, a long one with fairly long teeth and the teeth coarse at one end, fine at the other. Look for one that's easy for you to handle, is strong enough for the density and texture of your hair, and has teeth crafted with smooth edges and tips.

The rattail comb has a long, slim handle that tapers to a point and comes with fine or coarse teeth, either deep or shallow. The tip of the comb is an aid in lifting individual sections of hair, particularly back-brushed or teased sections.

Other combs you may find useful are the multiple-row comb with flexible nylon teeth that combs, brushes, and massages; and the comb-brush, which combines comb and brush (it's handy for your handbag or for travelling).

ROLLER CHART

● The size of the roller you use is determined by your type of hair and the style you want. Strong, easily curled hair takes larger, thicker rollers, while hair with less natural curl needs a thinner roll. This chart shows you which roller size you need for the hairstyle you want.

2in. diameter:	Long:	For bouffant, bouncy styles when hair is strong, curls easily. Used at crown, or at sides when deep, full waves are wanted.
	Short:	For closer placement of rollers, to give crown height.
1⅝in. diameter:	Long:	Less easily curled hair needs these rollers for bouffant styles. Also used for smooth styles, side width, pageboys.
	Short:	For narrow strands, temple curls, or crown fluff.
1in. diameter:	Long:	For top back, lower side settings, or for narrower waves.
	Short:	For close placement in back settings.
¾in. diameter:	Long:	Use at ends, back, for loose waves or curls.
	Short:	For over-ear, upper-nape placement.
⅝in. diameter:	Long:	For hairline curls, other hard-to-curl areas.
	Short:	Also for hairlines, narrow strands.

Hair-dryer. If you do most of your hair care yourself, a home hair-dryer is a must. It saves time — literally hours — in your hairdressing schedule.

The "pistol" type, which you hold in your hand, is useful as a spot dryer of small areas, and is relatively inexpensive.

Much more efficient is the hair-dryer with a hood that slips over your set, enabling you to dry your whole head at once, rather than section by section.

Look for a wide range of heat settings; some dryers merely switch on, others offer several settings from "cool" up to "high" heat.

Hair-sprays all behave, basically, as fast-drying firmers and may be used to hold a finished hairdo in place. Some are used in setting to firm or hold the curls and waves. The lacquerless ones — which contain an ingredient that relaxes at the touch of a damp comb — also function as touch-up aids. Sprays without lacquer give less stiffness, less rigid control.

But if you have extra incorrigible hair or you wear your hair in a high and delicately balanced style, you'll want the stronger support of a firmer lacquer spray.

Any product performs best when used according to directions, and for the purposes specified, so read the small print on the cans before you buy. The labels usually include certain precautions (keep away from eyes, don't incinerate can — a must on all aerosol-packaged sprays). Heed them. Usually you are instructed to spray from a distance varying from seven to 12 inches. This will determine how light or heavy a misting your hair receives.

Directions vary according to the spray's special formula, but here are the usual procedures:

For setting, wait till hair is nearly dry, lightly spray and roll each section at a time, and let hair dry completely. For combing naturally wavy hair, spray first then comb and arrange. For holding your finished coif, arrange in final fashion and then spray. For recombing (this with non-lacquer types), simply rearrange with dampened comb. For a special quick-set, set, then spray and let dry, or spray lightly (no water), set, dry.

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How to set your hair

● Perhaps you have always worn your hair in a bun and you'd like to have it cut, but you're afraid you couldn't maintain a short style; maybe you're a teenager setting your hair for the first time. For you the first curl is the hardest—learning to set takes a lot of practice.

HER up — after that first all-thumbs attempt, even the least le-fingered can cut pin-up time little as ten minutes.

se tips will help not only the begin-but will guide those who are more ent in home hair setting.

e of the best ways to begin learning set your hair is this:

n't attempt a whole hairdo, but right you come home from the salon, pick single curl near your face where you nsily see it in your mirror.

your thumb and index finger — of left hand if you're a right-handed e right if you're a left-hander. Pull it's a good set this won't hurt it) et it drop back into place. Which oes it curl? Toward your face?

it up the same way again, and pull . Then, with the thumb and index on the opposite hand, smooth it into r and, beginning with the top, roll it hly and snugly close to the scalp circle. Wind it in the direction in you saw the curl spring back into

k the tip inside the circle, hold it in with one finger, and gently slide ened clip or bobby-pin (the former er on the hair and easier to manage) one side of the curl and through the . Practise it.

hen you've mastered that one, do the pin-curls in your new hairdo, rolling forward or backward as they were

If your coif involved roller setting as well as clip curls, you'll find that a clip placed here and there to hold the roller brush-out your hairdresser did for you will be enough to maintain your style overnight. Then spray — ever so lightly — with mild setting lotion, or just dampen the replaced clip-curls with water, net the whole do, and you're set for the night.

Once you've mastered repinning the hairdo your hairdresser has created for you, you're ready to try the whole thing on your own, after your home shampoo.

1. Start with clean, freshly shampooed hair. Towel-pat excess water, but don't dry. Sit down before a three-way mirror

HOLD two rollers with one clip.

(or with a good hand-mirror available to check sides-and-back work).

2. Comb hair through, being careful with tangles and knots. Comb hair in the direction of the finished style, parting where final part will be, combing without a part if there is to be none, combing out bangs (if any) in the direction of their ultimate brush-out.

3. If setting lotion is to be used, apply it on the first area to be set — preferably spraying it on. This is important if you tend to work slowly and your hair dries quickly.

4. Section hair into curl areas. You will work on only one section at a time, so pin other areas out of the way (with oversize clips). For most hair-setting, it's best to start at the brow-line first, then do crown, sides, and back. Set ends, nape curls, cheek curls, bangs last, damping them again if necessary.

5. Determine the direction of each roller or clip-curl — either from a diagram provided by your hairdresser or from a clearly marked hair-setting pattern.

6. Use pin-curls for close-to-the-head control. Use rollers for fullness, for curve without too much curl — the larger the roller, the wider the curve. Choose roller sizes according to hair texture, too. The stronger your hair, the larger the roller, since the hair will hold the set longer; for the same size curl in finer hair, use a smaller roller.

Winding rollers. Study the sketches to see how to wind and fasten rollers. Take only as much hair to wind as your roller can comfortably hold — that is, a section on your scalp about one inch deep and slightly shorter in width than your roller. Part this off, comb it smoothly, and hold the strand straight up, slanted away from direction to be rolled.

Place roller near scalp at front or back

CURVE curl into shape.

of strand (depending on direction of desired wave) and slide to end of strand.

Wind, tuck ends in smoothly (or fold an endpaper over ends first) and catch any side wisps as you wind. Wind evenly, smoothly, never stretching or pulling, and, holding roller securely against scalp, slide a clip near base to hold in place or insert a pick through centre from top to hold. Use the tip of a rattail comb to tuck in any wayward ends or wisps.

If short clips are used for fastening, slide one in at each end of roller. If the next roller rests side-by-side with the first one, use one clip to hold two rollers together. Each roller should rest directly in the centre of its section to avoid splits and separations in the finished hairdo.

Clip curls are done as described in the first part of this section. Remember to keep curl flat, with the tip or end curled into the centre of the curl. Crisscrossing two clips to hold curls often leaves marks on finished curls. Slip clip across top of curl, leaving centre open.

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45-MINUTE SET

Nape curls and end curls, when hair is short, are set in curves — or incomplete circles — so that curls will lie close and hug the head in the final brush-out. Curve curl into shape with fingers, tip of rattail comb, or simply by combing in a curved direction. Keep curl flat and clip in place flat against the head.

Stand-up pin-curls give extra fluffiness to a style. Form the curl around your index finger at tip of strand, then roll curl down to scalp, so that curl stands up from head like a loop. Slide clip through centre of base of curl, close to scalp.

Cheek curls when hair is coarse and curls easily may be made by taping a piece of cellophane tape across the formed curl on the cheek. This technique may also be used to set flat bangs. Curve or comb bangs in direction desired, then secure with tape strip until set dries.

Clip-curls in general should be set in rows, long or short, depending on results desired. Two rows at the bottom of a hair setting will make a thicker curl or fluff than one. Two rows set in opposite directions from each other will make a wave. A large curl will make a looser,

STAND-UP curl is clipped at the base.

smoother effect than a small one. The smaller the amount of hair used in making a pin-curl, the longer-lasting the curl and the tighter the curl. Sixpence-size curls will make tight curls, shilling-size looser, and so on.

Flat waves and curves should be done with a comb, or using two fingers as pincers, to shape the direction after combing. Metal clamps designed for this purpose may be used for very deep, crested waves, but the effects are not compatible with today's hair fashions.

Technique. There are several points to watch in your setting technique to avoid bent wisps and "fishhooks." If you can't keep the very ends of your hair from doubling under the roller as you wind a strand, use endpapers. Some stylists prefer to use cotton wool over the fragile ends. If you use clamp-type rollers, insert another endpaper between roller and clamp before fastening.

Use rollers to get a smooth lift at top, back, or sides. Use pin-curls for fluff or flat, close effects. Hair set with rollers can be brushed in many directions for many different styles without resetting.

In the case of nape curls, guiches (cheek curls), and short bangs, remember that too many clips spoil the curl. Use only one clip per curl wherever possible. If your hair is lightened often, it will tend to be more porous, and clips can leave marks on overporous hair.

Drying. Once your hair is set, place a hair-setting net over all to hold the setting as it dries. Tuck little squares of cotton or facial tissue over your ears, under the net, and dry your hair at the lowest possible heat. This will take longer but will be easier on your hair and scalp. Use "high" heat indicator on your home hair-dryer only when you're in a hurry.

If your hair tends to frizz, set your hair when it is only slightly damp and remove clips and rollers before hair is completely dry—dry on the outside, but still damp on the inside. Then cover loosely with net and allow to dry thoroughly in the normal atmosphere.

If your hair has been dried electrically, allow it to rest and cool before brushing out. But be sure, before putting brush to your new set, that hair is bone-dry.

SLIDE clip across the top of curl.

Angles of rollers and curls are important. Curls set T-square across the back, row after row, will make a series of waves—big ones if big rollers were used, small ones if rollers were small.

Rolling them at a slant — anywhere between horizontal and vertical — but parallel and using the same amount of hair for each one will make a wave pattern, a directional wave that might be more becoming to you.

If you want a this-way-that-way kind of wave, one that moves in a curved direction, you do this by angling, too. But have your pattern firmly in mind before you set, and follow it angle by angle.

The slant of your rollers at the sides can change the final hairdo, too. Slanted down, back from face, they'll brush out into soft waves that give the appearance of length to the hair, perhaps covering the ears, and, if you wish, curling forward. The opposite slant, one with rollers on an up-angle, will brush out with a lift to the side hair, giving it a shorter look that wings away from the face.

At the top, an angle gives direction to top waves, fluffs, or bangs. If yours is a symmetrical style, your top setting of rollers will be symmetrical, too. But if you want a directional wave, follow the angled pattern.

The A.M. set. Too tired to set your hair at night? Your husband hates to see you wearing rollers to bed? Your parents can't stand the sight of you running round in rollers and clips all afternoon? Then try setting it in the morning. If you can allow 45 minutes, your hairdo will be beautiful on arrival at the office.

The moment you're out of bed put your hair up, with rollers, clips, pins. Then spray your entire set with your favorite wave lotion, a special curl spray, or a fine mist of plain water.

Dampen difficult areas more than others, but do not soak hair. Keep the spray container a foot from your head, and avoid those parts of your hairdo that do not really need setting. Most women who have had a good salon styling will find that only the nape ends and any cheek curls or wings need dampening.

This takes—depending on your skill—from five to ten minutes. You're ready for tubbing, scrubbing, face fixing — another 15 minutes. On with your underclothes, stockings, and shoes, and to breakfast in your housecoat. Thirty-five minutes gone. Put on your dress or suit, gather accessories for departure.

Then, and only then, you're ready for the brush-out. Use and keep handy for your "A.M. set" a little make-up cape of lint-free fabric to protect shoulders of your going-out clothes. Remove rollers, clips, etc., and brush out your set.

A final once-over of hair spray, to keep hair in place through the day and to add extra gloss and sheen, is a good idea before you leave the house.

TAPE cheek curls.

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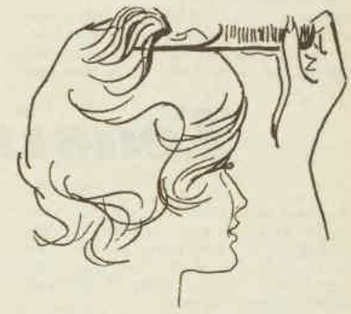
BRUSHING OUT YOUR SET

USE BRUSH to guide your hair into the lines defined by the setting.

TEASING adds height and fullness, meshes strands which separate.

FINAL smoothing with brush. Fingers shape cheek curls, curve flips.



BEFORE spray is dry, lift lightly with comb where fullness is needed.

● The prettiest hairstyle you've ever seen was undoubtedly the result of superior "brushmanship."

HAT lovely, controlled, super-smooth coif depends for its l on lustre, sheen, and tex- — the result of absolute liness and diligent brushing.

not only grandmother's 100-strokes- that's important, but the setting uts and touch-up brushings through y as well.

nsider these factors when you choose sh. Is your hair wiry, wild, coarse? ed a tough-bristled brush that grips air and gives your scalp a thorough t. Baby-fine, wispy hair? A gentler- ed brush for you—but with long and natural bristles to stroke as well as late. Hair that lies flat and limp of the time? Liven it up with a tic-bristle brush (a good quality one smoothly cut ends) after you've given daily 100 licks with a boar-bristle to improve its health and condi-

Consider, too, the heft of a brush in your hand when you're selecting one. Is it comfortable for you to grasp and hold, and will it be strong enough yet light-weight enough for you to endure the necessary amount of nightly brushing?

Most hairdressers feel that the natural bristle brush is kinder to the hair and ensures against damage to the hair shaft, with one exception—the synthetic bristle brush will "excite" hair into the poufs and fluffs necessary for the fully rounded coif. But once the necessary bulk of hair is created, switch to a natural bristle brush to satin-smooth the cocoon or outer layer of hair.

Ideally, you should have three brushes — one for pre-shampoo brushing (the grime-getter), one for nightly conditioning, and a little one for styling and touching-up (this one's also nice to carry in your handbag).

Few people really know how to brush hair properly. Here's what the experts (both brushmakers and hairdressers) say:

Begin by brushing hair firmly back from face. Brush next up and away from the neck, never down. Throw head forward as you bend from the waist. Brush briskly from the nape of the neck to the very ends of the hair. Keep stroke steady, don't tear at the hair.

Give a slight twist to the wrist as you brush (this makes a brush stroke with a rolling motion that grips the hair, gently tugs the scalp to stimulate circulation). The upward, outward movement raises the hair, enabling bristles to massage and cleanse the scalp.

One hundred strokes was grandmother's rule, but you'd have a pretty healthy scalp with 50 good, professional strokes.

Daily brushing is the best treatment for dull, streaky hair, for excessively oily as well as excessively dry hair. Thin hair will soon look fluffier, thicker, more luxurious. Coarse and wiry hair can become tamer, more manageable. If it's flyaway, fine, and wispy hair, brushing will improve body, bring out highlights you'd never suspect were there. Think of your brush as a polisher, a buffer, and a stimulator. Then, think of it as a hair-styling tool.

The success of your hairdo depends on three things—the haircut, the set, and the brush-out.

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Teasing . . . the right way

Brush-out. Begin with hair that's bone-dry. Your equipment (spanking clean and thoroughly dry, too): a firm-bristled hairbrush, a comb or slim teasing brush, a rattail comb, a hair spray selected for your kind of hair.

Remove clips and rollers, picks and papers — gently, without tugging or tearing. If hair has been dryer-dried, replace each curl in roller form, let it cool that way. Start right at the hairline and brush straight back, in long, vigorous strokes, blending all the curl lines together. This step removes any of the fine, nearly invisible residue left by many of the most effective setting solutions.

If your hair tends to dryness, dab a bit of cream hairdressing on the palm of one hand, rub hands together to distribute it, then run them through your hair, sliding fingers back from the hairline, up from the nape, close to the scalp.

Brush again, now blending the curl lines still more, and be sure to carry brush strokes the full length of each strand to distribute the hairdressing.

Next, with your brush, begin to guide your hair into the lines defined by your setting. Details are not important now; work for over-all direction, moving the hair in large sections, concentrating on top and sides.

Check your progress in the mirror, examining your coif from all sides. Look for those areas that seem to be resisting your coaxing into line, those that will need some special attention or extra control.

Now use your comb or teasing-brush to mesh the strands that might separate, to tame a stubborn cowlick, to add height and fullness where needed.

Back to your regular hairbrush next for the final moulding and smoothing. Fingers can help in drawing out a slim cheek curl, draping a wave, or curling a flip. When the style is just as you like it, spray with an even misting all round, holding the can upright and as far away as the label directs.

Before the spray is quite dry, use the flexibility it gives to adjust those last little touches. Lift lightly with a rattail comb to pouf where fullness is needed — at the turn of the bangs or the rise of the crown; use fingers to fan out a flip or guiche.

Teasing (also called back-brushing or back-combing) is a much misused form of hairbrushing. It can create weird hair silhouettes and its incorrect execution often seriously damages the hair. Properly done, teasing can play an important part in finishing a hairstyle, correcting a line, or reviving a coif.

Use a small brush or teasing brush (bristles are uneven) in most areas, a comb or teasing comb where hair is quite short.

Start with one small strand of hair, comb through.

Hold the strand of hair out from the head and, with brush on underside, start first stroke one inch from scalp; brush down. Start next stroke about an inch higher; brush down. Repeat to end of strand.

Lay that strand forward, work next on strand beneath or behind (or on same layer first, if teasing a wide area); tease the same way, stroke by stroke.

After all strands in that area are teased, brush smooth in layers with light strokes, starting with the lowest (or last-teased) section. This is very important—it prevents the "ratting" that causes damage. Work in successive layers, smoothing lightly.

Now at top, or beginning of area where you started teasing, smooth whole area, always very lightly, only on the surface. Hair is pouffier, and because it has been done correctly the teasing is not matted, has not damaged the hair.

Basically, what teasing does is straighten the hair—in a way it paralyses the hair so that it acts as support, forming body from underneath. And so its main purpose is to give width or height in certain areas — not all over, but only where needed.

Teasing can help pick up a symmetrical hairdo that droops on one side. Spray lightly, then lift with a rattail comb to even it the way you want it.

A stubborn part that just won't disappear is another case for teasing. With comb or brush (depending how long the hair is there) tease strands at the part, then smooth over with light brush strokes.

If there's an awkward space behind your cheek curl, tease strand lightly from beneath to fill it in nicely. (Tease there,

STARTING with a small strand, comb your hair upwards from the scalp.

BRUSH downwards on underside, starting 1in. from scalp; start next stroke 1in. higher.

AFTER teasing all strands, brush smooth with light strokes, starting with the last-teased section.

SMOOTH whole area lightly with brush, on the surface only. The hair is pouffier.

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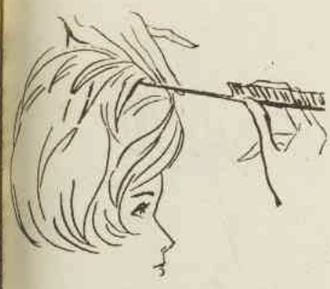

TEASING will help to pick up a symmetrical hairdo which tends to droop on one side.

STUBBORN part which won't disappear? Tease strands at part, then smooth down with brush.

TEASE the strand behind a cheek curl to fill in the space behind the ears.

too, if hair tends to grow sparsely behind your ears.)

By taking out some of the curl, teasing turns flyaway bangs into well-behaved ones. For fluffy bangs, teasing both sides of the strand (the under side and top side, too) will achieve the desired bounce.

At difficult napes, don't tease the very ends, but the layer of hair right above the nape.

If a drooping flip or roll is your problem, first tease the strands that make the flip, on both upper and under sides, to give more body; then smooth the teased hair over your finger, using a rattail comb; then brush lightly to smooth.

Don't overdo teasing, and always do it gently. It may also be used for special-occasion coifs, but unless you become very proficient, leave that to your professional hairstylist.

To avoid tangles in combing through teased hair, begin with the undermost layer of hair and continue just as you would when combing after a shampoo. Never yank, pull, tug, or tear.

If you don't like teasing, the sketches at right and overleaf will give you some ideas on how to add height.

FLUFFY bangs behave better if both sides of each strand are teased.

DON'T tease very ends of the hair at nape, tease the layer of hair just above the nape.

UPPER and lower sides of flip are teased to prevent droop, smoothed over finger, and lightly brushed.

CRISS-CROSSING strands at top lifts hair. Starting at front, bring first strand to the left, second to the right, etc., brushing each lightly to smooth. Lift with comb.

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A RIBBON BAND, with a ribbon or other device such as comb or barrette, emphasises height. Section off top hair, brush back, and fasten with a comb; blouse the hair forward as you tuck in the comb. Tie band or ribbon round the raised hair, fastening well at back to hold. Ends may drape over ribbon, depending on hair length. Or you can get extra height without doing a thing to your hairstyle with a large, floppy bow of wide ribbon perched on top of your head.

TOPKNOT. One way to give extra height to your hairdo without teasing is with a knot or twist. Hair fairly long and all one length works best for this. Section off top hair and pull it back from the brow; fasten close to head with rubber band. Divide the fastened strand in two, twist one half to form a rope-like strand and wrap round band or into a knot. Fasten it into place with hairpins. Twist the second half and complete the knot or coil, fastening with pins and hairpins.

CURLING OR PETALLING top hair will add height. Section off top hair and brush back into full strand. Fasten hair back with a wide comb (do it by placing comb at an angle, pushing hair forward so that it poufs on top). Curl ends forward or to the side in little petals. A mist of spray will help hold them in position. This is one of the prettiest ways of adding an extra inch or two on the crown, and it can be worn if the rest of the hair is left loose or swept up in a French twist.

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***HIDDEN ROLL** or curl under the hair can also create height. Section off a large strand of hair on the crown area, leaving plenty of hair in front to make the finished line. Coil the strand into a curl or roll, fasten well with bobby-pins. Now brush front hair over curl, layer by layer, to keep the top airy. Fasten at back with comb, or lightly on sides with hairpins. This style is most suitable for hair which is medium length and an even length all round. Side and back hair is left loose.*

***OPPOSITE DIRECTION SETTING** is another height-adding method. This works best on fairly long hair, to give the height needed. Section off top hair, roll first roller from one side. Set all rollers in same direction. When setting is dry, remove rollers and brush in opposite direction to the setting. Brushing against the direction in which the hair was set will cause the crown hair to rise slightly. Use rattail comb to lift the top lightly. Spray the hair to keep it in position.*

***A HAIRPIECE** is the greatest height-adder yet. You can use hairpieces any number of ways, depending on the piece itself. Here's one way: Shape the hairpiece into a bun or twist. Fasten it firmly to the crown with hairpins and bobby-pins. Now brush your own hair up and round the false piece so that it blends in. A single hairpin, used as a comb, helps control and guide single strands. Experiment with hair piece to find other styles.*

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The shampoo

● How often should you wash your hair? When it's dirty. That's the simple, old-fashioned answer.

TODAY, however, shampooing does more than simply cleanse the hair. It can also condition, nourish, add body, or correct a special problem — it is, in fact, a beauty treatment for your hair.

How often you wash your hair depends on you and your hair type, what you do, where you live. It needs washing when it feels sticky, looks dull or oily, separates, or goes limp. That may be once a week, twice a week, every other day, and for a very few, every day.

You know (or if you don't, you can ask your hairdresser) whether your hair is dry or oily, whether you live in a soft or hard water area, and you know from the behaviour of your hair, the condition of your scalp, how often you should shampoo.

Choosing a shampoo. Never use cake soap on your hair; use only a liquid or cream shampoo. If you live in a hard-water area, detergent shampoos will rinse out more readily than the soap shampoos.

The oilier your hair, the harder-working shampoo it needs—one with deep cleansing properties, one that has a soapless, non-oil base. Soap-based shampoos (derived from animal or vegetable fats) are designed for "average" or "normal" hair. For dry hair, those containing emollients are formulated to protect as they cleanse, prevent defatting of the hair. There are shampoos with dandruff-controlling properties.

Clean tools. Before every shampoo, clean all your combs and brushes. Remove hair from brushes with a comb. Then dunk in suds (liquid soap with a tablespoon of ammonia) and warm water. Don't soak them, just immerse for a few minutes so that bristles won't be weakened. For stubborn dirt on combs, use a comb cleaner or an old clean toothbrush.

Rub brushes together, gently, to speed up cleaning. Rinse thoroughly, tamp on a clean towel, and place brushes on the towel, bristles down, to drain and dry. Let them dry naturally, not near a radiator or fire.

Shampoo routine. First give your hair a pre-shampoo brush to remove loose dust, tone up circulation. Brush thoroughly back from hairline, up from the nape, forward at top. You'll need to wash this brush along with the rest so you'll have a clean one for the brush-out of your setting.

Measure out enough shampoo for two sudsings (about ⅔oz.). An applicator bottle makes a handy container, controls the shampoo flow. For oily hair, this is specially good; you can section your hair and apply the shampoo evenly to disperse the oil on your scalp. If hair is very dry, less shampoo (about ½oz.) will be necessary.

Wet hair with lukewarm water and apply half of shampoo. Work it into a rich lather, using fingertips—never nails. Gently massage the scalp, starting at hairline and working lather through to back. Then massage from the napeline to front. Pay special attention to area around ears, front and back at temples. Rinse thoroughly with a steady stream of water (hair will "squeak" when all shampoo is out).

Apply remainder of shampoo and repeat the same lathering and massage. With the final rinse, apply water, rinsing for a full three minutes to be sure that every last vestige of the cleansing agent has been removed.

The next steps depend on your kind of hair. If hair is brittle, dry, coarse, porous, curly, tends to mat and tangle, use a cream rinse. Work the rinse through the hair to the ends. Some cream rinses require dilution, so if you use one, be sure to follow label directions exactly. And, once more, rinse hair thoroughly with water (unless the cream rinse used directs that it be left in).

Bring hair back from face, wrap it, turban-style, in a clean towel. Blot it to remove excess moisture. Don't rub it — hair is at its weakest when wet and if yours tends to break, this is its vulnerable moment. When hair is no longer dripping wet, gently comb—and you're ready for setting. If you use an electric hair-dryer, please—not too high a heat for too long a time lest you end up with drier than dry hair.

Problem hair

● Sooner or later everyone has a hair problem. Yours may be acquired, or you may have been born with it, but few problems can't be solved.

SOME you can cure yourself with common sense and sound hair care, some may need the assistance of a good hair stylist.

Some very serious problems — excessive falling of hair, scalp disorders, obvious diseases — will need the help of a physician, even a specialist like a dermatologist.

Allergies. Frequently a problem that affects scalp and hair care, allergies should be treated by a physician. If you're prone to allergic reactions, be specially careful when you try any new hair product. Read labels carefully. Follow directions to the letter. Always make a patch test before using sprays, treatment shampoos, or hair-coloring products.

Baldness. Hair loss is increasing among women. The abnormal loss of hair (not the normal rate of about 80 hairs per day in a healthy scalp) is medically termed alopecia, and there are five major types:

1. Male-pattern baldness, characterised by a receding hairline and thinning crown with the eventual meeting of the two areas, is permanent. There is, to date, no known way of preventing or retarding it, and it is hereditary.

2. Post-infectious alopecia can happen to men, women, and children. It may occur anywhere from eight to 12 weeks after an illness (usually an infectious disease accompanied by high fever, such as typhoid or influenza), and is generally temporary. Increased temporary hair loss following pregnancy is included in this category. Usually there is an early return of normal hair growth.

3. Senile baldness is not true baldness, since late in life the scalp, like the rest of the body, ages. Production of new hair slows down, and as hairs are lost in the normal process, they are not replaced in such quantity. Hence, the hair becomes sparser. Again, this is hereditary.

4. Alopecia areata, or patchy baldness, may occur in either sex at any age. Hair loss is in localised patches and may occur gradually or literally overnight.

One cause of patchy baldness may be physical — pulling out or destruction of hair. Too-tight ponytails, the wrong kind of hairbrush, severe stretching on hair-

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...How to handle it

rollers might cause bald patches on the hairline. Another theoretical cause: emotional disturbance, sudden or continuing to a degree to impair physical health.

Medical treatment is indicated, and prognosis is most hopeful when the condition has not persisted for a long time.

5. Female alopecia diffusa is characterised by gradual, non-localised hair loss—a widening of the part is noticeable, with "show-through" of the scalp and increasing numbers of hairs lost in brushing. The same causes as those for patchy baldness are attributed here, with diet deficiency or glandular imbalance also playing a part.

Whatever type of abnormal loss of hair you might be suffering, you should see a doctor. Meanwhile, clever hairstyling, a chic wig or hairpiece can camouflage the condition.

Body. Lack of body once was the bane of many women who yearned for a luxurious, bouncy hairdo. Today, clever cutting, special permanents that add "body" without visible curl, and setting lotions help to give bodiless hair bounce and workability. Hair coloring, too, changes the elasticity of hair, often makes it more controllable.

Ill-health, of course, can be the reason for your bounceless, bodiless hair. Check your diet. Better yet, check with your doctor and find out if your physical condition is up to snuff. Lack of exercise and adequate sleep can contribute to lifeless, unmanageable hair.

Daily brushing will perk up scalp circulation, give airiness to your hair, and distribute natural oils evenly. Follow shampoo with a cream rinse. Many of the suggestions for baby-fine hair (see fine hair) control will help here, too.

Brassiness, an orange, egg-yellow cast to the hair, is the bane of the blonde, the redhead, and the sun worshipper. Whether you're a blonde or redhead by nature or by choice, those harsh, brassy highlights can be modified.

The simplest way is to rinse your hair with a drabber (a temporary rinse that does not dull but tones down undesirable harsh yellow or brass color).

Most are used after hair has been shampooed and rinsed with clear, warm water. Then the hair is lightly towel-dried for a minute, but left quite damp. The drabbing agent is usually mixed with warm water in proportions specified in the directions, then applied evenly to the damp hair. To ensure even distribution, comb it through the hair as quickly as possible. Then set as usual.

Broken ends. Hair with abnormally split ends is usually excessively dry, brittle, and subject to breakage. First, replace the oil necessary to supple, flexible hair. Conditioning treatments, a change of shampoo (to one that includes emollients —labelled "for dry hair"), cream rinses after shampooing, and diligent brushing to distribute existing natural oils will help.

Too frequent, too harsh bleaching can cause split ends. So can overpermanenting with too strong solutions for your hair type, overteasing or back-combing, worn-out rollers, jagged-edged clips, or hair wound too tightly in settings. Have the ends trimmed — never singed — and start a routine of sensible hair care to restore sheen and shine. Professional reconditioning treatments may be necessary.

Climate can have a damaging effect on your hair if you do not take precautions. If you live in a sooty, industrial city, frequent shampooing is essential to the health of your hair. A tropical climate or one where fog and dampness prevail make humidity a special foe of certain kinds of hair. Extra-curly hair and overbleached hair will absorb the moisture and make hair unattractively frizzy. Spray before you go out (this also works for hair that goes limp in moist atmospheres).

Hot, dry climates demand that you brush your hair more often than if you lived in a moist climate. And conditioners to offset the drying-out of your hair should be used regularly—before, not after, the damage is done. Wear a hat or scarf to protect your hair from the hot sun or the dews and damps.

A cold climate presents other problems: static electricity (see Electricity) and home heating. The latter has the same drying effect as the sun, and the treatment and prevention are the same to keep hair lustrous and healthy—faithful brushing, conditioners, hair sprays, and cream rinses.

Coarse hair is usually the healthiest hair, but often maddeningly unmanageable; it may also be bushy and wiry in texture. A special cut by a good hair stylist can tame this type of hair. Extra-strength hair spray helps control waywardness. Cream rinses will help to make it soft and flexible. Curly, wiry, coarse hair may need professional straightening (see Curly Hair) to bring it under control. Brushing helps.

Cowlicks. Styling is the answer to stubborn cowlicks and a clever hairdresser —or clever you — can camouflage them with a hairdo that puts cowlicks to good use.

Have you a stubborn cowlick right in front? Then part your hair diagonally across the crown and swoop bangs or a band of hair down from it. A crown cowlick? Try a pouf over that. A lower side part, a swirled back springing from the cowlick, a high, rounded coif — these are a few of the styling tricks that can use, not oppose, a cowlick.

Curly hair is no problem, unless it is too curly. If all professional help—the right cut, the proper setting on extra-large rollers, controlling hair sprays, conditioners, and taming hairdressings—fails and hair is still too curly, then have it straightened professionally. Do not attempt hair-straightening at home. The process, in the hands of a professional, will not hurt your hair — it is actually a permanent wave in reverse, using the same solutions that are used in permanent waving.

Dandruff. Not all little white flakes on the collar are true dandruff. A certain amount of dead-cell shedding is normal, but scaling off of the scalp at an excessive rate is not.

Simple dandruff can be of a dry or oily variety. The dry type presents itself with dry, hard, white or grey flakes. The oily type is characterised by yellow, greasy, often crusty flakes, and the hair itself frequently feels oily.

Control it by maintaining scrupulous cleanliness — frequent shampooing, brushing before and after washing the hair, using clean tools (brushes, combs, setting implements), rinsing hair two and three times after shampooing, and changing pillowcases and towels often.

"Dandruff remover" shampoos help (though they won't cure), as do medicated lotions or rinses applied either immediately before or after shampooing. Follow the manufacturer's directions carefully; some mild cases of dandruff may, in time, be alleviated and can often be eliminated for a period of several months. If the tendency exists, dandruff may return — but using rinses, at longer intervals, has been found to be effective sometimes in preventing recurrence in the case of simple dandruff.

Yours may be more complicated. Study your scalp carefully. Look for symptoms that may accompany the little flakes, such as redness, inflammation, definitely oily patches, or cohesive clusters of flakes, bleeding, scablike crusts of any kind, or spreading of the flaking or itching from the scalp to the forehead or ears. Any one of these indicates a condition which demands medical attention; they are symptoms of a variety of afflictions which include psoriasis (an inflammatory infection), eczema (sometimes of emotional origin), and allergies.

Do not, under any circumstances,

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attempt to treat such a condition yourself, whatever you may read about so-called "miracle" patent medicines. See your doctor immediately. Once you've eliminated the possibility of a more serious condition (your doctor will decide), you can conclude that you do, indeed, have simple dandruff.

If your hairdresser is familiar with scalp problems in general and yours in particular, follow his or her recommendations. But be discriminating. Treatment or advice by an incompetent beautician could make things worse. If you've followed all these precautions and self-help suggestions and still those little white flakes persist, what then? Even simple dandruff may be caused by internal factors such as diet deficiency or other apparently unrelated ailments; and only a physician is qualified to find the answer.

Dry hair is mousy and dull, lustreless with broken ends, often frizzy and flyaway. Dandruff may also be part of the picture. Brushing is necessary to stimulate the flow of natural oil along the hair strands and to the ends. A shampoo for dry hair and special conditioning rinses or hairdressing after washing will help.

If hair is extremely dry, an occasional hot-oil treatment will help. Before your shampoo apply warmed oil-base hair tonic through your hair, cover with a special heat cap or a towel wrung out in steaming hot water (rewet towel to keep it hot) for 15 to 20 minutes. Then shampoo.

Use a hair spray and cover hair in sun, salt water, and wind. Don't leave rollers and clips in hair overnight; set during the day and remove implements as soon as hair is dry. When you use a hair dryer, set control for "cool," never "hot."

Electricity is a special hair problem for quite a number of women. It's static electricity, of course, and it won't hurt you — even if you're generating sparks. Friction provides it when objects of opposite charges, negative and positive —like comb and hair, plastic and wool— are rubbed together. Clear, dry climates step up the charge in your hair. (Foggy, smoky atmospheres and warm, humid climates make for more tractable hair for most people.) And, if you live on a mountain in a cold atmosphere, static electricity can make your hair uncontrollable.

Hair sprays keep things under control, to a degree, as do cream rinses after shampoos. Natural-bristle brushes will quiet flying hair more than will synthetic bristles. If electricity is truly a bother, invest in a genuine tortoise-shell, horn, or wood comb.

The best calmer is your own two hands. One top stylist says: "Caress your hair for a long minute with your hands, stroking and smoothing it. The body heat and moisture of your palms will settle electrified hair."

Add extra hair conditioning while you're getting things under control: rub your hands, brush, and comb with a little cream hairdressing or your favorite conditioner, and stroke your hair into place.

Falling hair (see Baldness).

Fine hair. If it is not thin, this can be the loveliest kind of hair. But it will need careful cutting and cream rinses after shampooing to control it. Baby-fine hair that's too thin tends to be limp, wispy, difficult to manage because of its lack of body (see Body). A short, simple hairstyle with a special taper cut in leaves and layers creates the illusion of more hair or thicker hair.

If hair is oily as well as fine, frequent (almost every day) shampoos will be necessary to keep hair from looking and feeling limp. Endpapers for roller and clip settings will help keep the wisps and flyaway ends tucked in. A body permanent will help the hair look thicker.

Glasses can be a problem in planning your hairdo. If contact lenses are not for you, choose frames that complement your features.

A round face usually looks best with upswept frames, wider frames slightly arched with deeper outlines. A square face becomes softer, more nearly oval in appearance with frames that sweep up and out toward the temples. The diamond face (narrow at top and chin) achieves the oval illusion when frames are two-toned, tinted above the eyes, colorless below. The heart-shaped face (triangle with a narrow base) avoids pixie or harlequin frames and wears an almost level top-line frame. The oblong face wears wider frames, gently arched, with deeper-than-usual frame area.

For most people who wear glasses, a simple hairstyle is best, usually worn away from the face. Avoid too deep a bang, which accentuates the glasses. Choose a style that, preferably, covers the earpieces (and choose frames with slim earpieces that won't break the line of your coif).

Limp hair may be "fine" hair or hair lacking body. Investigate special setting lotions and hair sprays for hair that doesn't hold its set. Shampoos with egg may also help correct the situation.

Nerves. Tension — nervousness and anxiety — can rob hair of its natural beauty and keep it from looking its best. Hair itself does not contain nerves, but a network of nerves surrounds the openings or follicles from which hair grows. When you are tense, these nerves contract, cut off the supply of blood nourishing the hair roots. The glands which secrete sebum (which makes your hair glossy with the proper amount of natural oil) become overactive. Muscles near the hair roots contract involuntarily when you experience stress or fright. All spell disaster for your hair.

You know how often your hair acts up when your menstrual period is due, or during the period itself—just a reaction to tension. The same thing can happen to your hair when you have a cold or feel out of sorts. You see the results in hair that won't stay groomed, falls limply, lacks lustre, elasticity, and body. Often a permanent won't "take" properly during a period of tension.

Give your hair extra care during these periods. Get that blood circulating again by brushing your hair more. Hold your head down and brush evenly, steadily, for a full 10 minutes. Try massaging your scalp with the balls of your fingertips or your knuckles (never your nails), loosening the tightness of the muscles of your scalp. Anything that helps relieve the pressure you're under — a good night's sleep, for one — will help.

Don't expect overnight results if you've been living at a hectic pace and neglecting your hair for years. Faithful daily brushing and massage will improve the look and "feel" of your hair. Wait until it's back to its peak condition before you have your next permanent.

Oily hair. Some oil is essential to healthy hair, but too much makes hair styling difficult. You'll know you have excessive oil if hair separates and looks and feels dirty and greasy the day after you've had your hair done.

Check with your doctor if oiliness is way past normal. He may tell you your diet is at fault. If both your hair and skin are exceedingly oily, you'll avoid fatty foods, stick to plenty of protein, leafy vegetables, fruit, milk. Young people with oily hair often suffer from acne as well, and the fat-free diet will help complexions, too.

Frequent shampoos — with a detergent type formulated for oily hair—are a must. You may need daily shampoos, not only to clean the hair of oil but to free it from the dust and dirt that oil attracts.

Between shampoos a strict programme of faithful brushing to regulate and distribute the oil will help. For days between shampoos when hair is especially oily, rub the hair before brushing and combing with a clean terry-towel to remove some of the extra oil and dirt.

Overbleached hair is hair that has been bleached too often, with the wrong chemicals, or hair excessively exposed to sun and salt water. It will be more porous, absorb water more quickly, and hence take longer to dry. It will look dry and dull, and may also have split ends and suffer severe breakage. Hair in this condition is extremely delicate.

Use special rinses for tinted and bleached hair. Avoid sun and salt water and don't swim in chlorinated pools. Wash hair in warm, not hot water; dry at cool or medium temperatures, never hot.

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If hair is in very bad shape, take a rest from permanent coloring and try temporary rinses with built-in conditioners for a while. Follow conditioning tips for dry hair and hair with broken ends.

Pregnancy. The life and lustre of your hair may suffer during pregnancy and for a while after delivery—anywhere from one to several months. The hair may seem droopy, fall out at a greater than normal rate, be difficult to manage. This is a temporary situation which does not affect all mothers-to-be, and if it does occur, the best treatment is simply sensible care — brushing, shampooing properly and regularly, using special conditioners to help restore lustre and sheen. The problem will clear up naturally.

Dark roots. When you want to let your natural color grow in after hair has been lightened, you can fool the public for a while by eliminating the part in your hair where the color contrast first shows. Setting hair on large rollers lifts the hair up and away from the part, too, helping to hide the darker roots. Brushing hair forward, wearing a diagonal bang are also good camouflage tricks for the brow line.

A grey-at-the-temples brunette can touch up with color crayons until the next complete coloring job. A temporary rinse to match a darker, natural shade could be the answer for the dark-at-the-roots blonde who is returning to her original color.

Straight hair can be a bane or a blessing, depending on the whims of fashion. If smooth, straight hairdos are in fashion and are becoming to you, then your problem is no great one. If wavy hair is your heart's desire, the answer is a good permanent wave. Perhaps your hair really is not "poker straight" (a rather rare condition, actually) and all it needs is a good haircut to bring out the latent curl. If you've been wearing your hair long, its weight may make it seem uncurly; a skilful haircut and a shorter style may be all you need to bring out the wave that has always been there.

Thick hair is usually coarse hair. If it's straight, a proper haircut and a good stylist are your best friends. If it's curly, coarse, and thick (see Curly Hair), straightening, expert cutting and pruning, and diligent brushing are "musts." Cut too short, curly and coarse hair may be too wiry and stiff for manageability. Consult a professional for the proper cut — one which will include some thinning, shaping, and tapering, perhaps layering with a razor shaper. If it's straight and thick, the cut is still all-important, and you may need a light permanent wave just to take your hairdo into shape.

Thin hair is often also "fine hair," and needs body-building. Consult the best stylist you can find who will cut your hair to give it the illusion of thickness—trimming to a short to medium length, since the downward pull on longer tresses can make thin hair seem thinner. A permanent wave is a necessity — not for curl, but for body—and some pre-permanent wave conditioning may help, since thin hair is usually fragile hair.

Shampoo often, oil and dirt will rob your hair of body, drag it down, and flatten it. Set hair on really big rollers to make it as full as possible. Use special setting lotions that can provide holding help. Brush often for even oil distribution, for controlling, fluffing, and puffing. If you tease to get more fullness, do it with great care to avoid damaging your locks.

Thinning hair. (See Baldness.)

Tired hair. Even the healthiest head of hair suffers when it's overworked. Too much teasing, too-tight roller settings left in too long, neglect of your health, neglect of basic hair care (regular shampooing, conditioning, brushing, etc.) can contribute to "tired" hair. Whatever the cause, the symptoms are: Once your hair held its set beautifully; now it doesn't. Once it had sheen and shine; now it's dull. Once it was bouncy and springy; now it droops and it's lifeless.

Perhaps you've been wearing the same style for ages? Your hair can actually become "tired" from being dressed in the same way day after day. A change of part from one side to the other may be all it needs to gain new vitality. Cutting very, very long hair may revive your tresses, giving them a chance to "breathe" in a new, shorter do. Scalp massage, a warm soak in the tub, and an all-over body massage may relax you and rejuvenate your hair. A trip to the doctor for a general health check-up and a change of diet may be the simple solution to the problem.

Water. Hard or soft water can affect your hair. If yours is a soft-water area, you can use either a soap or detergent shampoo, choosing it according to your particular type of hair. One caution: Soap can be very difficult to rinse out with soft water, so be extra careful to rinse several times.

In a hard-water area, a soap shampoo may not be enough to cut through the minerals in the water, and a dulling film can remain after your shampoo. A detergent shampoo will do a better job, especially if your hair is oily.

Salt water and chlorinated pool water should always be rinsed thoroughly from the hair immediately after swimming. It's better not to get your hair wet when swimming, but for active swimmers and divers this is nearly impossible. Caps with special liners and chamois headbands can help keep the hair from being soaked. Chlorinated water can affect the delicate tones of some lightened hair, turning it an unattractive green shade. The remedy? See your colorist.

Add a touch of glamor

● The prettiest hairstyle in the world can be made more exciting with a little "top dressing." For gala occasions add a touch of glamor, a dash of sparkle to your coif.

YOU can buy hair ornaments, or make them yourself at home.

Jewelled, sequined, and glittery ornaments are strictly for after five. For daytime, the flat bow, tailored headband, or plain gold barrette is acceptable. Artifical or real flowers are best for special-occasion evening wear, or at the beach, outdoor afternoon parties, and patio lunches.

Hairbands, usually of grosgrain, velvet, moire, satin, or embroidered ribbon, have tiny elastic bands at the back to hide under your hairdo. They may be a plain band or have a flat bow at centre front. Stretch jersey, chiffon, and nylon net bands are wider.

Hairclips of plastic can be narrow or wide. They are like bicycle spring clips and partially circle the head to anchor a hairdo that goes straight back from the brow. Some have plastic grip teeth for extra security. They can be covered with ribbon or bows, those with artificial flowers glued to them are pretty to circle a topknot or a chignon, will hide hair-

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pins and bobby-pins used to anchor chignons or hairpieces.

Hairbows can be small, tailored, and flat, anchored to hair-setting clips, pronged barrettes, or tiny combs. Or they can be big and floppy to perch atop your hairdo or at the back of your coif. Tiny velvet or satin bows on hairclips can camouflage a pin-curl setting when used in place of regular clips (see cover).

Combs are topped with jewels and glitter for tucking here and there into a hairdo or for securing French twists, rolls, chignons, and hairpieces.

Barrettes of gold, silver, seed pearls, rhinestones, plastic, or tortoise-shell hold strands of hair in place, add a simple finish to a simple style, or accent with glitter a more complicated coif.

Flowers, on clips, bands, and combs, to tuck in a clump or spray or dot individually throughout a hairdo, are pretty dress-ups for summer. Try artificial daisies, a cluster of forget-me-nots, a big, floppy silk rose.

Raid your costume jewellery to find sparkly pins for an impromptu "top dressing," or clip an odd earring into your hair or on to a strong bobby-pin to tuck into a cluster of curls or at the curve of a wide guiche. Try a bangly choker as a back-on-the-head headband.

Deck a ribbon-covered plastic hair clip-band with a glittery brooch or clip, or arrange a cluster of fake or real flowers right in the centre top of your hairstyle, fastening with bobby-pins. A wide, jewelled bracelet can be worn as a small crown on an upswept style for formal occasions, or use the same bracelet to circle a low-fastening chignon.

Try making some of these:

Cockade. With a yard of 1in. or 1½in. ribbon (plaid, plain, or checked) cover a small button, then fold remaining ribbon into tiny box pleats. Tack pleats in place and gather round the button, fastening with close stitches behind the button so that the result looks like a rosette. Tack to a barrette or hair-setting clip and tuck in hair, or add short ribbon streamers tacked to back of the cockade. For dressier hairdos, make it in heavy satin ribbon and place a tiny jewelled pin in the centre.

Satin fringe. Make a flat, tailored bow from 2in.-wide satin ribbon, with the "knot" of the bow a separate flat piece whipstitched on the underside. Tack two short streamers to back of bow, leaving one end slightly longer than the other. Fringe the silk ends to a depth of about ½in. Sew bow to small comb or setting-clip. Wear it high on the side of a smooth, medium-length bob with ends flipped out or under.

Shoestring bow. Use cord trimming, colored yarn, very narrow grosgrain ribbon, or make your own "string" of cording from fabric to match a favorite dress. Form loopy bow with long tails, or tie several of the strings into one bow to form a "spaghetti" bow. Tack to a clip and tuck at back or side of your hairdo.

Pompon. Use two different shades of ¼in. ribbon — grosgrain, satin, or velvet — and, working with the two colors together, form into a circle of loops, catching each loop with needle and thread in the centre as it is formed. Fasten to clip at back.

Bands. Decorate an inexpensive, narrow plastic hairband-clip by gluing gingham or cotton over the plastic base, then cover with ribbons and add a tiny row of matching bows, a big loop-bow at one side, tiny artificial flowers, or paste on rhinestones and glitter.

Giant bows. Tie a puffy bow of wide moire taffeta, velvet, satin ribbon, stiff veiling. Slip bobby-pin into knot to hold. Tack tiny clips at each loop end to anchor in hair.

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EXPERTS' TIPS

● Here are some tips from professional hairstylists to help you keep your hair salon-perfect between appointments or to improve your home sets.

1. Prevent brush-out "breaks" in smooth, no-part hairdos by staggering the sections slightly as you roll hair when setting it, using zig-zag sectionings with the point of a rattail comb. When you fasten a roller, clip it to the next one in line, using one clip to hold two rollers in place.

2. If regular setting lotions do not provide enough body for your hairdo, use milk, sugar, water, egg-whites, or beer. Beer is allowed to go flat first, then used full-strength or mixed half and half with a setting lotion. Fresh egg whites are mixed with water in the proportion of two parts water to one part egg-white, and whipped thoroughly. Apply the mixture section by section as you set your hair. Sugar is mixed with water (one teaspoon sugar to one 8oz. cup of lukewarm water) until dissolved. Used as a setting lotion it has a stiffening effect and increases body and manageability. If one teaspoon is not effective, increase to two teaspoons in a cup of water. Powdered milk, reconstituted with water according to package directions, should be put into a pump dispenser or plastic applicator bottle and applied as a setting lotion after hair has been towel-dried. Some homemade setting aids leave a dulling film on the hair. A vigorous brush-out will remove the dulling residue without destroying the firming effect.

3. Preserve a bouffant or high-style hairdo by placing clips in strategic hair-line details—in the ridges of deep waves, across wide guiches or cheek curls—then wind toilet tissue all round your hairdo, fastening the final strip with a clip. Place a net over all before going to sleep in your coif-cocoon.

4. Coarse hair can be disciplined in the setting. Wrap pin-curled strands, not just rolled ones, in endpapers. And try longer drying time at lower temperatures.

5. Perfectionists use picks instead of clips to fasten rollers—picks leave no lines and won't rock or jar the roll off centre, achieve finer settings and smoother brush-outs.

6. Is there one strand that simply won't behave when you brush out your set? Back-comb or back-brush it underneath, then smooth it in place on top with a brush or fine-tooth comb.

7. When a brush-out is complete and you spray it to hold it in place, spread your fingers and cup your hairdo gently with them to hold while the spray dries—just a few seconds. For an extra-fine mist, cover the hair first with a fine nylon net, then spray through the net.

8. Set guiches (sleek cheek curls) with cellophane tape, and try a drop of surgical adhesive (available from chemists) or a dot of clear nailpolish under the very tip to keep it close to the face.

9. Cotton wool, used in two small fluffs instead of endpapers when putting hair up at night, keeps fine hair settings from drooping.

10. Apply setting lotions with an atomiser or pump-dispenser bottle to one strand of hair at a time; never dip-comb or pour on to the whole head.

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"It's nothing. Just a stitch in my side." By way of evidence he produced a very slight artificial cough. "See, it's all gone."

Mother made no answer. Her lips came together in a manner more determined than submissive, and we resumed our way.

This cough of Father's, appearing intermittently, particularly in damp weather and dismissed in his offhand style as "a touch of bronchitis" or even with a sort of possessive pride as though it were an attribute peculiar to him, as "my bronchial tendency" and alleviated by herbal remedies of his own, had come to be accepted in the family, despite occasional protests by Mother, as a natural phenomenon.

I thought nothing of it, and its relation to that absurdly small spot of crimson, which Father had himself made light of, seemed so improbable or at least so unimportant that immediately we got home I went off whistling to the farm wtih Darkie to fetch the milk.

Sauntering back along the road with my jug of milk, I was totally unprepared for the sight of Dr. Duthie's gig standing outside our house.

THIS Dr. Duthie was a formidable figure, and not to me alone. A fierce old red-faced man, past seventy, dressed invariably in corduroy breeches, shiny brown leggings, and a baggy velveteeen jacket, he stamped in and out of sick rooms like a Highland bull, discharging his diagnosis in a voice comparable to the Erskine foghorn. By all the canons of romantic fiction this rough exterior should have harbored a heart of gold. It did not. The doctor was coarse and often brutal with his patients. Caring nothing for public opinion, he was generally admitted to be "a hard nut to crack."

Of course, I dared not enter my home while this ogre was in possession. I had suffered enough at his hands. Creeping into the shadow of the wall I peered cautiously into the lighted parlor. Father lay on the sofa, stripped to the waist, while Dr. Duthie, with his ear on a short wooden tube, bent over him. Never had I seen my audacious parent at such a disadvantage, so subdued, dominated, almost possessed. The sight was unbearable and, turning away, I slid down and sat with my back to the wall, supporting the warm jug of milk between my knees.

A longish interval elapsed before the front door opened and Dr. Duthie and my mother appeared on the threshold, both figures clearly visible against the lighted lobby. I crouched lower as the doctor's voice boomed out.

"Send to the surgery for the medicine. I'll let ye have the cod-liver oil and malt as weel. But mind, woman, the main thing is to get him out of here. Didn't I tell you at Rosebank to keep away from the shore? It does nobody good to spend their lives on damp mud and silt. Forbye, river fogs are fair poison for a man with his chest."

I did not properly interpret this pronouncement, I was too fully occupied in watching Dr. Duthie safely off the premises and into his gig. Nor, when I went into the house, was Mother disposed to elaborate upon it. Her mood was not communicative and, relieving me of the milk jug, she quietly set about preparing our tea.

For two days Father remained at home, restively and with a very ill grace, then went back to work. And although I did notice the conferences, yes, and arguments, that began, and were continued, between my parents, if I gave any thought to them at all, I assumed them to be connected with the business of the yeast. Everything seemed to have returned to a happy normality. Father, energetic as ever, soon, in typical fashion, discarded his bottle of medicine and consigned the jar of cod-liver oil and malt to the dustbin. I was quite unprepared when one April afternoon, as I came rushing in from school, Mother, wearing all her best clothes and with the air of having returned from a journey, took me aside.

A SONG OF SIXPENCE

"Laurence, we are leaving this house next month and moving to Ardfillan. To such a nice place, dear. Really a move for the better." This sudden prospect of change, always alarming to a child, quite disconcerted me. All at once Ardencaple had never seemed more attractive. I was now altogether at home in school where I had moved up two classes. I liked Pin, and had become friendly with a few of the boys. Last Saturday I had caught two speckled trout in the Geilston burn. And we were to leave all this when everything was going so well for us.

Mother must have read this in my face, for she put her arms round me, smiling at me confidently, in such a manner that I knew all this to be her doing and that she was deeply pleased with it.

"Ardfillan is a lovely town, dear. And our new flat is high up on the hill and not far from the moors. I'm sure you'll like it."

The removal was accomplished with surprising ease, and, as Mother had promised, our new home proved to be a great advance upon the little villa we had relinquished. Like the town of Ardfillan, it quite overcame me with its splendors. Reaching uphill from an expanse of estuary so wide as to be almost open sea, Ardfillan was a fashionable

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HAZEL . . . **. . . by Ted Key**

"Two pennies once, two pennies twice — three. Three, three, three. Do I hear four?"

(PICTURES CAN'T SHOW YOU AND WORDS AREN'T ENOUGH)

only your taste will tell you Rosella Soups

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Lots of things can go wrong with your hair...

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new nutritive treatment solves these hair problems!

Dry, brittle hair. Sun-parched hair.
Straw-bleached hair. Frizzy, over-permed hair.
Unmanageable hair. Dull, limp hair.
Over-tinted hair.

Revolutionary new hair beauty treatment nourishes damaged hair — actually makes it *feel stronger* — restores body, strength, elasticity — helps prevent dryness, brittleness, split ends.

Quick and simple . . . results are instantaneous
Yes! Just one simple sixty-second application of 'KIRONE-R' restores hair vitality. One treatment, and limp hair comes alive . . . dried-out hair shines . . . over-processed hair turns silky-soft . . . unmanageable hair becomes co-operative . . . all hair responds with the lively, lovely look of youth.

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'KIRONE-R' is pure pleasure to use. Sprinkle the satin-smooth liquid over your hair — after shampoo and before setting — then comb through. What a difference! No tangling. No snarling. No matting. And 'KIRONE-R' stays on your hair right through to the next shampoo, restoring body, bounce and vitality . . . recapturing youthful health, lustre and sheen.

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Far more than an ordinary vitaliser, 'KIRONE-R' actually nourishes the hair—restores its vitality. Results are amazing — but true. 'KIRONE-R' is made to a formula discovered in the famous research laboratories of L'Oreal of Paris. It has been tested and proved — both by the women who use it all over the world — and by the experts at Nicholas Marigny, who market 'KIRONE-R' in Australia.
So today, for the sake of your hair, try a sixty-second 'KIRONE-R' treatment. You can buy it from your chemist or department store, 3/6 or 9/6.

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A SONG OF SIXPENCE

place, a select resort with a discreet pier, promenade, and bandstand, yet, at the same time, a residential town favored by wealthy Winton businessmen who utilised the fast train service to the city, and by others, of equal or greater affluence, who had retired.

There were many superior shops, a private circulating library, and two of the most exclusive schools in Scotland, one Beechfield for boys, the other St. Anne's for girls. I soon discerned, too, a particular well-bred manner of speech, an accent rather, that stamped and distinguished this society, was indeed obligatory for admission to its membership. There existed, in short, an air of "tone" which Mother immediately liked, which Father ignored, and which at first intimidated me.

PRINCE ALBERT TERRACE enjoyed a good situation well up the hill among some excellent neighboring mansions, and although slightly dimmed, still maintained much of an earlier elegance. Built of finely cut stone, in a semi-Georgian, part Victorian style, with elaborate double entrance porticoes and wide bay windows, it consisted of a number of large luxurious maisonnettes with separate, roomy flats above. These maisonnettes had finely proportioned high-ceilinged rooms, an attractive ornamental garden in front, and the privacy of a long walled-in lawn behind.

Naturally we could not aspire to such grandeur, but in the storey above, in flat number seven, all freshly papered and painted, we had ample accommodation, and here we faced a future that seemed favorable, especially to my Father, who, responding to the change of scene and the briskness of the air, which he inhaled deeply in breathing exercises morning and evening at the open window, was full of sanguine expectation. Yet I was troubled by something altogether new in my mother's expression, when she paused in her arrangement of the house, a subtle harassment which, when aware that I was looking at her, she would banish with a smile.

In Ardfillan there was no excuse for Sunday self-indulgence. We had in the lower town the double advantage of St. Mary's Church and its parochial school in Clay Street. Moreover, the first person to call upon us one afternoon and to win us utterly by his frank gaiety and unselfconscious charm was the young parish priest, Father Macdonald, a Highlander from Invernesshire who had studied at the excellent Blaries College in Aberdeen. Angus Macdonald was the kind of man whom, as my Father put it, even the staunchest Orangeman must have liked.

In due course, under his tactful persuasion, certain technical adjustments, which I scarcely understood, were made in my parents' marriage which reconciled them to ecclesiastical orthodoxy. Moreover, without in any way deploring the inadequacy of my own religious knowledge, which was extreme, he suggested that, at least for the present, I should attend the parish school. So to St. Mary's, the following week, I was sent.

I am obliged to confess that while gratified by my advancement to the third class, where my teacher, Sister Margaret Mary, seemed prepared to make much of me, I missed my old friend Pin and was not, on the whole, entranced by my new school. To get to Clay Street I had a long walk by a back road that led downhill to the poorest part of the lower town, which was, in effect, the working-class district of Ardfillan.

Here in a narrow street, with a tenement building opposite, were the precincts of St. Mary's—church, school, and presbytery, all of raw red brick construction, practical, but starkly indicative of restricted means. So, too, among the schoolchildren did this sad note of poverty prevail. They came almost entirely from the poor, immediate neighborhood of the church. They played odd games which I did not understand, the makeshift games of the underprivileged, using clay marbles, tin cans, chalk-marked walls, balls made of paper and cloth tied together with odd pieces of string.

The truth is that Ardfillan Catholics who had the means sent their children to other schools, to Levenford Academy or to the Jesuit College in Winton, though never, of course, to Beechfield, an establishment which remained supremely and exclusively patrician. And so, despite the goodness I found there, the general effect of St. Mary's was depressive. A feeling of social inferiority was immediately implied and communicated to me, a sort of spiritual wound, deriving from my religion.

Lack of companionship was my greatest cross. I use this phrase since I was by this time learning the idiom of the saints. Whatever their moral excellence, Mother could not bring herself to allow me to be friendly with boys who, as Father put it, had no backside to their trousers. And so, feeling myself neither fish nor fowl, I mooned around during my leisure hours in boredom and solitude.

My sole recourse, though it served merely to increase my discontent, was to wander across the hill to the beautiful green playing fields of Beechfield School. Peering well concealed behind the surrounding hawthorn hedge, I watched the games in progress with a burning, envious longing. When I could bear it no longer I turned moodily for home, kicking imaginary goals so wildly that I stubbed my toes against the kerb, thus causing Mother to complain that I was ruining my new boots.

One Saturday, when at a particularly loose end, I was attempting to amuse myself by taking pot-shots at imaginary targets in the road outside the front garden of No. 7. Suddenly one of the stones flew sideways out of my hand and, describing a lethal parabola, crashed through the front window of the maisonnette above which we lived. The icy splintering of falling glass horrified me. I dashed upstairs to Mother.

"You must go at once and apologise. The lady's name is Miss Greville. Say that you will pay for it. Come and I'll give your face a quick wipe." She called after me as I went out: "Mind now, your best manners."

Agitatedly, I pressed the bell of Miss Greville's front door. Out of the corner of one eye I could see the big, jagged hole in the window. An elderly maid in a neat cap and uniform admitted me. She had grey hair and, I thought, a discouraging expression.

"Wait here," she told me, when I had explained the nature of my visit.

As I stood in the hall I was struck by the remarkable sight of two crossed oars on the wall, both cut down in size and with the blades painted bright blue. Other unusual objects were catching my eye, notably a pair of foils, but now the maid had returned and was showing me into the front room, where Miss Greville, standing by the fatal window, turned to take a good look at me. I, in turn, looked at her.

SHE was a tall, solid woman of, I guessed, about forty-five, full bosomed, and exceedingly erect. She had a pale, full face, its fullness exaggerated by her light-colored hair puffed out at the sides under pads, and by her tight, stiffly starched collar fastened with a stud. Her dress was simple, even severe: a grey trailing skirt and white blouse, over which dangled the thin chain of her pince-nez.

She looked what she was, unalterably a gentlewoman, and also what she had been, a schoolmistress. I had heard my mother say that she had taught, at one time, in St. Anne's Girls' School. She would have been to me at that moment a formidable figure but for a certain absence of manner, an air that detached her from the more sordid realities of life among which I was one.

"Please, miss, I have broken your window."

"So it appears." She spoke in a high, clear voice, her accent not of Ardfillan but rather what the local accent unsuccessfully affected. "At least it was honorable of you to come of your own free will."

I accepted the unworthy compliment in silence.

"How did it happen?"

"I was throwing, please, miss."

"Young Carroll . . . I assume you are young Carroll . . . do not address me as though I were the girl in a teashop. You may call me Miss Greville, at least until our intimacy develops. What were you throwing?"

"Stones, Miss . . . Greville."

"Stones! Good heavens, what a depraved habit. I shouldn't mind your breaking my window with a ball. But stones! Why?"

"If you want to know," I answered, beginning to warm up, "it's because I've a pretty good aim. I can hit any post on the other side of the road you like."

"You can?" she exclaimed, with a show of interest.

"Shall I show you?"

"No, not with stones." She paused. "Don't you ever throw a ball?"

"No, Miss Greville. I haven't got one."

She studied me, almost with pity, then, telling me to sit down, she went out. While she was gone I sat on the edge of a stool and looked about me. The big room baffled yet awed me. Strange pieces of furniture, the like of which I had never seen, not dark and shiny with french polish like our best mahogany suite from the emporium, but mostly of a faded, honey color, the chairs with seats worked in colored threads, an inlaid cabinet revealing china patterned in yellow and gold, the carpet a soft grey with a central design of faded pink. Flowers were in the window space and also in a great blue bowl on the piano, which, bearing no resemblance to ours, was long and flat.

My vision had travelled to the mantelpiece on which stood a considerable number of small silver cups, when Miss Greville came back.

"You may have this." As I stood up she handed me a ball. "It has a history, which probably wouldn't interest you. It belonged to my brother."

"The one with the oars?" I asked, feeling myself inspired.

"No, no. Not the wet Bob. The other younger one." She smiled absently, and though not unkind, it was to my regret unmistakably a smile of dismissal. I had not wished to come, but now, strangely, I did not want to go. These mysterious references to wet and presumably dry Bobs intrigued me. I made an effort to prolong the conversation.

"Doesn't your young brother want the ball himself?"

"He doesn't want anything now," she rejoined impersonally. "He was killed two years ago at Spion Kop."

"Oh, Miss Greville," I exclaimed in a burst of sympathy. "He gave his life for his King and country."

She considered me with inexpressible repugnance.

"Don't be a sentimental little prig or our acquaintance, hitherto brief and uneventful, will cease forthwith." And she rang the bell for me to be shown out.

My mother, although distressed that I had forgotten to offer payment for the window, evinced both interest and pleasure when I gave her an account of my visit, from which I tactfully suppressed the final passage. Ever since our arrival she had been politely curious about our neighbor. But the ball, on inspection, seemed rather profitless. Hard, covered in leather, with a sewn seam, it did not bounce and was in every way unsympathetic to my usual practices. That evening I showed it to Father.

"It's a cricket ball," he explained. "And it's been played with."

"She told Laurence it had a history," Mother interposed interestedly.

"No doubt." Father gave her his ironic smile. "According to the house agent, she's full of history. They were very grand people at one time. A big estate near Cheltenham. But her papa went through most of it and she took up teaching. First at Cheltenham College, then at St. Anne's. But she's given it up now."

To page 44

Is your baby BREAST-FED?

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Smooth Elbows

TO keep your elbows smooth and lovely, start with a simple routine to soften away roughness and wrinkles. A little care will soon coax them to permanent beauty. Immediately after the warmth of your bath, combine 1 teaspoon each of white sugar, lemon juice and oil of ulan, and rub the mixture into the elbows until they become pink and clean looking. Supplement this treatment with a gentle massage of oil of ulan into the elbows before you go to sleep. Your elbows will soon take on a clear youthful appearance.

—Margaret Merril.

YOU AND YOUR BABY

by

Sister Mary Jacob

Now in its eighth edition, "You and Your Baby" is available at 15/- a copy.

The author, Sister Mary Jacob, of The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, has been advising young mothers for nearly two decades.

A SONG OF SIXPENCE

Continued from page 42

"I wonder why?" Mother meditated.

Father's smile deepened.

"I am led to believe," he murmured in his best manner, "that in certain of her manifestations she is inclined to be a trifle pec-ul-iar."

"Nonsense," Mother exclaimed defensively. "That's just idle gossip. She seems a perfect lady to me, and she was exceedingly kind to Laurie. I mean to bow and thank her next time we meet."

In this way, through the broken window, our momentous acquaintance with Miss Greville was begun.

The acknowledgment, correct in every way and even reserved, that Mother made toward Miss Greville some days later met with an agreeable response. Our neighbor, living alone and with, apparently, a restricted circle of friends, seemed disposed to an acquaintanceship. She called and left her card. Ten days later Mother returned the call and was given afternoon tea, an entertainment from which she returned flushed with pleasure and teeming with exciting news.

Miss Amelia Greville, she reported to Father and me at supper, was charming, and very much, Mother stressed the words, a lady. Her furniture and silver, which had come from the family home near Cheltenham, were lovely; in fact, everything in the house was in exquisite taste.

She was artistic, fond of music, played the cello, and hoped to arrange duets with Mother. An enthusiastic botanist, she had displayed a wonderful album of pressed wildflowers. She often had gone climbing in Switzerland. Her parents were dead. She had two brothers who had been educated at Eton, the surviving one now farming in Kenya. She attended St. Jude's, a church notably High Anglican, and was, therefore, well disposed toward Catholics. She was most . . .

Suddenly meeting Father's eye, bent on her with more than usual ironic indulgence, Mother had broken off.

"Yes," she blushed slightly, "she was nice to me. But quite apart from that, I like her. And you know, Con, I have missed having a woman friend, especially with you away all day."

"Then I'm glad you've found one," Father said generously, "only don't . . . well, don't push too hard, lass."

I did not in the least agree with Father. Miss Greville had deeply impressed me. Indeed, I had fallen into the habit, when I returned from my ragged school, of hanging around the front garden in the hope, which so far had proved illusory, of attracting her attention.

NOW, thinking of those fascinating blue oars, I said rather wistfully: "It must be nice to have had a brother at a school like Eton, even if you didn't go there yourself."

"Don't worry, my boy. St. Mary's is only a stopgap. Things are going to turn up trumps for you pretty soon."

Father was in excellent spirits these days. He was rising in the world, an unmistakable promise of prosperity was implied in his words, his manner, his elegant, well-groomed person. He seemed quite recovered from his strange mishap on the Ardencaple shore and did not fail to remind us that his own efforts were mainly responsible for this happy result.

When we left Ardencaple, Dr. Duthie had given him a note of introduction to a colleague in Ardfillan. This was Dr. Ewen, a thin, stooping, soft-stepping elderly little man with hollow cheeks and a tuft of grey beard always carefully trimmed to a point.

At first sight Father disliked him. "He has a graveyard face," he reported to Mother, and thereafter, although periodic examinations had been advised, he reduced his visits to the doctor's house to a minimum and had recently allowed them to lapse altogether.

Father believed in nature and in the natural restorative powers of the body. Thus, while conforming to the rules of hygiene imposed by Dr. Duthie—whose strong words, which had probably shaken him when they were delivered, still retained some force—he followed confidently a health regime of his own. He had evolved an elaborate system of breathing exercises. He slept between blankets with the window open, wore woollen underwear next the skin, and red rubber soles to his shoes.

So all was going well with Father and with us. Yet gradually it dawned on me that Mother was not altogether satisfied with Father's interpretation of his own condition.

One evening, as I sat at the table doing my homework, Mother, who was knitting by the fire, said reflectively and with a casual air that did not deceive me: "Conor, dear, isn't it about time you were looking in on Dr. Ewen again?"

Father, reading his newspaper in the easy chair, did not appear to have heard. Then slowly he lowered the paper, looked fixedly at Mother over the top edge.

"Is there any apparent reason why I should go to see your Dr. Ewen?"

"No, Conor. Still, you were advised to have an examination once in a while. And you haven't been to see him for ages."

FATHER, in his most sententious tones, replied, "True. However, as I can't stand the man and always felt worse after I'd been to him than before I went, I decided, reasonably and sensibly, to stay away. In plainer language, I have no faith in him."

"That's rather odd. He's very highly regarded in the town and has a first-class practice."

"Yes, he caters for the idle rich and panders to them accordingly. He may have a practice, but he's not practical."

"How can you say such a thing?"

"Because I found him so." Father spoke heatedly. "If you can believe it, he actually wanted me to knock off work for three months and take a long sea voyage to Madeira. Sea voyage, indeed! That may be all right for the old ladies he looks after, but it's no use to me."

He broke off, looking as though he had said too much, and attempted to resume his paper. But Mother forestalled him.

"Yes," she said equably, still knitting and revealing nothing of the shock she had received, "I admit Ewen is fussy. Still, there are other doctors. And I do think you ought to find one you can like."

"Well, lass, if it pleases you . . . there's a chap near my office. Medical Officer for the Caledonia Insurance Company, I run into him occasionally. Since you're so insistent, I might drop in one day and see him for you."

On the following evening when he returned Mother met him at the door in the usual way. As they came in together I noticed nothing wrong in Father's expression except that he seemed tired. But often, when he had been unusually busy, he looked tired. During dinner, which was nicer than usual, with the beef stew Father liked, he ate with a good appetite. No reference was made to the conversation of the day before. When I had finished I moved to my seat by the window with a book. Only then did I hear Mother say in a low voice: "Well?"

Father did not immediately answer. When he did his voice was calm, rather thoughtful.

"Yes, I went. Dr. Macmillan. A very decent sort. It appears that you were right, Grace. Apparently one of my lungs is slightly affected."

"Affected? But with what?"

"With . . . well . . ." Father did not want to say it, but he had to. "A bit of a touch of TB."

"At least now we know where we stand. You'll give up now and really get well. Go to a sanatorium or take a sea voyage like Dr. Ewen advised."

"Yes, I'll go. It's to be a

To page 47

ALL characters in serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

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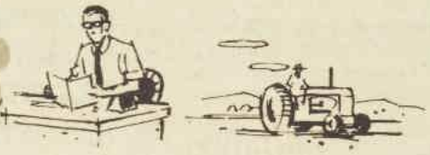

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AT HOME *with Margaret Sydney*

• Those prudent people who do their Christmas book shopping early so that they have plenty of time to read the books themselves before they post them off might be interested in a couple of bird books I've been reading.

THE first one is for beginners — the sort of beginners who are interested in what makes birds tick, rather than those with a passion for being able to identify every bird they see.

It's called "Birds As Living Things" and its author, Maxwell Knight, makes the point that birds *are* animals, that we should give up the phrase "birds and animals" in favor of the more accurate "birds and other animals."

This is a book written for "young naturalists" — in other words, for children—but it's full of interesting information, and is commendably unsentimental.

The author doesn't ask us to believe that birds are anything but bird-brained, but he explores for us some of their astonishing instinctual behaviour.

One of the things that has often worried me when I had nothing better to worry about and a nest of wrens in the garden under observation was how on earth the overworked parent birds know *which* nestling out of the greedy, clamoring bunch most needed feeding.

Feeding, it appears, depends on a two-way stimulus. The slightest vibration on the edge of the nest, or even a shadow falling on it, stimulates the nestlings to crane their necks and open their mouths. And the nestlings' excitement, the open mouths, and (in many birds) the special coloring of the edges of their mouths stimulates the parent to pop the food in.

Probably the loudest clamorer gets the first beakful of the day, but though young birds digest very quickly, the one that has just been fed will be satisfied and quiet for a little while.

If the food supply is good the parent has time to bring a meal for each before number one starts clamoring again.

If there's one in the nest undersized and apparently underfed it is usually one that was not healthy at the time of hatching or else has been injured in the nest, and therefore isn't able to clamor enough to get all it needs.

There's certainly nothing silly about the cuckoo

EVERYBODY knows that the cuckoo thought up the labor-saving idea of laying her eggs in other birds' nests so that they could have the job of hatching and feeding the young cuckoos.

But I didn't know until I read this book that newly fledged young cuckoos have inherited the same idea.

They sit on branches screaming for food with their mouths wide open, which stimulates totally strange and unrelated hardworking little birds to feed them. They must be the biggest spivs in the animal kingdom!

When migrating (cuckoos from Britain migrate to South Africa before the winter) they have no old birds to help them; nothing but their instinct to guide them.

The adult birds, having pushed their child-minding problems on to some other unlucky bird, have gone long before the young cuckoos are ready to fly; but each year the young birds make the long migration to South Africa and are back again in Britain in the spring, grown up and on the lookout for a likely looking nest into which to smuggle an egg.

If you've ever noticed a thrush, a blackbird, or a robin standing motionless on the lawn with its head on one side, you've probably thought it was day-dreaming. Wrong. It was *listening* to an earthworm moving underground!

Worms have microscopic stiff bristles which help them move, and the bird can hear the brushing of these bristles as the worm moves in its tunnel under the grass.

The book has fascinating sections on the tantalising come-and-get-it techniques birds use for persuading their young to make their first floppy flights; on the way they then disperse and hide the young ones, and go on feeding them; and on why and how they sing.

It also discusses their physiology (temperature of the common sparrow is 107 degrees; of some thrushes 111 degrees) and what to do for injured and abandoned birds and how to feed them — a problem that crops up in every household where there are sharp-eyed children or predatory cats to bring them in.

THE second bird book I've been reading is a novel, "The Last Great Auk" by Allan Eckert.

The great auk was a huge, non-flying fellow, built rather like a penguin and standing 34in. high at the head.

On June 3, 1844, he became extinct, scientists say. A group of auks were killed by hunters (history preserves their names) and the last egg was stepped on accidentally by a man called Ketil Ketilsson.

Out of this tragic extinction Allan Eckert has made a novel by the rather sentimental device of choosing this last male auk and making an imaginative reconstruction of his life from his hatching until his death and his mate's, and the smashing of their egg.

Don't be put off by this criticism. The book is fascinating because of what it tells about the auk's habits and the life-cycle.

These flightless birds used to migrate from Iceland to North Carolina for the winter, *swimming* the 3000 miles in 88 days.

They returned to lay their eggs on the islands round Iceland, each hen laying only one great six-inch egg, and each bird choosing a mate only once in its life.

This is a book that anyone interested in wildlife should read. The auks are gone, so are the dodos, passenger pigeons, great bustards, some of the world's deer, the Tasmanian wolf, and probably the Tasmanian devil.

Man's ruthless hunting and the march of civilisation threatens the extinction of many more birds and animals (sorry, birds and OTHER animals), and once they are gone there is no recalling them.

As the American biologist Charles William Beebe wrote: "The beauty and genius of a work of art may be reconceived, though its first material expression be destroyed; a vanished harmony may yet again inspire the composer; but when the last individual of a living race of things breathes no more, another heaven and another earth must pass before such a one can be again."

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A SONG OF SIXPENCE

Continued from page 44

sanatorium apparently. I'll go like a shot. I promise you. But not quite yet."

"You must."

"It's impossible, Grace. Simply can't be done. Every penny we've got is in the yeast. I've even borrowed from the bank. And all my plans are just coming to a head."

"What does money matter at a time like this?"

"It's not the money. I'm doing well. But the business is young, you know it's a one-man affair, and there's something extra special come up with the U.D.L. that I have to be there for. I simply can't leave, with the next few months going to be so critical."

"Oh, Con . . . Con . . . I don't know what you're talking about with your U.D.L. It's you and your health that come first."

"Now, Grace, we must be sensible. For your sake and the boy's, as well as my own. U.D.L. is United Distillers Limited, one of the biggest companies in the country, and they're definitely, yes, positively interested in my yeast. I'm sure I can bring off an amalgamation in a matter of three, perhaps only two, months. In the meantime I can work shorter hours, take an extra day off once in a while. I'll be careful, extra careful in every way. I've thought it all over in the train coming home. I'll do everything you say except throw away all I've worked and sweated and hoped for. It would be madness just when I'm in sight of the chance of a lifetime."

AT that moment, and all, through the period that followed, I never for a moment doubted my father. My confidence in his astuteness, judgment, and general aplomb, confirmed by scores of instances in which I had seen him carry off a difficult situation without turning a hair, remained absolute and unshakable. Even in his few failures he had somehow managed to remove the implication of defeat by a final attitude of amused or careless indifference. His two phrases "leave it to me" and "I know what I'm doing," uttered calmly and confidently, had become for me the touchstones of triumphant achievement.

Mother no longer sang as she went about her work. I failed to understand her constant air of stress. In her worried state she had been driven to confide in Miss Greville and to seek relief in our neighbor's sympathetic response. Yet as the days slipped past all was going according to plan. Father certainly did not look ill. His color, always ruddy, remained good, his eye was bright and he had suffered no loss of appetite. As he had promised, while never affecting the attitudes of invalidism, he was taking care of himself, avoiding the worst of the weather, and taking things easy during long weekends. If he still coughed, then in only a short time, a matter of weeks, he would go away—Switzerland, suggested by Miss Greville, was now definitely agreed upon—and be quickly cured.

Meanwhile he was persisting with his own herbal remedies, periodically he called upon Mother to massage his chest with olive oil, and one evening he came back from the city with a strange appliance, which he introduced to us confidently as a medicated inhaler. And all this, and the rest, was carried out with a sanguine assurance of recovery that would have been comic if, in the light of what followed, it had not proved to be so tragic.

In later years, when I came to analyse this obstinate folly, the reasons were not far to seek. Father was an ambitious man who constantly took risks. He knew the danger of delaying his cure but, since his business had reached a crucial stage, he was prepared "to chance it" for all our sakes. But, above all, his conduct could most truly be explained by a strange and characteristic manifestation of the actual malady itself, a false and persistent hope, engendered in the nervous system by the toxins of the disease, the false illusion of ultimate cure and complete recovery.

Father had this to a marked extent, and, inevitably, communicated it in varying degrees to Mother and me. We were quite unprepared for the calamity that followed.

The month was March, as far as I remember the second week, and it must have been toward two o'clock in the morning, Mother was calling me. Suddenly, as I was about to turn over, I heard her voice, very loud and charged with such a fearful urgency that I immediately sat up.

"Laurence! Laurence. Come here!"

I got out of bed. My room was dark, but when I opened the door the lights in the hall were on. The door of Father's bedroom was half open and from within Mother called again.

Father lay on his side with his head over the edge of the bed.

He was coughing, coughing, and coughing, as though he would never stop, and from his lips a bubbling scarlet stream gushed out. His face was the color of clay. Mother knelt by the side of the bed. One hand held Father's head, the other with difficulty supported the big white basin from the washstand. Without changing her position or taking her eyes from Father, Mother spoke to me, in that same strained note of anguished command.

"Laurie! Run for Dr. Ewen. Hurry, for pity's sake."

I turned and ran, ran from sheer shock. Without stopping to put on my jersey and trousers, a sensible act that would have delayed me not more than a half-minute, I ran straight out of the house into the street in nothing but my nightshirt. I knew that never before had I run so fast. At the end of Prince Albert Road I swung into Colquhoun Crescent, then downhill to Victoria Street, where, ahead of me, halfway to the Esplanade, I saw the red lamp outside Dr. Ewen's house.

Not a soul was in sight. The empty silence was broken only by my gasping breaths as I ran and ran, into the doctor's driveway at last, not caring for the hurt of the gravel on my feet, and up the steps of his front porch. I pressed the night bell long and hard, heard it buzz loudly within the house. For some painful moments of suspense nothing stirred, then as I pressed again a light went on upstairs. Presently the door was unlocked. The doctor stood there in his dressing-gown.

"Please, Dr. Ewen, come to Seven Prince Albert Terrace at once. Father is bleeding

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NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 155. — GIRL'S CHECK FROCK

Pretty dress is available cut out to make in red, green, and navy white-checked gingham. Sizes 2 and 4 years, 18/6; 6 and 8 years, 19/11. Postage and dispatch 2/- extra.

No. 156. — SET OF THREE TEA-TOWELS

Set of three tea-towels cut out and traced clearly to embroider on white Irish linen. Price for set of three 19/11 plus 2/- postage, OR 6/11 each plus 8d. postage.

No. 157. — BOWLS FROCK

Smart bowls frock featuring tab-style sleeves is available cut out to make in white drip-dry poplin. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 36/6; 36 and 38in. bust 38/6; 40 and 42in. bust 41/6. Postage and dispatch 3/- extra.

155

156

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• *Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion Frocks, Fashion House, 344/6 Sussex Street, Sydney. Postal address, Fashion Frocks, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. N.Z. readers should address orders to Box 6348, Wellington. No C.O.D. orders accepted.*

Nailoid gives you lovelier, healthier nails

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Start Nailoid care tonight. It's a two-minute application that easily becomes part of your nightly beauty routine. You'll watch your nails grow steadily lovelier, healthier. It takes 12-14 weeks for a nail to grow. At the end of that time your immaculate new nails and cuticles will amaze you. From chemists and stores.

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Sunbeam GOURMETTE FRYPAN

New from Sunbeam—a superbly-styled electric frypan that's ideal for the smaller home; superb as a second frypan or as a supremely elegant appliance for "at the table" cooking. There's no limit to the dishes you can prepare from Fillets of Whiting Bearnaise (illustrated here*) to a simple late night supper of toasted sandwiches.

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COMPLETE MEALS

BREAKFASTS FOR A FEW

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glamorously styled!

CONVENIENT NEW SIZE!
the right size for you!

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It cooks quick breakfasts perfectly for people in a hurry. Makes tasty snacks beautifully for people who batch. Provides a hundred different dishes for people who entertain. It is so convenient that people who already own frypans want Gourmette as well.
Used in conjunction with your present Sunbeam Frypan it makes your cooking easier, and more economical, and Gourmette's pickaback plug is especially made for two-frypan cooking.
See the new Gourmette at your Sunbeam Retailer today.

** Please write to Sunbeam Home Economics Department, Box 39, P.O., Mascot, N.S.W., for the exciting new recipe for Fillets of Whiting Bernaise, especially created for use with the new Gourmette Frypan.*

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SWEET *Tartlets*

RECIPES FROM OUR LEILA HOWARD TEST KITCHEN

TARTLETS with a variety of sweet fillings—lemon, jam, pineapple, and many others—are delicious to serve at any time. Picture by staff photographer Barry Cullen.

• Tartlet shells made of a deliciously short biscuit pastry hold a variety of sweet fillings. They're just right for morning or afternoon tea or as a sweet treat at any time.

SOME tartlets are baked complete with filling. For others, only the shells are baked—the fillings are added when the little shells have cooled. Vary the fillings so there's a tempting assortment to offer.

Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure are used in the following recipes.

TARTLET PASTRY

Six ounces butter or substitute, 4oz. sugar, 2 eggs, 8oz. plain flour, 2oz. rice flour or cornflour, ½ teaspoon baking-powder.

Cream butter and sugar until white and fluffy. Add eggs and beat well. Fold in sifted dry ingredients. Chill overnight or for a few hours before using. Knead well before using.

JAM TARTLETS

One quantity of tartlet pastry, raspberry or strawberry jam.

Roll pastry out thinly. Cut into small rounds, press into round-based patty-tins. Prick well, bake in hot oven until golden brown. From the leftover pastry cut small shapes such as diamonds and hearts. Place on greased tray, bake in hot oven until golden brown. When tartlet-cases are cold, fill with jam and top with pastry shape.

NEENISH TARTS

One quantity of tartlet pastry, plum jam, mock cream, ½lb. icing sugar, 3 tablespoons warm water, vanilla, cocoa.

Prepare and bake tartlet-cases in usual manner. When cool, place small spoonful of jam in each, top with mock cream. Sift icing sugar, place in saucepan, add water. Stir over low heat until icing is of spreading consistency. Divide mixture in halves; to one half add vanilla and to the other add cocoa. Spread white icing over one side of each tart and chocolate icing over the other. Allow to set before serving.

Mock Cream: Four ounces butter, 4oz. sugar, iced water, vanilla.

Cream butter and sugar together until white and fluffy. Pour on a little iced water and mix in lightly; drain off. Continue beating and washing mock cream until all sugar grains have dissolved and mixture is smooth and white. Flavor with vanilla and use as desired.

LEMON MERINGUE FLUFF

One quantity of tartlet pastry, 1 can sweetened condensed milk, 2 eggs, ¼ cup lemon juice, 4 tablespoons sugar.

Prepare and bake tartlet-cases in usual manner. Combine condensed milk and egg-yolks, gradually beat in lemon juice; stand aside to thicken. Beat egg-whites until stiff, gradually add sugar, beating until sugar has dissolved. When pastry-cases are cool, fill with lemon mixture, pipe meringue on top. Return to slow oven, bake until meringue is golden brown.

COCONUT-TOPPED SURPRISE

One quantity of tartlet pastry, apricot jam, 2 egg-whites, ¾ cup sugar, 2 cups coconut, ½ cup chopped almonds, few drops almond essence.

Roll out pastry and line small patty-tins. Place small spoonful of jam in each uncooked case. Beat egg-whites until stiff, gradually add sugar, beat until well mixed. Fold in coconut, almonds, and almond essence. Spoon into each patry-case. bake in moderate oven 15 minutes or until golden.

LITTLE MUSHROOMS

One quantity of tartlet pastry, little jam, 2 tablespoons butter, 1¾ to 2 cups sifted icing sugar, 1 or 2 tablespoons milk, vanilla, little cinnamon.

Prepare and bake tartlet-cases. From the leftover pastry cut small stems for tarts. Bake in moderate oven until golden. When cold, place spoonful of jam in each tart-case. Cream butter until soft and white, gradually add icing sugar and milk. Beat until smooth, then add vanilla. Fill into pastry-cases. Place small stem in centre of each tart. Sprinkle with cinnamon.

FRUIT MINCE FAVORITES

Two cups mixed fruits, 2 cooking apples (grated), juice and grated rind 1 lemon, ½ cup brown sugar, ½ teaspoon mixed spice, 1 tablespoon sweet sherry, 1 quantity of tartlet pastry.

Prepare and bake tartlet-cases in usual manner in moderate oven. Prepare filling: Combine in saucepan mixed fruits, apples, lemon rind and juice, brown sugar, mixed spice, and sweet sherry (optional). Stir occasionally over low heat until all fruit is plump and apples cooked (about 8 minutes). Allow to cool, then fill into cooked pastry-cases.

If desired, these could be made into little pies for New Year parties or the lunchbox. Cut out 2 sizes of pastry rounds, one a little larger than the other. Fill larger rounds into tins, add a spoonful of fruit mince. Glaze edges with a little egg-white or water. Place smaller rounds on top. Prick lightly, glaze and sprinkle with a little sugar. Bake in moderate oven about 15 minutes.

GLAZED APRICOT CUPS

One quantity of tartlet pastry, 1 large can apricot halves, 2 tablespoons arrowroot, cherries, angelica.

Prepare and bake pastry-cases. Drain apricots, reserving syrup; when cases are cold, place apricot half in each. Decorate with cherries and angelica. Heat syrup in small saucepan, stir in arrowroot which has been blended beforehand with a little of the cold syrup. Cook, stirring constantly, until syrup boils and thickens. Allow to boil a few minutes, then spoon a little over each apricot. Chill.

APPLE ALMONDETTES

One quantity of tartlet pastry, 2 cups cooked sweetened apple pulp (well drained), 2 tablespoons apricot jam, grated rind ½ lemon, 1 egg-white, ½ cup shredded almonds.

Bake pastry in tartlet-cases in moderate oven. Combine apple pulp with jam, lemon rind, and stiffly beaten egg-white. Fill into cooled pastry-cases, top with shredded almonds.

CITRUS GEMS

One quantity tartlet pastry, juice 4 oranges, juice 2 lemons, ½ cup water (or use frozen concentrated fruit juice and water), 1 cup sugar, 1oz. butter, ½ cup cornflour or arrowroot, little water, little orange coloring, if needed, coconut.

Roll out pastry and fill into tartlet-shells, bake in moderate oven until lightly golden; allow to cool. Combine in saucepan the fruit juices, water, sugar, and butter. Blend cornflour with little water and stir into mixture. Stir over heat until mixture thickens, add little coloring if desired. Fill into pastry-cases, sprinkle with coconut. Chill until set.

CUSTARD TARTLETS

One quantity tartlet pastry, 3 eggs, 3 cups milk, 3 tablespoons sugar, ½ teaspoon vanilla, nutmeg.

Roll out pastry slightly thicker than usual, line tartlet-cases. Beat eggs well with sugar and vanilla, add warm milk and mix well. Spoon a little custard mixture into each pastry-case, sprinkle with nutmeg. Bake in moderate oven until pastry is brown and custard set (about 15 minutes).

Continued overleaf

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SWEET TARTLETS . . .

continued from previous page

BUTTERSCOTCH MERINGUE TARTLETS

One quantity tartlet pastry, 1½ cups brown sugar, 4oz. plain flour, 3¼ cups milk, 4oz. butter, 4 eggs, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 2 teaspoons coffee essence, 1¼ cups white sugar.

Bake pastry in small tartlet-cases in moderate oven. Mix brown sugar and flour in saucepan, gradually add milk, and stir until smooth. Stir over low heat until boiling. Simmer 3 minutes. Fold in butter and beaten egg-yolks, mix well, add vanilla and coffee essence. Fill into pastry-cases; allow to cool. Whip egg-whites until stiff, gradually add the white sugar, beat until mixture stands in peaks. Using bag and rose-tube, pipe rosettes on each tartlet. Place in very moderate oven until meringues are set and lightly browned. Chill and serve.

Decorate with pieces of glace cherry, if desired, for color.

PINEAPPLE CREAMS

One quantity tartlet pastry, 1 small can crushed pineapple, 1-3rd cup sugar, juice and rind 1 lemon, 1oz. butter, 1 tablespoon sweet sherry, 2½ tablespoons cornflour or arrowroot, ¼ pint whipped sweetened cream.

Fill pastry into tartlet-tins, bake in moderate oven. Place contents of can of crushed pineapple into saucepan with sugar, lemon juice and rind, and butter. Blend cornflour to a smooth paste with sherry and a little extra water, mix into pineapple mixture. Stir over low heat until mixture thickens. Simmer 2 minutes; allow to cool. Fill into pastry-cases and at serving time top with little whipped cream.

ENGLISH CHEESE CAKES

One quantity tartlet pastry, 4oz. butter or substitute, 4oz. sugar, 8oz. self-raising flour, 2 eggs, 4 tablespoons milk, ½ teaspoon vanilla, little raspberry or other berry jam.

Line patty-tins with rounds of pastry, add little dob of jam to each. Prepare cake mix: Cream butter with sugar and vanilla. Add eggs one at a time, beat well. Fold in sifted flour alternately with milk. Place a teaspoon of cake mixture into each pastry-case. Decorate tops with strips of pastry in fancy shapes made from scraps. Bake in hot oven 20 minutes, gradually decreasing heat. Turn on to wire rack to cool.

DATE DAINTIES

One quantity of tartlet pastry, 1 and 1-3rd cups brown sugar, 1¼ cups milk, 2 eggs, 2oz. butter, 3 cups chopped dates, 1 teaspoon vanilla, pinch salt, crystallised ginger, walnut pieces.

Roll out pastry thinly and fi into tartlet-cases. Bake in moderat oven until golden (about 12 min utes). Allow to cool. Place sugar milk, egg-yolks, butter, and choppe dates in top half of double boile Stir over boiling water about 1 minutes, and beat until smooth. Fol in stiffly beaten egg-whites, sal and vanilla. Cool slightly and fi into tartlet-cases. Decorate wit chopped ginger and walnuts.

VANILLA CREAM TARTS

One quantity tartlet pastry, 2oz butter or substitute, 2 tablespoon flour, 1½ cups milk, 1 dessertspoo custard powder blended smooth with extra ½ cup milk, 1-3rd cu sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla, ½ tea spoon grated lemon rind, 1 egg, cup coconut, toasted coconut.

Make up tartlet-cases, bake i moderate oven until golden; allow to cool. Melt butter in saucepan add flour, and cook about 2 minute without allowing to brown. Stir i milk, blended custard powder, an sugar. Continue stirring until boil ing, then simmer 3 minutes. Coo slightly, fold in egg-yolk, lemon rind, vanilla, coconut, and stiffl beaten egg-white. Fill into pastry cases, sprinkle with toasted coconut

PINEAPPLE CRUNCH TARTS

One quantity of tartlet pastry, can crushed pineapple, ½ cup sugar grated rind and juice 1 lemon, 1oz butter, 3 tablespoons cornflou (blended with ½ cup water), ½ cu chopped nuts, ¼ cup shredde coconut, ½ pint cream (whipped an sweetened), glace cherries.

Prepare and bake tartlet-shells allow to cool. Fill contents of ca of crushed pineapple into saucepan add sugar, lemon rind and juice and butter. Place over heat and sti occasionally. When hot, blend i cornflour and stir continuously until mixture thickens and boils Simmer 2 minutes, add nuts an coconut. Allow to cool a little be fore filling into tartlet-shells. Top with cream and a cherry piece.

APRICOT CHIFFON TARTS

One quantity tart'et pastry (make up into small tartlet-cases and bake in moderate oven about 12 minutes) 1 dessertspoon gelatine, ¼ cup cold water, 1 can apricots, ½ cup sugar, pinch salt, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1 small can evaporated milk (well chilled).

Soak gelatine in cold water. Drain apricots, reserve ½ cup syrup, rub remainder through sieve and make 1 cup of pulp. Place in saucepan the ½ cup syrup, gelatine mixture, sugar, salt, lemon juice, and pulp heat until sugar and gelatine have dissolved. Allow to cool. When beginning to thicken, fold in stiffly beaten evaporated milk. Spoon into tartlet-cases and chill.

CHOCOLATE RUM TARTS

One quantity basic tartlet pastry, 2oz. butter, 2oz. flour, 1 pint milk, 1 egg (separated), ½ cup sugar, 3oz. chocolate, 1 or 2 tablespoons rum, whipped cream, grated chocolate.

Bake tartlet shells until golden; cool. Melt butter in saucepan, stir in flour, cook 1 minute without browning. Stir in milk, sugar, and chopped chocolate. Cook over heat until mixture thickens, stirring constantly; add beaten egg-yolk and stiffly beaten egg-white, then rum. Cool slightly, fill into tartlet-shells. Chill; top with whipped cream and chocolate.

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Low-calorie recipe

ORANGES combine with coconut in this simple, delicious dessert.

ORANGE AMBROSIA

One dessertspoon gelatine, ¼ cup cold water, ¼ cup boiling water, 1 to 2 teaspoons liquid sweetener (to taste), 1½ cups orange juice, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 2 large oranges, 2 tablespoons shredded coconut.

Soften gelatine in cold water, then dissolve in hot water. Add fruit juices and liquid sweetener, cool until syrupy. Peel and chop oranges, removing pith and membranes. Stir into mixture together with coconut. Pour into serving-dish, chill until set.

Serves 4; calories per serving, 102.

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£5 prize for steak pie

• The main prize of £5 this week is awarded for a hearty casserole-type dish with an unusual topping that makes it into a pie.

THREE readers win consolation prizes of £1 each for their recipes for a diabetic marmalade which uses three fruits, a delicious light dessert flavored with rum, and a citrus drink which is mixed with raisins and allowed to stand and mature before bottling.

All spoon measurements are level.

CRUMBLE-TOPPED STEAK PIE

Two pounds stewing steak, ½ cup sifted flour, 2oz. fat or oil, 2 large onions, ½lb. tomatoes, ¼lb. mushrooms, 1 bayleaf, ¾ cup stock or water, salt, pepper, parsley.

Cut meat into cubes, toss in sifted flour to coat. Heat fat in pan, fry peeled and sliced onions until golden. Add peeled and chopped tomatoes, sliced mushrooms, bayleaf, and stock or water. Season to taste with salt and pepper, turn into a casserole. Cover, bake in moderately slow oven about 1½ hours. Remove casserole from oven, take off lid, spread over topping. Turn oven to moderately hot, replace casserole without lid and continue baking further 30 to 40 minutes or until topping is golden brown and crisp. Serve piping hot garnished with parsley.

Crumble topping: Three ounces plain flour, 1½oz. butter or substitute, 2 packets potato crisps, salt, pepper.

Rub butter or substitute into flour until consistency of fine breadcrumbs. Roll potato crisps between sheets of paper to crush finely. Add to crumble topping mixture, season with salt and pepper. Use as directed.

First prize of £5 to Mrs. E. Foster, 28 Tuggerah Street, The Entrance North, N.S.W.

THREE-FRUIT DIABETIC MARMALADE

One orange, 1 grapefruit, 1 lemon, 2 cups water, 1½ dessertspoons gelatine, extra 1 cup water, 4 sweetening tablets.

Thoroughly scrub skins of fruits. Grate rinds of the 3 fruits (do not include any pith). Cut pith from round fruits and discard. Chop up fruit, removing any pips, place in saucepan with rinds. Add cold water, bring slowly to the boil; boil slowly ½ hour. Meanwhile soften gelatine in extra water 5 minutes. Take jam from heat, add sweetening tablets and gelatine. Stir well, let stand until cool. When cold, fill into screw-top jars (the 2oz. instant coffee jars are ideal), place in refrigerator to set. Always replace in refrigerator when not in use.

Note: Because there is no preservative in this diabetic marmalade, fresh supplies must be made up about every 10 days. Gelatine is a "setter," but, like jelly, will not keep indefinitely. For this reason, the marmalade cannot be made in larger quantities. The recipe above will make 4 or 5 jars.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. L. Jacques, 14 Clovelly Ave., Grayshore, S.A.

RUM WHIP

Three large or four small egg-yolks, 4oz. castor sugar, ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind, juice 1 lemon, ½ cup sweet wine (sherry or moselle), 1 tablespoon gelatine (softened in 3 tablespoons cold water), ½ cup orange juice, 2 tablespoons rum or brandy, ½ pint cream, 1 egg-white (stiffly beaten), extra whipped cream, if desired, for decoration.

Beat together egg-yolks, sugar, lemon rind and juice in top half of double saucepan over hot water; add wine. Whisk until very hot, but do not boil. Remove from heat and hot water, add soaked gelatine, stir until it dissolves. Mix in orange juice, rum or brandy. Chill until mixture begins to set. Fold in whipped cream and beaten egg-white. Allow to set in refrigerator several hours before serving. For special occasions, decorate with extra whipped cream.

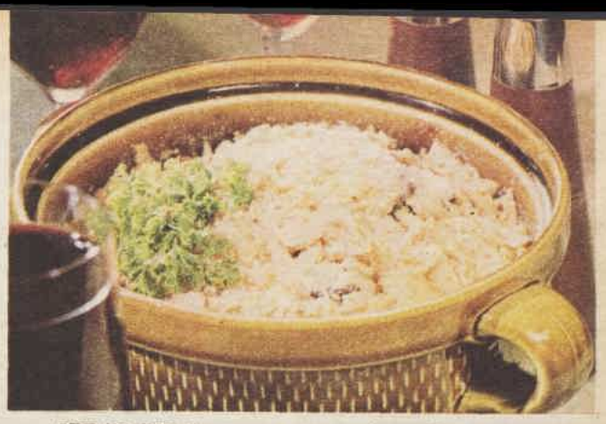
Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. D. Coultas, 149 Laurence Street, Bedford Park, W.A.

WELSH NECTAR

Three lemons, 2 oranges, 1½ gallons boiling water, 1lb. raisins, 2lb. sugar.

Cut peel off lemons and oranges very finely. Pour over boiling water, allow to cool. Then add strained lemon and orange juice, chopped raisins and sugar; stir well until all sugar has dissolved. Leave to stand in stone jar or covered container 5 days. Strain, bottle, and secure firmly, if possible with spring type tops. Lay bottles on their sides, leave further 5 days before using.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. I. Lewis, 417 Sea View Rd., Henley Beach, S.A.



STEAK PIE has a crusty topping. See recipe.

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A SONG OF SIXPENCE

terribly. Please do come, sir. You know my father. Carroll is the name. Never mind anything else. Just come.

"You come," he said. "Out the cold."

I followed him inside.

"Is your father coughing much?"

"Oh yes, sir, very much."

He muttered something under his breath.

I sat in the hall while he went upstairs. The doctor was not long in dressing. When he came down he was carrying a pair of carpet slippers and a tartan travelling rug. He tossed these to me.

"Cover yourself."

He watched while I draped myself in the plaid. I did not feel cold, but my teeth were chattering. The slippers were old, but they fitted not badly — Dr. Ewen was a little man — and I could shuffle along in them. He picked up his black bag from the hallstand. We set off.

On the way uphill, though he kept glancing at me from time to time, he said not a word. But as we drew near the Terrace he unexpectedly exclaimed:

"You seem not a bad sort of boy. Don't you ever be a fool."

I did not grasp his meaning. With my mission accomplished I felt limp and spent and could only dread this return to the nightmare disruption of my home. I had not closed the door of our flat when I rushed out. It remained open. We entered. I dared not look, but as Dr. Ewen went into Father's room and was greeted by Mother's cry of relief, my head, by a kind of reflex, came round. Mother was still kneeling by the bed, still supporting Father.

I slipped into my own room, discarded the plaid and shoes, and crept into bed. For a long time I lay shaken by occasional tremors, listening to the movements about the house, interspersed with the muted voices of my mother and Dr. Ewen. How long the doctor was staying! I wished with all my heart that Mother would come to see me before I fell asleep, to take me in her arms and tell me that all was well. Above all, to praise me for my splendid, breathless run. But she did not come.

. . . . .

The little paddle-steamer splashed gaily through the sunlit waves. She was the red-funnelled Lucy Ashton, plying across the firth between Ardfillan and Port Cregan. On deck the passengers were promenading, sniffing the sparkling air, or sitting in groups, laughing, talking, listening to the lively music of a four-piece German band. Below, in the deserted, plush-upholstered saloon, smelling of stale smoke, Miss O'Riordan and I sat alone in silence.

Since, until that day, I had never set eyes on her, I ventured an appraising sidelong glance from time to time, although hampered by the roughened edge of the stiff collar that went with my best suit. She was a reddish fair woman of about forty-five with full watery eyes, pointed features, and a tendency to pale freckles. Her expression, man-ner, and general appearance a-seemed to convey a sense of pios-resignation to a life of sacrifice an-suffering.

"Your father being so ill, dea-I didn't think you ought to be a-there with that band. Besides, I-a poor sort of a sailor." She pause-"We might put up a prayer to pa-the time. Have you a rosary?"

"No, Miss O'Riordan. I did hav-one, but it broke."

"You should be more careful-a sacred object, dear. I'll give yo-a new one when we get to the pre-bytery. His reverence will bless it fo-you."

"Thank you, Miss O'Riordan."

I perceived, with some diama-that my Uncle Simon's housekeeper-was even holier than I had feared-As she did not speak again I ha-leisure to brood rather dejectedly-on the changes in my life. Wa-I actually going to stay with-priest? Yes, I was. Father's de-perate illness had induced a recon-ciliation with his brothers, of whom-the youngest, Simon Carroll, ha-considerately proposed that it woul-greatly relieve my mother in he-self-imposed duties as nurse if-should spend at least several week-with him. Although when he cam-to visit Father I had liked Unc-Simon very much, looking across a-Miss O'Riordan, whose lips wer-moving in silent prayer, I had be-gun to feel that the prospect wa-forbidding, when a bump and-creak indicated that we were along-side Port Cregan Pier.

HOWEVER, as w-disembarked, Port Cregan seemes-to me a nice sort of place with in-teresting shops and lots of movemen-on the front. Like Ardfillan, acros-the firth, it was built on a hill and-on top of the hill, which Mis-O'Riordan, a hand to the favorec-spot in her back, climbed with-extreme slowness, stood the church-and rectory, both small but pleas-ingly built of cut grey limestone.

We entered a darkish hall-panelled in oak, smelling of candle-grease and floor polish, then Miss-O'Riordan led me to the sitting-room-at the side of the house. This was-a large room opening on to the-garden and well lit by a bay window-with an exciting view of the harbor. As we came in Uncle Simon had-been sitting at the roll-top desk-against the far wall. Now he got up,-came forward, and took my hand.

As he smiled I saw immediately-that he was shy, and I knew that I-should like him more than before. He did not speak, but, still holding-my hand, looked inquiringly at Miss-O'Riordan, who gave him a long-and detailed report on our journey. While she talked I had a chance-to re-examine my uncle. Of the-four Carroll brothers two were fair,-two dark. Simon, the youngest, at-that time not more than twenty-six,-was a dark one, black-haired and-blue-eyed, so tall that he stooped-slightly as though to avoid hitting-things like chandeliers with his-head, and boyishly, almost-alarmingly, thin in his long soutane.

"And Conor?" he asked in an-undertone, when she had finished.

She did not answer, but with a-meaningful glance that passed over-my head, silently, compressed her-lips, imperceptibly shook her head,-and left the room.

"Miss O'Riordan will be bringing-up our tea. I expect the sea air has-given you an appetite," my uncle-said cheerfully. He put me into one-of the two old and rather battered-leather chairs on either side of the-fireplace and went and stood at his-desk. "Just let me finish what I was-doing. I'll be with you in a minute."

I felt instinctively that he was-giving us both time to settle down. Certainly these were strange sur-roundings for me. Beyond the chairs-and the roll-top desk, on which-stood a large blue-and-white statue-of the Madonna, there was little-furniture and less comfort in the-room. The drab curtains were-shabby, and the carpet, like the-chairs, was badly worn, as though-trodden by many feet over many-years. On the mantelpiece a biretta-and a long row of pennies arranged

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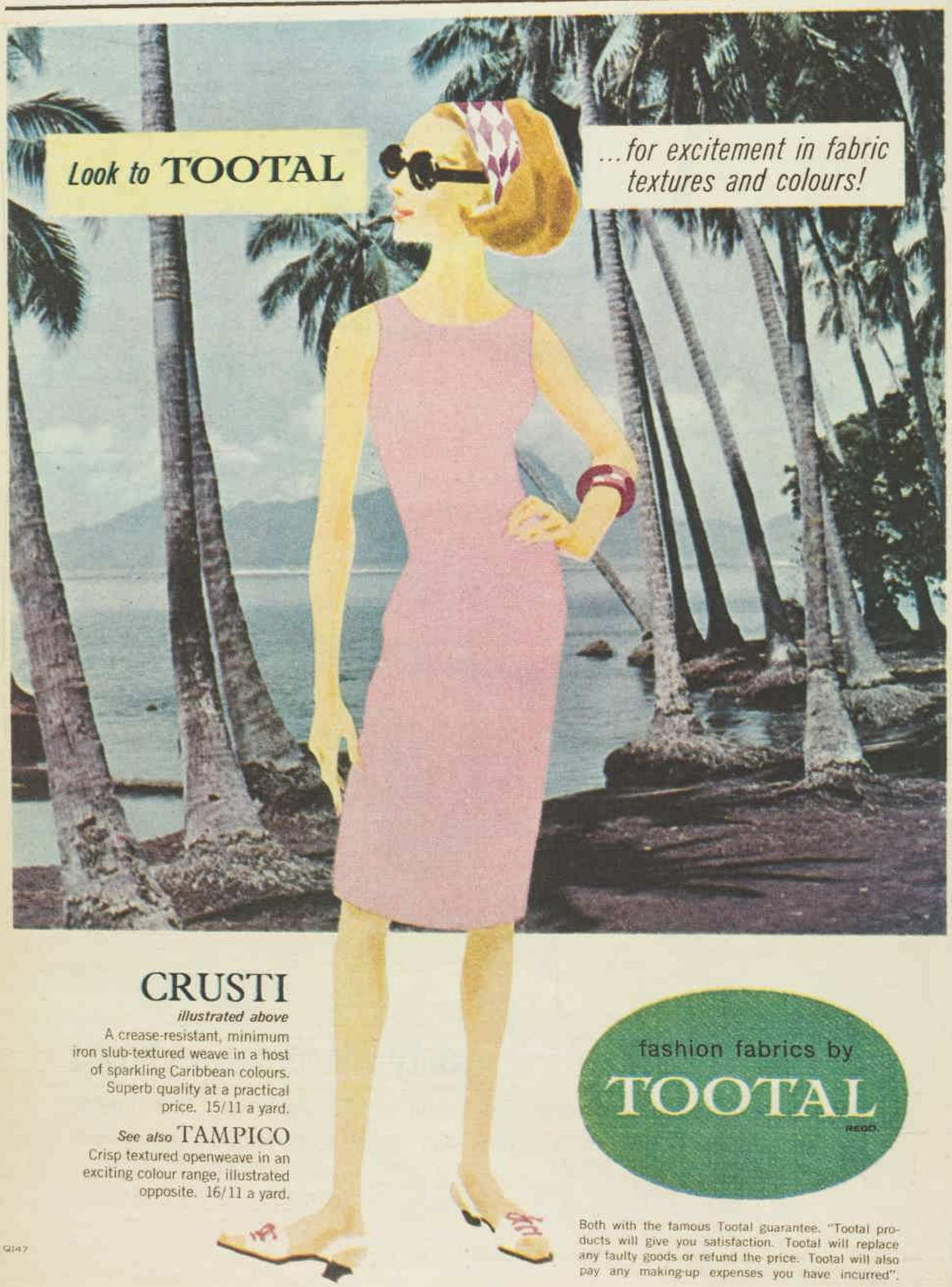

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Printed by Conpress Printing Limited for the publisher, Australian Consolidated Press Limited, 168-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

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A SONG OF SIXPENCE

the little piles caught my eye. On one wall a black and ivory crucifix hung. But what startled me was a large engraving on another wall of a long-bearded, half-naked, hairy old man perched on top of a high stone pillar.

"Do you like him?" Uncle had turned and was watching me with a faint smile.

"Who is he?"

"One of my favorite saints."

"But whatever is he doing up there?"

"Nothing much." Uncle was gently smiling now. "Just being a peculiar person and a saint."

At this point, with an air of supreme effort, Miss O'Riordan brought in a black japanned tray on which the tea things and a large plate of thick slices of bread and butter were set out. Although accustomed to much better fare, I instantly noticed the absence of cake. My mind was so filled with this amazing old man on the pillar that when the housekeeper had gone I spoke out: "How high was he up, Uncle, and how long?"

"Thirty-six cubits high, on top of a mountain, too. And he stayed there for thirty years."

IT was so truly astounding I choked on my first slice of bread and butter.

"Thirty years! But how did he get his food?"

"By lowering a basket. Of course, he fasted a lot."

"Why didn't he fall off when he was asleep? I know I would have."

"Well, he was a very miraculous old man. And probably he didn't sleep much. Perhaps his hair shirt kept him awake."

"Good gracious, Uncle. A hair shirt!"

He smiled.

"I can't see why he did it," I said at last.

"Well, Laurence." I felt a throb of pleasure as he used my first name. "Simeon lived long ago, in a wild mountainous country, amongst savage tribes. As you may imagine, great crowds came to see him. He preached to them, often for hours on end, healed the sick, became a sort of judge, worked miracles, and in this way made an immense number of conversions to Christianity."

"Is that why you have him in your room?"

He shook his head.

"When I was at college in Spain I got to know of him. And as his name was like mine I felt rather flattered. So you see it's just vanity on my part after all."

"I wish I might see a miracle, Uncle," I said thoughtfully.

"They're happening every day if we only look for them. Now tuck into your bread and butter. It's Mrs. Vitello's day off and we won't get much more before breakfast tomorrow."

I wanted to stay with this newly discovered uncle for further talk about pillars, but he told me he must go to the church to hear confessions, adding, however, and so whetting my expectation, that he would be free after Mass tomorrow to show me something interesting. And so, when Miss O'Riordan came for the tray she claimed me. We went down a short flight of stairs to the kitchen. Here she produced a bottle with a label depicting a fisherman bearing a huge cod on his back.

"I am putting you on emulsion, dear. A tablespoon three times a day. It's wonderful for the chest."

"Now," she said, when I had gulped it down, "let's look what you've on." Prodding my shirt open with a forefinger she gave an exclamation of distress. "What! No flannel, dear? You should have flannel next the skin. We don't want you to go the way of your poor father. I'll see to it."

She then released me, telling me to go into the garden and play, but not to catch cold or spoil my clothes. I went out. The garden was a square of green, bordered by a shrubbery in which a little grotto had been made with a large statue of Our Lady wearing a coronet of stars and standing upon a pediment of sea shells.

I hung about with my hands in my pockets, thinking of a great many interesting things about the man on the pillar and wishing that I had witnessed the many miracles he had performed. What a splendid sight — a miracle — and they could be seen, too, if one looked out for them. I thought also that, although the fading light made me long for my mother, I might do very well here with Uncle Simon, if only Miss O'Riordan would let me alone.

Alas, as the town clock struck six, she appeared at the back door of the refectory and beckoned me in.

She had made porridge for my supper and a plateful, with its attendant glass of milk, steamed on the kitchen table.

As she sat down opposite to watch me sup she may have observed in my expression a flicker of discontent. She said: "We never turn up our noses at good food, dear. We live very plain here."

"Plain, Miss O'Riordan?"

"Yes, plain, dear. The church is fair loaded with debt. And your uncle, poor soul, is fair killing himself to pay it off."

"But how could the church get in debt?"

"It was the rebuilding of it, dear. Fifteen years ago, when I first came here. I won't mention names, but a certain reverend gentleman had ideas that went more than a trifle beyond his station."

"But don't the people pay, Miss O'Riordan?"

"Pay, dear?" she exclaimed with a scorn that lashed nameless congregations. "Have you seen the coppers on your uncle's mantelshelf? That's how they pay. Pennies and halfpennies and sometimes farthings, too, the brutes. Why with the debt redemption and the interest, and what he does for charity, there's scarcely enough for the poor man

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OUR TRANSFER

GRACEFUL cross - stitch motifs are from Embroidery Transfer No. 209. Order from our Needlework Dept., Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. Price is 1/6 each or 2 for 2/9, plus 5d. postage.

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For Heinz remove all invisible 'solids' from the steam before it's used anywhere in the plant.
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(No wonder Heinz are asked to can water supplies for VIP's on official tours of Australia!)
When you realise that Heinz take this sort of care in everything they do it's no wonder most Australian mothers put their complete trust in Heinz Baby Foods.

Extra care is a habit at HEINZ

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put a decent shirt on his back." These startling revelations, while expensive, had enabled me to finish my porridge without noticing that there was no salt in it. We rose from the table.

"I have your rosary now, dear," Miss O'Riordan confided in an intimate tone. "We'll just say five decades in your room before I put you to bed."

Upstairs, we knelt down in the new bedroom that seemed to exhale the austerity of the many mission-houses it had harbored, going and coming between the port of Cregan and the interior of Africa.

"We'll take the five sorrowful mysteries," Miss O'Riordan whispered. "And remember. Our intention is for your poor father."

She began: "First sorrowful mystery: The Agony of Our Lord in the Garden"; and first moving my lips silently I finally joined in. Despite our intention, I did not think about my father. I was sorry for him. I deplored his pitiable state. But that fearful midnight terror which kept recurring in grotesque forms throughout my dreams had made him taboo during the daytime, when my will, such as it was, could exercise command.

INSTEAD I thought about Mother, and as I was then, and have been since, a visual, her face rose vividly before me. And suddenly, though she had begged me to be brave, while I continued to pray mechanically a flood of tears defiled my cheeks. I didn't see that my companion's eyes were fixed upon me — this, indeed, increased the flow.

"Before heaven, dear," she said solemnly, "you pray well. Such fervor! I will certainly tell his eminence. Never have I seen a child so touched to the heart over the beads."

I reddened guiltily. But in an odd way, I felt comforted.

"Look, dear," she went on persuasively, when I had undressed. "Here's a little something I've run up for you. It'll keep your poor throat nice and cosy."

She produced a sort of chest protector made of red flannel and fastened it on with tapes round my front and back. I found it hot and uncomfortable, but was now so worn down by her ministrations I had not the strength to resist. This is my hair shirt, I thought sadly, and Miss O'Riordan is my pillar.

When I had closed my eyes in simulated sleep, but still keeping a slit chink through which I could secretly observe her, she stood for few moments looking down at me. Then she made the sign of the cross over my bed and turned out the gaslight. Suddenly, in the darkness, I felt the press of lips on my forehead, not the soft, warm lips to which I was used, but dry, stiff, strangely unaccustomed lips. Still, lips — and from Miss O'Riordan. I heard the door quietly close behind her.

Poor Miss O'Riordan, I must never permit myself to record anything really unkind of you. What sorrier thing is there in all the world than to be a frustrated, lonely, and martyred, hypochondriacal, spinster housekeeper of forty-five, with only a daily Italian cleaning woman for help, in a struggling parish rectory? Nothing, unless perhaps to be the priest.

My stay at St. Joseph's was to move longer than I had foreseen and although, unlike his housekeeper, my uncle did not at the outset overwhelm me with attention, I soon sensed that he welcomed my presence in the rectory and that my companionship, absurd though this may seem, relieved that special and very human loneliness enforced by his vocation, the more so since he would not fail to observe that I was beginning to be attached to him. This was not difficult. Simple goodness, so different from Miss O'Riordan's religiosity, was always attractive and, for all his self-imposed discipline, there was a softness in his nature, a fine sensibility that must have won any child.

He was, like my father, naturally clever, with the same inborn distinction, an attribute which, I was soon to discover, had not been bestowed by heaven on their two brothers, Bernard and Leo. At an early age he had been sent to the Scots College at Valladolid in Old Castile, where, during seven formative years, he had lived and studied with outstanding brilliance. Spain had educated, moulded him, imbued him with its traditions and culture. He loved Spain, and deeply admired its people.

In his dark clothes, with his thick black hair, dark eyes, and sallow skin, his clerical cape dropping from his shoulders, he had indeed a Spanish look which rather consciously he sought to emphasise by many little mannerisms. And how often, in a nostalgic way, did he speak to me of the hapipness of his life at Valladolid, lovely city of Cervantes and Columbus that was saved from the Moors by Sanchio de Leon, evoking not only the dramas of history, but more personal images of sun-splashed cloisters, a white-walled study facing on distant ochre mountains, and of the College gardens, scented with orange trees, leading to a special arbor of vines under which he took the midday siesta, and from which the small, honey-sweet grapes fell, as he put it almost into one's mouth. To be transported to a raw, rundown Scottish parish, amidst uncouth accents and the din of nearby shipyards, seemed to me a sad dismissal from Eden.

But Uncle Simon did not mind. He was completely at home in his parish, knew all the children, and most of the old women, by their first names, and seemed actually to enjoy the many parochial duties and demands, in my view dull and fatiguing, which, from six o'clock in the morning, when he rose to prepare for his early Mass, complicated a day often extending until late at night. Because I enjoyed his society and missed him when he was away, it annoyed me that he should place himself at the disposal of everyone, especially since, in addition to his normal routine, he now devoted half a day every week to crossing to Ardfillan to see my father, visits from which he returned with a fictitious cheerfulness that did not deceive me.

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The cheeriest way to get the goodness of rice

Snap! Crackle! Pop! That's the happy hello of Kellogg's Rice Bubbles meeting milk. That's also the hearty bursting-forth of rice... one of the world's most nourishing grains; the grain Kellogg's uses to put the cheerful crispness of nourishment in Rice Bubbles.

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Dorothy Gray introduces the significant skin-care discovery of the 20th century

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The first formula of its kind to provide fluid balance at the skin's surface . . . bringing back nature's own softness, nature's own smoothness, even to skin that has been dried out for years.

Women who live in cool, misty sea climates have long been famed for their beautiful complexions, but the secret of this beauty has always been a mystery. Now Dorothy Gray's research scientists have solved the mystery—discovered the link between skin beauty and the sea, and the importance of *fluid balance* for the skin's surface.

"Secret of the Sea" was born from this discovery—a precious cream that penetrates and restores fluid balance to the skin, a significant new principle of skin care. Today, women in any climate can use "Secret of the Sea" to bring fluid balance to their skin's surface and hold it there, to prevent the escape of moisture. Dorothy Gray's fabulous "Secret of the Sea" will restore lasting, natural skin beauty—keep complexions misty and glowing.

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DOROTHY GRAY

FOR BEAUTY THE MODERN WAY

Dorothy Gray's "Secret of the Sea" Cream and Emulsion now available at selected Department Stores and Pharmacies throughout Australia.

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NEW NEEDLEWORK OFFER

Lovely rose cloth you can embroider

An exquisitely designed cloth of cream linen is our needlework offer to readers. This special-occasion cloth would make a handsome gift for a daughter or a granddaughter, and a wonderful heirloom to be handed down to future generations, or a Christmas present.

DINNER CLOTH is a single piece of cream linen, 53in. square. The cloth can also be made up to any size, using the separate squares, both embroidered and plain.

THIS beautiful cloth, shown at right above, has a traced design, ready to embroider, of roses and cornflowers joined in a graceful scroll border. The whole design is worked in cross-stitch, which is easy to do and gives a very effective result.

The cloth is 53in. x 53in., and is one single piece of linen, but the scrolls framing each spray give it the appearance of a cloth formed of nine squares.

Alternate squares between the big sprays of roses and cornflowers contain a single rosebud spray.

An alternative offer is the single square, shown at right, which measures 18in. by 18in., and can be bought traced ready to embroider with a rose spray, or as a plain square.

You can buy as many of these separate squares as you wish, either plain or traced.

A set of the embroidered squares would make delightful place mats; and the plain squares, table napkins.

If you order the separate squares, and wish to join them together to make one cloth, you can do this by hemming or spoke-stitching each square, then joining them with faggoting, insertion, or crochet.

Both the cloth composed of squares and the ready-stamped cloth could be finished with a plain hem, a spoke-stitched hem, hand-crocheted edging, or a fine lace edging.

When embroidered this elegant cloth will be one that can be proudly produced to adorn the table at a gala dinner or important family occasions such as a twenty-first birthday party or a christening party.

The design is a delightful combination of colors—roses and rosebuds in rose-pink and pale pink, blue cornflowers, green leaves, and two shades of brown for the scrolls.

Although the design is large, it can be worked quickly in cross-stitch — one of the oldest and most popular of all stitches used to decorate all types of household linens.

The stitch has been used for centuries in peasant embroideries and the traditional designs and motifs differ in each country — in Germany, geometric shapes, stars, trees, and figures are popular; in Chinese embroidery, the stitch is very fine and small in scale, and it is also used to give a finishing touch to hems.

In 18th-century England, cross-stitch was used to decorate furniture, and during the Victorian period cross-stitch pictures and samplers were made.

Details of the needlework offer are:

OFFER 1: Linen squares measuring 18in. x 18in. with instruction chart and embroidery cottons needed to work the rose spray and scroll design. Each square is hemmed and traced ready to embroider.

Plain hemmed squares can be ordered also to alternate with embroidered squares or for use as table napkins.

OFFER 2: A beautiful made-up cloth measuring 53in. x 53in., traced ready to embroider in the elegant rose and scroll design. Embroidery cottons and directions are included.

NOTE: When ordering Offer 1, calculate carefully how many squares you will need and obtain them in one order to obviate any possible variation in dye batches.

Prices are: **OFFER 1.** Traced squares 7/6 each, plain squares 5/6 each. Overseas orders should include 3d. extra for postage.

OFFER 2. Traced 53in. square cloth, 37/-. Overseas orders should include 1/1 extra for postage.

To obtain our needlework offer, fill in the order form and address label below and post them, with cheque, money order, or postal note, to the address given in the order form.

SEPARATE SQUARES, 18in. x 18in., can be bought traced ready to embroider in the rose spray design or plain.

ORDER FORM

Address envelope to "Rose Cloth Offer," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney.

Please send me: TOTAL

Offer No. 1 ..... traced squares at 7/6 each ..... ——

..... plain squares at 5/6 each ..... ——

(Overseas orders must include 3d. per square extra for postage)

Offer No. 2 ..... traced cloths 53in. square at 37/- each .. ——

(Overseas orders must include 1/1 per cloth extra for postage)

I enclose a cheque/postal note/money order to the value of £....

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If undelivered please return to Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney.

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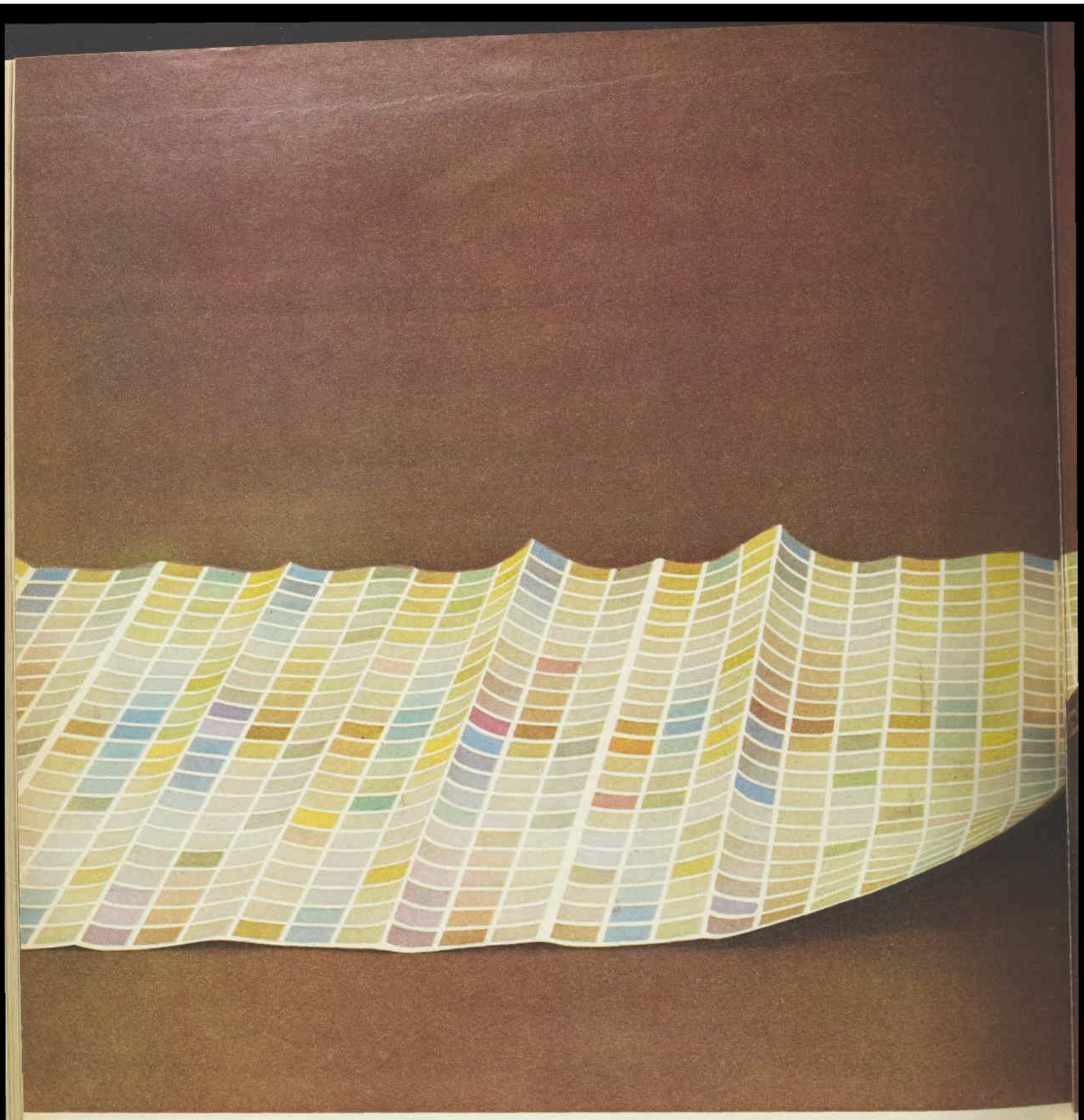

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Car wash brush fits standard hose, swishes car clean in minutes. Can't scratch, perfect for window-cleaning too. For upholstery, use this special hand broom with soft, lively tufts. Car-wash brush, 23/9 — fitting 4/3. Hand broom, 9/6.

SQUEEZE EASY

A real work-saver. Sponge squeeze-mop is best you've ever tried . . . sops up twice the water, gives extra-strong squeeze with least effort. 38/6. Use it with the "better bucket". Refill sponges available.

ALL IN PLASTIC

Boil-tested utility bowls in range of colours and sizes. Handy scraper, spoon and pastry brush.

FOR HOT OR COLD

Unbreakable drinking beakers. Set, 6/6.

A BETTER BUCKET

Square shape with lid that always seals tight, can't buckle. Good for picnic food and drink (takes 6 bottles of beer) — is boilproof for nursery use. Bucket 13/3 — with lid, 18/11.

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Continued from page 55

A SONG OF SIXPENCE

Nor did I approve his readiness to respond to every distressful story. I sensed that he was being imposed upon, a view vigorously shared by Miss O'Riordan, who was especially critical of what she called the Beggars' Procession. Every Wednesday afternoon a string of needy petitioners presented themselves with unfailing regularity at the kitchen door, to be rewarded with their established perquisites.

Watching from the open window of the kitchen with Mrs. Vitello, the daily woman, while Miss O'Riordan dealt with the queue, I suspected that not a few were impostors and of these, one especially seemed the worst, an old man with a shifty eye named Bob Mooney, who hobbled on a crutch, dragging one leg with many wails and groans, and who never was satisfied that her "peck" of the proof canister of sugar conceded full measure. In my opinion I was fully supported by Miss O'Riordan, at time and again I heard her protest to my uncle against Sarah's depredations in the larder.

Uncle Simon, however, despite the handicap of youth, had a way with his difficult housekeeper, who through long tenure had come to believe herself the keystone of the parish. He let her have her head in many directions, overlooked her foibles, did not interfere in the management of her house, and, above all, endured her atrocious cookery without complaint.

Of Miss O'Riordan's culinary skill I may say that never before or since have I known anyone inflict more harm on a simple mutton chop or an inoffensive joint of beef. But unlike me, Uncle had apparently slight regard for what he ate, his only indulgence being a large cup of black coffee after the one o'clock dinner, with which he smoked a thin, curved cigar with a quill at the end, selected from a box sent to him by a colleague in Spain.

By this forbearance in matters which he considered of small account, he not only earned Miss O'Riordan's regard but was able to assert himself without interference in all that pertained to his ecclesiastical office.

Quietly and with firmness he interposed on my behalf, and while he could not defeat all her ministrations — notably those directed against my bowel, for she purged me relentlessly, nor must I omit the large camphor cross which for hygienic reasons she hung round my neck and which, impregnating my skin, made me smell like an animated mothball — he negatived her untimely religious plans for me, too ambitious steps to saintliness that would have compelled me to make my first confession, take the order of the Brown Scapular, and learn by rote the Latin responses so that I might serve my uncle's Mass within the brief compass of my visit.

He had both the sense and the sensibility to realise the psychological shock I had sustained, and to see me as a nervous, highly strung and physically undeveloped child, often tormented by nightmares that awakened me in a cold sweat and which, since they were centred always on grotesque variations of my father's haemorrhage, I referred to as my "red dreams." How grateful I was for the time he somehow managed to devote to me. In the evenings we played draughts, a game I already knew. He taught me the rudiments of chess.

On several Mondays, his least occupied day, he hired a rowboat and took me out to that part of the firth known as the Tail of the Bank. But our greatest diversion was the entertainment he had hinted at when we first met.

ONE morning when he had said his office immediately after breakfast, he led me up to the attic, and there, amidst the lumber of years, stood a model locomotive, covered in dust, but a real working model, so big, so full of magnificent potential that I jumped at the sight of it.

"I've no idea how it ever came here," Uncle meditated. "The remnant from a jumble sale perhaps. And I don't believe it works very well. But we might have a shot at it."

We took it down to the garden, placed it on the concrete path outside the back door. I ran into the kitchen to Miss O'Riordan for dusters. Cleaned, revealing gleaming driving wheels, double cylinders and pistons, and a shiny green tender, it was an engine to thrill the heart.

"Look!" I exclaimed, pointing to the bronze letters on the casing of the driving box: "The Flying Scotsman."

It was actually a scale model of that famous locomotive. What joy to fill the boiler with water, to charge the little firebox from the bottle of methylated spirit Uncle had thoughtfully provided, to light—with matches obtained over Miss O'Riordan's protests — the well-trimmed wick and then to stand back, holding one's breath, expectant of immediate action. Alas, when all this was done The Flying Scot refused to fly.

"Oh, Uncle, we must get it to go!"

Together we oiled the engine with the oiler from his bicycle kit. We examined in detail all its working parts. Vainly we unscrewed nuts and retightened them. Lying flat now, with dirty smears of oil on his face, Uncle was blowing hard on the spirit flame with a view to intensifying the heat when Miss O'Riordan suddenly appeared.

"Your reverence!" Her hands and eyes went up in horror. "In your shirtsleeves. And such a state. And Mr. and Mrs. Lafferty waiting for you in the church with the poor unbaptised innocent infant a good half-hour."

He got up, with an apologetic smile to Miss O'Riordan, looking rather like a guilty schoolboy. But as he hurried off he gave me an encouraging glance.

"We're not beaten yet, Laurence. We'll try again."

We did try again. We tried repeatedly, and always without success. The reluctant engine became, for us, an absorbing hobby. We discussed it daily, in unmechanical terms, determined not to be beaten.

On Wednesday of the following week we had just had dinner, Uncle's coffee had been brought in, and he had selected and lit his thin cigar. He always smoked this in a dreamy manner with half-closed lids as though transporting himself back to his beloved Valladolid. Mellowed by the coffee and cigar, there was a quizzical look in his eye.

"The Flying Scotsman?"

"Yes, Uncle," I shouted.

We brought the engine out from the toolshed. While Miss O'Riordan watched disapprovingly from the kitchen window, making remarks under her breath to Mrs. Vitello, we fed it oil, spirit, and water, saw it boil furiously to bursting point. And all without effect. It simply would not "go."

With our heads over the straining machine Uncle said, in a voice wherein, at last, I detected a note of pessimism:

"It must be blocked somewhere. Try giving it a shake."

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Fashion FROCKS

Ready to wear or cut out ready to make.

"SANDRA." — Very smart frock, featuring a pleated skirt, is available in white, apricot, aqua, and deep purple honeycomb cotton.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, £6/14/6; 36 and 38in. bust, £6/16/6.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, £4/19/6; 36 and 38in. bust, £5/1/6.

Postage 6/- extra on all garments.

NOTE: If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 47. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion House, 344/6 Sussex Street, Sydney, from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. on weekdays. They are available for six weeks after publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

baby your hair with Johnson's shampoo

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I gave it a despairing shake, a hard, a violent shake, and finally, in a temper, I kicked it. Immediately there was a sharp explosion. The boiler, from its internal parts, shot out a blob of viscous matter. Steam hissed from an unsuspected valve. The wheels spun violently, and The Flying Scotsman shot away from us like an arrow.

"Hurrah!" I yelled. "It's going. Look, Miss O'Riordan, look!"

Straight down the concrete path it sped, gathering momentum with every thrust of its powerful pistons, wheels racing, steam flying, its firebox sparking like a comet's tail. A glorious, stupendous sight.

"Oh, heavens," suddenly exclaimed my uncle.

I followed his eyes. Sarah Mooney had come out of the church and, with her head down and her bad

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leg dragging, was hobbling toward us on her crutch.

"Look out, Sarah!" shouted Uncle Simon.

Sarah, absorbed by the prospect of tea, did not hear, and the engine, bearing down with an accuracy almost inspired, struck her crutch fair and square. The crutch flew into the air in a perfect arc and broke with a resounding crash. Mrs. Mooney sat down on the concrete, while the engine, emitting billows of steam, spun over on its side and lay panting hoarsely on the grass. For a moment Sarah sat stupefied, enveloped in a heavenly cloud, then, with a screech, she scrambled to her feet and ran like a hare to the safety of the church.

"Well, thank heaven she isn't hurt." Uncle turned to Miss O'Riordan, who had now joined us.

"But, Uncle Simon" — I clutched his arm, finding my voice at last— "didn't you see. She ran. No crutch. Actually ran. It's a miracle."

He looked at me thoughtfully, but before he could answer Miss O'Riordan, who for once was looking pleased, interposed.

"If she's not back tomorrow with two crutches that will be a miracle."

Uncle still said nothing, but he was smiling now. I think he had enjoyed Sarah Mooney's twenty-yard dash.

The Flying Scotsman, after its brief moment, never was the same again, and without any attempt at repair was retired to the attic. Indeed, from that day on, the whole complexion of my stay at the rectory changed. I was told nothing, but from Miss O'Riordan's expression and my uncle's manner, which became serious and more concealed, the news from Ardfillan was obviously much worse. Simon began to cross the firth more often, returning with a sad face, which he tried, not always with success, to lighten when I appeared.

One evening some ten days later I had coaxed, perhaps tormented, my uncle into a game of draughts. We were at the board and he had permitted me to crown a man when I heard a doorbell ring, a sound I disliked, since it usually was the prelude to a sick call. But when Miss O'Riordan entered she had a telegram in her hand. My uncle read it, turned to me and said: "I must go to the church, Laurie."

Miss O'Riordan went out of the room with him, leaving me alone. Not a word to me. Yet I had known instantly. I did not cry. Instead a dullness, a kind of heavy dreariness descended on me. I went down to the kitchen.

Miss O'Riordan was weeping and with many fervent ejaculations saying her beads.

"I have a headache, dear," she explained, concealing her rosary under her apron.

I felt like saying: "Why tell a lie, Miss O'Riordan?"

BUT I gave no sign of grief until the following morning when Miss O'Riordan, deputed for the occasion, led me to the window of the sitting-room, put an arm about my shoulders, and proceeded to break the news gently. Then because I felt I must, that it was expected of me, I broke dutifully into tears. But they were quickly dried, so quickly that Miss O'Riordan was able to remark several times in the course of the day, and with a complacent air of self-achievement: "He took it well!"

In the afternoon, having dressed herself "for the town," she took me into Port Gregan and bought me a ready-made serge suit which, being chosen, as she put it, for my growth, was a shameful misfit. The jacket hung on me like a sack, the trousers, unlike my own neat shorts, sagged halfway down my calves, giving the impression of a man's long trousers amputated well below the knee.

Next morning, in this hideous panoply of death that made me look like a miniature mute, I said goodbye to Miss O'Riordan, who, in embracing me, calling me "her poor lamb," bathed me with her incomprehensible tears. But perhaps she foresaw better than I what lay ahead of me. Then, accompanying my uncle, I departed in a cab for the Ardfillan boat.

We sat on deck where the same German quartet discoursed the same lively Viennese waltz tunes. My heart lifted up at the music to which some children were skipping around. I wanted to jump up and join them, but sombrely conscious of my attire

To page 63

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IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD

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Continued from page 62

A SONG OF SIXPENCE

which, in fact, had drawn upon me much sympathetic attention, I dared not.

The funeral took place privately in Lochbridge, where, in the local cemetery, a family plot had been honorably provided by my father's humble yet eminently worthy parents. It was in this industrial town that Laurence and Mary Carroll, driven from their Irish croft by the great potato famine, had settled to wind out their lives in pious obscurity, here my father had lodged in bachelor rooms before his marriage, and here, too, was Uncle Bernard's establishment, the Lomond Vaults, now revealed, to my surprise and chagrin, as a rambling, run-down public house, above which my uncle and his wife resided with my two cousins, Terence and Nora.

The afternoon was grey and drizzling as the cortege set out from the church. But I was not there to view it. To my immense relief Mother had ruled that I must not attend the burial. On the previous day, over the frantic protests, I had been induced by Uncle Bernard to take what he called "a last farewell" of my father in his coffin. With a sick I tore myself free and dashed wildly from the room that I had my head on the jamb of the door. So now, with a bandage round my brow, but freed from the further terrors at the graveside, I waited with my new cousin Nora in the backyard of the Lomond Vaults.

THE yard lay between the railway line and rear gables of the red brick vaults, a strange, unbelievable yard, enclosed by broken wooden palings, a no-man's land, littered with lumber, old wooden cases, with stacks of empty and broken bottles and their sawdust straw casings.

A heap of coke blocked the cellar door, in one corner there was a dilapidated poultry hut before which hens scraped, pecked, and cackled, in another a range of dog kennels that seemed held together by a tangle of rusted wire. And all this existed in such a state of wild disorder, contrasting with the spotless order of my own home, with all that I had known or seen before, it actually became invested with a fearful and attractive charm.

Something of this must have shown in my face as I glanced around, for Nora favored me with a mischievous, inquiring smile.

"It's not very tidy, is it, man?"

"Not very," I agreed tactfully.

"That's how things are here. We're always in a mess." She added carelessly: "The whole property's condemned."

"Condemned?" The word had a sinister sound.

"Ordered to be pulled down. By the town council. If it doesn't fall down first."

"But what will you do then, Nora? When it's pulled down?"

"We'll just go bankrupt, I suppose, like we nearly did before."

Was she joking? No, apparently she was serious, yet she did not seem to mind a bit, and with complete unconcern was smiling at me again. I liked her smile, so full of a carefree ease that was beyond me. Indeed, although I had known my cousin only a few hours, I was inclined to like all of her, especially her thin, delicate, vivid face which, despite the bereavement in the family, was bright and full of fun. Her skin had a creamy color, her eyes were almost black with long, curling lashes, and her hair, which she kept tossing about, was a glossy black also. Although almost three years older than me, she was small, still about my height, and very skinny, with thin elbows and legs.

"That's Terry's dog. The Joker."

As though anxious to stir up our lagging conversation, she had resumed her air of cicerone, pointing to a long, lean, mouse-colored hound with melancholy eyes and a thin curved rat-like tail that silently materialised in an elongated manner from the recesses of the kennel, a dog of a species I had never seen before.

"Is it a mongrel?" I inquired.

"No. Don't you know a whippet when you see one? The Joker's a valuable animal that cost a mint of money. And has made a mint for Terry. You'll not beat Terry at the races, dog, horse, or man."

My expression of total incomprehension must have made her want to give me up. Yet although she shook her head she was not easily defeated. She chose, however, a simpler gambit.

"Well," she commented, breaking the silence, "they'll soon be back. But not Uncle Simon. He can't get out of his appointment with the Bish."

Not to be behind her, I nodded agreement, although I had not the faintest idea what she meant or who the Bish might be.

"Naturally the old Bish is against it," she went on, "but he'll have to give in. You understand it's a greater honor for Simon."

"Oh, yes," I lied. This little wretch seemed to have the inside track on everything. Only a fearful curiosity made me ask: "Who is the Bish, Nora?"

"The Bishop, man, old Mick Macauley in Winton. Don't you know that they want Simon back to teach at the college in Spain?"

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TRUDY

"Is my dreamboat putting on some more cargo?"

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RECKITTS HOUSEHOLD PRODUCTS

Cut Spring cleaning down to size!

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Useful hints

These household hints from readers win £1/1/- prize each.

STENCILS of birds and animals make a pleasing and novel decoration for children's party cakes. Ice cake with white icing, let it set, then place stencils in position on cake and sprinkle over the spaces with jelly crystals of different colors.—Mrs. Laureen Collins, Border St., Wallangarra, Qld.

★ ★ ★

To make a nice change with vegetables, cut up into small pieces carrots, pumpkins, beans, cabbage, cauliflower, silver beet, or whatever you have on hand (or onions or celery) and steam together. Reheat cooked, drained peas, mix it with the vegetables, and serve. — Mrs. Elaine P. Chapman, 4 Jungira St., Howrah, Tas.

★ ★ ★

Keep sewing machine bobbins tidy by threading them on a medium-sized meat skewer, and putting a cork on the sharp end. Each size can then be seen at a glance. —Mrs. C. Rudd, 158 Kareena Rd., Miranda, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

I painted an old window blind with several coats of blackboard paint and mounted it on the wall in our children's room. It makes an excellent scribble board and can be rolled up out of the way when not in use. — Mrs. C. Chadwick, P.O. Box 308, Wanganui, N.Z.

★ ★ ★

When sewing heavy fabrics, rub a piece of candle along the seams to make them easy to machine. — M. Cunningham, 167 Fernberg Rd., Bardle, Brisbane.

★ ★ ★

Carry a split key ring in your handbag when going shopping. It is very handy for holding several small parcels together. — Mrs. R. Daly, 47 Balcha St., Holland Park, Brisbane.

★ ★ ★

To prevent negatives becoming lost, store them behind the appropriate photographs in your album. First wrap negative in a single fold of transparent paper to prevent scratching, then insert in one of the corner pieces beneath the photo. — Mrs. F. Grotowski, Flat 4, 13 Lewisham Rd., Windsor S1, Vic.

★ ★ ★

Use a dry pad of steel wool to clean windows and mirrors. It gets all the marks off quite easily. — Mrs. G. Sheather, Upper Lansdowne, Manning River, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

Sprinkle peanuts into breakfast cereal and milk, for a more interesting and nutritious dish. Children love them and adults prefer "something to chew on." — Mrs. N. Wilson, 31 Chasely St., Auchenflower, Brisbane.

★ ★ ★

Place a colander over the pan when frying meat; it protects the stove and the holes allow the steam to escape.—Mrs. I. Nicholson, Springdale Rd., East Burwood, Vic.

★ ★ ★

Save small cans (such as 1lb. pea cans), cut out ends smoothly with rotary can-opener. Brush inside with melted butter, seal bottoms with aluminium foil, fill each with your favorite steamed pudding mix, and seal top with foil; steam as usual. The result is individual steamed puddings which can be served at once or stored in the freezer. — Mrs. J. K. Hayward, Wallaga St., Bermagui South, N.S.W.

COLLECTORS' CORNER

● Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, gives some interesting information about a vase and a bottle owned by readers.

I would appreciate any information you could give me about the period of a porcelain bottle or jar which is patterned in blue, yellow, and bronze flowers.—Mrs. E. J. Smith, Benalla, Vic.

Your bottle was made during the latter quarter of the 19th century. It bears a "factory" mark of a horn which is copied from the original Chantilly porcelain factory mark. The Chantilly factory was one of the earliest porcelain works established in France. Prince de Conde chose Chantilly as a place for the porcelain works in 1725. The original white tin glaze on soft-paste porcelain is exceedingly rare.

★ ★ ★

Could you tell me the origin and the age of my oriental vase?—Mrs. K. James, St. Arnaud, Vic.

The photograph of your vase (right) does not do it justice. However, I think this is a most attractive example of the first K'ang-hsi period, 1662-1723. It could be a 19th-century copy, but I could not say without examining it.

● *Oriental vase*

ASTOR'S GREAT NEWS FOR SPACE-CONSCIOUS HOUSEWIVES!

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THANKS TO DRAMATIC NEW ASTOR THIN-WALLED INSULATION WHICH INCREASES ROOM INSIDE REFRIGERATOR BY UP TO 15% YET STILL TAKES UP NO MORE SPACE THAN BEFORE . . .

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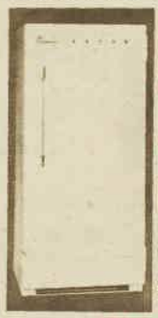

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"Although I am 76, I still lead a normal, active life," says Mrs. Muriel Tippet of 33 Waite St., Blackwood, S.A. *"All Bran for breakfast each morning keeps me really fit and lively!"*

"All-Bran helps me stay young"

A zest for life

Mrs. Tippet, although well into her 70's, has a real zest for life. She does her own housework and gardening (*including* the mowing!), enjoys getting out and about and meeting people, has the energy of a woman many years younger.

Mrs. Tippet knows about "bulk"

Is there a "secret" to her vitality? Well, Mrs. Tippet certainly takes care to eat properly. For instance, she knows that some "bulk" each day is necessary in order to avoid constipation — and that foods like meat, eggs, fish, milk and white bread contain almost no bulk at all.

"The NICE way"

Rich in a special kind of "bulk", All-Bran prevents constipation easily and naturally. It tastes pleasant too, with a nut-sweet crispness; sometimes Mrs. Tippet simply adds milk and sugar, other times she enjoys All-Bran in combination with fresh or stewed fruit. "It's such a *nice* way of keeping regular," she comments.

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A SONG OF SIXPENCE

Continued from page 63

I gazed at her in shocked dismay. So Uncle Simon would be leaving us, just when I had become so fond of him. And Mother had been counting on him, too.

"Uncle Leo will be coming back though," I said, after a pause, anxious not to lose the stabilising presence of this other uncle whom I had never seen until today.

"Oh, yes," she said indifferently. "Leo'll be back, he has to wait for his train. He's a queer one."

"What does he do, Nora?"

"He has a warehouse in Winton. Sells cloth wholesale. But Uncle Conor used to laugh and say that no one ever knew what Leo was up to."

Since the day before I had been in a highly agitated state and this unexpected reference to my father, alive and laughing, brought a sudden rush of tears to my eyes. She frowned at me protestingly.

"Here, don't start that again, just when I was beginning to take to you. Come on and I'll show you the hens."

GRASPING my arm she dragged me forcibly into the hen house, bent on distracting me at all costs.

"See, there they are. Chookey, chookey, chookey. We had a dozen but two died. That one's broody, I have to chase it off the nest. Get off, there, you old devil. And here's an egg, a brown one, too, we'll take it up and I'll boil it for your tea."

She held up the smooth, brown, slightly speckled egg enticingly. But it was no use. The startling change from daylight to the dim mysterious interior of the hen house, redolent of straw and other more acric odors, had increased my woe.

"Will you stop it, man, for the love of heaven."

Holding the egg, she pushed me against the wall of the hen house, and with one arm firmly round my neck and the other braced above me against the wall, she began to butt me hard with her head. The brush of her hair against my cheek, the warmth of her nearness, the determined encirclement of her arms, all this was strangely soothing. When, at last, rather short of breath, she paused, I felt a sharp regret that her restorative treatment had not continued longer. I had begun to smile wanly when suddenly I became conscious of a sticky coagulation on the top of my skull that was now running down the back of my neck.

"Oh, the egg's broke," she exclaimed. "Quick, give us your hanky. There now, never mind, never mind, it's a grand shampoo, nothing better for the hair."

What could I do but submit to her ministrations as she mopped me up.

"Anyway, that's knocked the water out of you," she declared, examining me critically. "But you could still do with a sup of something on the way up."

Docilely, I permitted her to lead me across the yard to the back door, then along a narrow passage into the saloon bar. While I gazed with a neophyte's wonder at the ivory beer pulls, the rows of bottles on the shelves, the sawdust thickly strewn on the floor, making round islands of the brass spittoons, she remarked: "Out of respect we're closed till the evening."

She advanced calmly to a small china barrel on the counter emblazoned with the words Ruby Port. Turning the little nickel tap she expertly drew off two full glasses of the wine.

"Here," she said. "Put this down. But don't tell. It'll stiffen you up."

I was now clay in her hands. While she sipped her portion, I "put mine down." Then I followed her up the back stairs to the parlor, a big room full of good but knocked-about furniture and, in its own way, almost as untidy as the yard.

As I entered, feeling perceptive and extremely light on my feet, Mother was busy helping Bernard's wife, whom I now knew as Aunt Teresa, to set the long mahogany table for tea. Mother's activity and resolved air of cheerfulness astounded me. True, she was much thinner, but when I returned from Port Cregan I had expected to find her prostrate with an inconsolable grief. I had failed to realise that, whatever reaction the future might bring, for the present she had no sorrow left. Worn out by months of nursing, knowing that my father must die, she could only feel relief to see his suffering end.

"How nice your breath smells, dearest," she said, kissing me. She had kissed me a great deal since my return. "Have you been sucking sweets?"

"No, Mother," I said virtuously.

At that moment Aunt Teresa wandered in with a platter on which lay a huge red boiled ham.

"Didn't I hear the cab?" she said, smiling and nodding to me. "If so, we may as well dish up."

Nora's mother was a gentle, wavering little woman who seemed wrapped in an air of abstracted wonder.

"There they are now," Nora confirmed. "On the stairs."

Almost as she spoke the door opened and my two uncles entered. Bernard came first, a heavy, round-shouldered, flabby figure, half bald, with a full, sagging face and pouches under his eyes which, although he could not have been more than forty-five, make him look much older. Since already I had observed

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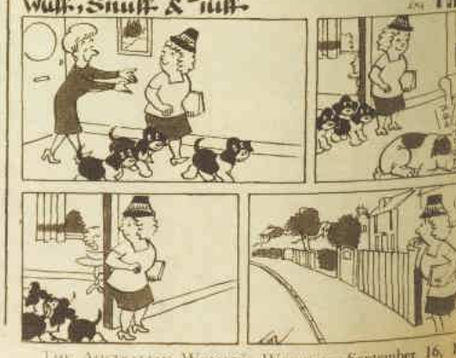
FOR THE CHILDREN



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MAKE YOUR OWN GARDENING BOOK

THE BEAUTY OF ROCKWORK

THIS ROCK path has a romantic destination, a seat with an outdoor table, set beside a pool.

● Rockwork, with its mellowed warmth of coloring, provides the perfect combination with flowers and trees and green-lawned gardens.

AN artistic owner of even the smallest suburban plot plans for paths, paved terrace, or maybe seats and sheltering walls.

Imagination coupled with ingenuity enables the do-it-yourself enthusiast to create long-lasting rocky beauty in place of the once drab necessity of cold, hard concrete.

As rocks vary widely in color and composition, so their uses vary. But almost any kind may be used to good effect in a garden if they are not haphazardly mixed.

Where light-toned flat rocks are used for crazy paving or seats, black pointing is most effective. The color is mixed in with the cement mortar, but black is messy if not carefully applied to the final pointing.

Dark blue-grey or brown rocks look best pointed in white, pale green, or yellow, these opposite colors making the rocky pattern more vivid.

A few tips for any rockwork job:

Use sharp, coarse sand for the mortar mixture, with a strength of about three parts of sand to one of cement. Tiny stones among the sand lessen the danger of shrinkage in the mortared crevices, but they must be very small.

The mixture should be reasonably stiff. Too wet a mortar is hard to work with, and sometimes causes shrinkage and cracks later on. For crazy paving it is a good idea to lay one or two inches of concrete on the site first, then place the large paving rocks, getting them level by means of sand placed beneath them. Now mortar the crevices and put the smaller paving rocks in last.

Spirits of salt rubbed on the rock faces later on will bring up the colors and clear them of spilt mortar — but use gloves for the job.

A low stone wall ending in a planter and seats, paved flights of steps, and rock terraces colorfully planted, are all delightful ideas which any handyman might like to try in his own garden.

— ROSALINE REDWOOD

Gardening Book, Vol. 2 — page 71

UPRIGHT rocks flank a rock seat of crazy pattern, providing a miniature wall. The front base of the seat slopes back for foot freedom. Note decorative pattern in pavement.

Gardening Book, Vol. 2 — page 72

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A CREATION FROM THE HOUSE OF JENYNS

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A SONG OF SIXPENCE

Continued from page 66

in him an emotionalism so acute that he seemed unable to contain it, I was not surprised to see his black-bordered handkerchief still in his hand as he approached my mother and laid a consoling arm upon her shoulders.

"My poor girl, the hand of the Lord has been laid upon us. But you must be brave, it's over now, he's at rest under the sod with his own kith and kin and we can only bow our heads to the will of the Almighty. But I tell you, it fair broke my heart as they lowered him down, Conor, my own brother, so young and well favored with most of his days and his future before him.

"And to leave you and the boy, ah, that must have been the bitterest cut of all. But I'll see that you don't want, neither of the two of you. I swore it at the grave and by your leave I'll swear it again. Now dear you must keep your strength up, so sit down and we'll have a bite. When we've had our tea we'll go into everything and see what's to be done for you."

Bernard's affirmation, delivered almost in one breath with lyrical intensity, and which my mother listened to with averted head, touched me deeply. I glanced expectantly at Uncle Leo, but to my surprise and disappointment he remained silent.

This uncle, a few years younger than Bernard, was tall and extremely thin, with a long pale clean-shaven expressionless face, topped by a plastering of smooth black hair.

Unlike the others he gave no evidence of mourning, being dressed in a plain navy-blue suit, so tight fitting and shiny with use that he seemed to have grown into it. While Bernard was speaking his features remained completely blank except for a slight, yet most peculiar twitching of the corners of his lips which, but for the fact that his personality seemed so reserved, repressed and distant, might have been the vestige of a sarcastic smile.

At this moment my cousin Terence came bustling in, looking smarter, more handsome than ever, quite a man of the world in fact, and when Bernard had said grace we all sat down.

THE lavishness of the repast provided me with a further indication of Bernard's generosity, all the more commendable in the face of his own financial difficulties. Mother had not much appetite nor, indeed, had I.

The ruby port was taking its toll and my head felt as if it were stuffed with cotton wool, an extraordinary yet not unpleasant aerial sensation that made me forget my earlier miseries.

Most curious of all, however, were the table manners and gastronomic proclivities of Uncle Leo, who at the outset of the feast had resolutely reversed his plate to preclude all possibility of the funeral meats being placed upon it and, avoiding like the plague Aunt Teresa's steaming dishes, contented himself with a glass of milk, a plain wheaten scone, masticated with extreme thoroughness, and four tablets taken from a little bottle which he extracted from his waistcoat pocket.

"And now, my dear Grace," Bernard gazed at Mother with admiring sympathy, "if it's agreeable to you, should we have our little family chat about your future? From what I can gather, our poor Con didn't leave you with too much of the ready — if I may put it that way without offence."

To be continued

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RENDEZVOUS WITH A MEMORY

Continued from page 27

There was a moment's awkward silence. George knocked his pipe out on the heavy brick wall of the terrace, then said quietly, "It's a tremendous, demanding job! A man's heart would have to be in it."

"You know, George," Ken said, a quizzical look on his face, "I never did figure out why the old man passed you up to give me . . ."

"You and Ethel have a home in the country, too," Lorraine's cool, well-modulated voice cut in on her husband's. "What sort of place is it?"

"Oh, ours is just a big old wreck of a place needing a thousand and one repairs," George offered, smiling at Lorraine. Ethel drew in her breath sharply. Was that the way George saw their home? Painfully she thought of the lovely weathered shingle, the springtime fruit trees laden with blossoms, their children . . .

His answer drew a small round "Oh!" from Lorraine. Ethel, seeing the delicate arch of her brow, felt a small knot of anger gather in her stomach. What right had Lorraine to patronise them?

Her anger persisted through another round of cocktails and all through dinner.

When they were on their dessert and coffee, Lorraine, abruptly putting down her spoon, said, "Tell me, George, are you still working in that little cubby-hole doing exactly the same thing you were doing five years ago?"

Ethel was stunned. She had given Lorraine credit for having more tact. Wasn't it enough, she thought bitterly, remembering the day she had watched George, his teeth clenched on his pipe, reading the notice of Ken's appointment; wasn't it enough that he had lost the prized position to Ken? Must Lorraine rub it in?

It was inevitable that she should have married Ken shortly after; Ethel could not picture her married to a lowly chemist.

Now, looking at the sensitive face of the man she had married, Ethel saw the muscles in his cheek tighten. But he answered blandly enough with just the right touch of irony. "No, I've been promoted to a larger cubby-hole, doing the same work but more of it."

"Really?" Lorraine's eyebrows lifted again. "Are you satisfied there? Ken would be glad to speak to Dad for you if you like . . ."

WHAT are we doing here? Ethel thought wildly as she scrambled through her mind for something to say. Why is she baiting him? Her eyes lighted on the centrepiece.

"The flowers are lovely, are they from your garden?" She stared at Lorraine, a smile on her lips, but poison in her eyes.

Later, in the living-room, Lorraine changed her tactics, becoming again the enchantress, her allure directed solely at George . . . of course!

The woman is mad, Ethel decided, watching Lorraine's sultry eyes holding George's as he bent to light her cigarette. George was responding readily, letting his eyes linger on hers.

Breaking the spell, Lorraine called to Ken, who was at the bar, to come and join them. He ignored her, and a bitter little line etched itself around the corners of her mouth. But she shrugged and started the "do you remember" game with George, who played it well, taking his cues promptly, responding with gallantry.

"And George, do you remember the evening we ran out of petrol on that little country lane?" Her laughter trilled deliciously at the remembrance. "Really, how corny can you get?" She arched her brows coyly at him. Ethel ground her teeth silently.

"It always works," George said, smirking back at her.

Ethel struggled through the evening. At exactly the correct time for departure she rose. "We really must be going," she said, trying to conceal her relief.

At the door Ken joined them, clapping George heartily on the back. "Come again, soon, old man," he said.

Lorraine, however, the formalities with Ethel over, lifted her lips to George. "For old times' sake, George," she said softly, and waited.

Ethel turned away as George bent to oblige, the tinkle of Lorraine's laughter following her down the walk . . .

Smouldering in her corner of the car on the way home, she suddenly spoke out loud. "I still don't see why she invited us there at all."

"I thought it was quite obvious," George said. "She wanted to flaunt before me all I had lost."

"But why?" Ethel persisted, puzzled.

George chuckled softly in the darkness. "Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned."

"What did you say?" Ethel sat up, startled.

"The funny part of it is," he went on in a reflective voice, "I really thought I had given up a job that was tailor-made for me." He chuckled softly again. "I'll never forget Jordan's face that day when I told him I didn't want to marry his daughter, that I preferred to pick my own wife, thank you.

"I knew I had thrown away my chances, still . . ." he mused, "I was bitter when I saw the announcement. I was half-hoping he would have me anyway . . .

"But you know, Ethel, I like my work. It's important, and useful. Working there in the lab. I'm my own boss, free to follow up my own experiments. Know what I mean? I do hope that I have made things clear for you and that you understand what this is all about."

Ethel nodded silently in the dark, not trusting herself to say anything. Every word that George utered was filled with a wealth of meaning for her and she realised this was certainly not the time for her to speak.

"I just couldn't be happy living that way," he finished a little vaguely.

But Ethel understood. Suddenly she understood a lot of things.

"George," she said, "you were never in love with Lorraine, were you?"

"In love with Lorraine!" George snorted. "Glory! All that silly make-believe flirting of hers . . . I like my women real!" He grinned over at her.

Ethel looked straight ahead, her eyes fixed on the white lines tacking down the middle of the black motorway, a warm glow spreading around the region of her heart.

She thought of their large sprawling house, its leaky taps, the never-ending repairs, and of the children and laughter and warmth they had filled it with . . .

"To think," she breathed, turning to look at her husband, "I didn't want to go!"

And George's hand left the wheel for an instant to grope for hers in the darkness.

(c) Dorothy Williams 1964.

FROM THE BIBLE

● ***"If we walk in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin."***

I John 1:7.

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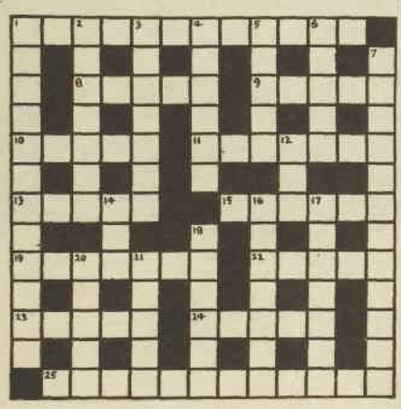
MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

QORK, the giant space castaway, moves to catch the runaway meteorite and prevent it from crashing on to Earth. What will happen to Mandrake, on Qork's hand? NOW READ ON . . .

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD



ACROSS

1. This is certainly not a saving grace (12).
8. British Indian gold coin worth 15 rupees (5).
9. Thin soup with inside decay (5).
10. Nearly a turn (5).
11. Straggler with a ray in broken rest (7).
13. Taxes (5).
15. In due time becomes a cat (6).
19. Clot obstructing a blood vessel (7).
22. A vegetable organism (5).
23. Voice of a late Norseman (5).
24. A metrical stress which finishes us (5).
25. A devil and a little saint scolds and makes manifest (12).

Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

1. These delight in a high degree (12).
2. Act in a trifling manner (7).
3. A trusty friend (7).
4. Bring to a standstill and have rest at the end (6).
5. Yellowish fossil resin (5).
6. No cry for an old friend (5).
7. Test no choirs without good warnings (5, 7).
12. Practical skill of a rat (3).
14. The Lion (3).
16. Pure Tim (anagr., 7).
17. Passage of a heavenly body over the meridian of a place (7).
18. Savory meat jellies, the top of which killed Cleopatra (6).
20. A slangy spree with gin inside (5).
21. Broad and slow (5).

Solution of last week's crossword.

OH, NO! IT COULDN'T BE TRUE!

'Practically every man in an office has had, is having, or could have an affair at some time in his life. Single girls are equally good candidates.'

...That's what the zany HELEN GURLEY BROWN says in her outrageous new book 'SEX and THE OFFICE.' Hair-raising serialisation starts this week in ...

Everybody's 1/6

OUT TOMORROW (NEXT WEEK IN WESTERN AUSTRALIA)

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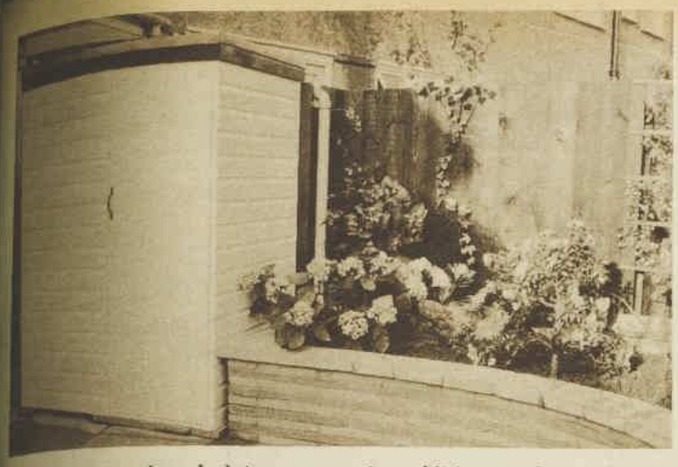


COMPACT wooden shed is an attractive addition to the garden.

FOR THE HANDYMAN

Garden shed is easy to build

CONSTRUCTION of this attractive garden shed can be simplified by having all the wood cut accurately to size by the timber merchant. This, of course, adds a little to the total cost, but it is more than compensated for by a saving in time and the better job that results, because all the ends of the timber pieces are cut perfectly square.

Begin by nailing together the simple 2in. x 1in. framework. If your shed is to be much larger than the one shown above, it is wise to fix angle brackets to the corners to give the frame additional strength.

Then nail the weatherboards in place. Cover the exposed ends at the angles with strips of ¾in. sq. timber — tack these in place or glue them with a waterproof glue.

Mitre the edges of the 6in. x 1in. timber to obtain a better appearance at the corners. To get a neater line to the front of the roof, the front piece of 6in. x 1in. timber is recessed as shown in the elevation sketch.

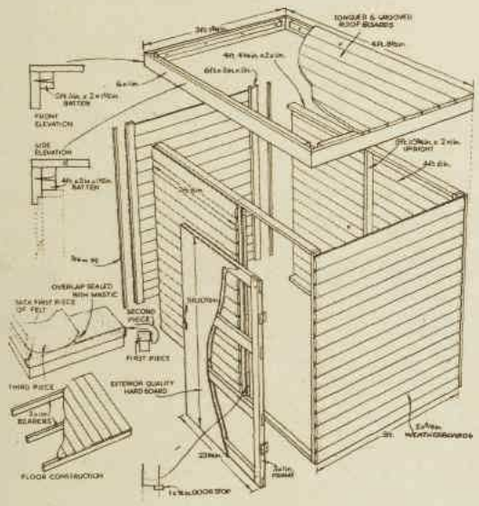
To fit the roof, simply slide it over the top of the shed so the front and back roof battens rest on top of the shed frame. Then nail on tongued-and-grooved boarding and cover with roof felting as shown.

At this stage, the door is made and fitted.

A floor is an optional extra, and should be made so the shed rests on it. If there is to be no floor, the shed should be raised slightly above the terrace by slipping blocks of wood underneath.

Treat the lower timbers of both the shed and the floor —if one is used — with a wood-preserving oil.

If this precaution is not taken the bottom of the shed and the floor will quickly rot.



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BEATNIK

"Let's play it cool, man, and watch the show!"

ROUND ROBIN

IT'S CARPET BEATLE-MANIA!

BEFORE you can cut a rug over The Beatles in Washington State, U.S., you have to call in the fumigators!

Dancers need not despair, however. The rule applied to a Seattle department store that planned to cut up a rug from The Beatles' hotel room and sell the pieces to fans.

The State Health Department ordered the store to fumigate the rug before selling the souvenirs.

Beatle fans will be angry to know that there's an implication that their idols could have picked up some foreign matter.

Even the Rolling Stones gather no moss.

Perhaps the health men are trying to get in on the act.

Imagine a group in white coats singing "Roll Over Bach(teria)."

I wonder what the health department would do to the Animals' carpet?

Sheep-dip it?

Billy Thorpe and The Aztecs would soon get their rug into trouble. "Poison Ivy" is very catching.

Actually, it is doubtful whether a fan of The Beatles, or any other top group, would object to being exposed to their idols' germs.

Fans get singers under their skins, anyway.

And, for that matter, people like Beatles can always manage to get in the hair of, and "bug," some people.

Still, the health check proves one thing — in the pop-music business there's still broom at the top!

I ALSO see that it was a dark day, literally, for redheads at the Miss Great Britain bathing-beauty contest recently.

Redhead won—but so did brunette! Crazy? Not really.

You see, the winner — Carole Redhead — was a brunette.

Even a redhead who came third was named Maureen BROWN!

— Robin Adair

Beauty in Brief:

TRIM YOUR FIGURE . . .

WHAT does exercise do for you? Simply, it pares off inches by tightening muscles and firming flesh, stirs up sluggish circulation, and burns up excess starches.

If you are out of condition and need to banish surplus inches of flesh with exercise, don't, whatever you do, exhaust yourself right at the start by vigorous bending and stretching.

Instead, pick out a couple of good exercises and do each one about five times a day to start with; in less than a week you'll find you are able to increase the number with perfect comfort and ease.

Slim hips by rolling on the floor. Stretch arms about your head in a line with your body, then roll first on to one side, then on to the other.

Whittle heavy thighs by running on one spot with knees lifted high. Or practise high-kicking. Persevere with one or both of these and the flabby flesh that causes ugly bulges will be broken down.

Trim your waist by toe-touching, and tone tummy muscles by lying on the floor and slowly raising yourself to a sitting position without assistance from your arms.

— CAROLYN EARLE

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GET IN THE SWIM!

AUSTRALIAN CRAWL

● THE SWIM is the latest teen-age dance craze in America.

IT'S danced to surf-sound or any other fast-moving pop tunes and the idea is to just swim along with the music.

Special swim records, such as Bobby Freeman's "C'mon and Swim," are topping the hit parades in the U.S. and The Swim will be a splash-hit in a new movie, "Sylvia," starring Carroll Baker and George Maharis.

We asked Billy Thorpe, leader of The Aztecs, and pretty Robyn Hughes, Miss Teenage 1964, to swim along for you to see how it's done.

In The Swim your feet don't move much, but knees are bent and hips keep a twisting time to a 4/4-beat. Let your arms go swimming in time to the music in fairly slow, jerky strokes.

There's no set order in which to do the strokes; though, of course, the Lifesaver makes the best final step.

The variations are:

THE AUSTRALIAN CRAWL: Main step in which dancers do an overarm stroke toward each other and around partner's body.

THE SPLASH: Partners hold their noses and pretend to jump into the water.

BREASTSTROKE: Throwing heads back, the swimmers breaststroke toward each other, completing full arm movements of the stroke as many times as they want.

BACKSTROKE: Billy and Robyn do the backstroke in tandem, stroking backwards together (top picture at right) or stroking away from each other (picture below that).

THE DOG PADDLE: Arms are held in tightly to body and with palm stretched partners pretend to dog paddle.

THE DUNK: Robyn leans over as if to duck Billy under the water.

THE LIFESAVER: Fun step at the finish is a "kiss-of-life," adapted from the mouth-to-mouth resuscitation method.

BACKSTROKE (in tandem)

THE SPLASH

BACKSTROKE (facing)

THE DOG PADDLE

Above: BREASTSTROKE

Left: THE DUNK

Right: THE LIFESAVER

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Letters

Letters must be signed, and preference is given to writers who do not use a pen-name. Send them to Teenagers' Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney. We pay £1/1/- for each letter used.

Needled by needlework criticism

I AM in fourth year at high school, and among the six subjects I am doing for the Leaving are needlework and home economics. Most people seem to have the wrong idea about these subjects.

Parents take the view that they can be learned at home, therefore a waste of time at school. Others believe that they are subjects only taken by lower-grade classes.

Needlework and home economics are just as involved as any other subjects. For instance, needlework does not consist of merely making a dress. For my Leaving, I will have to make a baby's frock, an after-five dress, a casual frock, and do a piece of fancywork. In addition to this we have to learn two books of theory and be accomplished at drafting.

In fourth and fifth year, home economics becomes complicated and scientific. Compared with French and Latin — I took both these subjects in my first three years — I would say that needlework and home economics are JUST as difficult. — *Judy Thom, Newcastle, N.S.W.*

Race puzzle

AFTER living in New Guinea for three years and attending an inter-racial school, I find it difficult to comprehend the troubles in America.

One factor that comes to mind is that America is a highly cultured country. New Guinea, on the other hand, is a comparatively newly civilised country, just finding its feet.

Therefore it has a more realistic and understanding outlook.—*Josephine Maher, Geraldton, W.A.*

For the birds!

WE have had two pairs of budgies, and two, a very devoted couple, were named Romeo and Juliet. Later we were given another pair, who were just the opposite. The poor old husband had a very bossy little wife—so we called them Punch and Judy! — *"Matchmaker," Lindisfarne, Tas.*

Wrong year

I SHOULD like to see American Field Service Scholarships given to boys and girls in fourth year rather than at the end of fifth year, as is now the case. Many parents are opposed to their children accepting these scholarships at the end of their school life, considering it puts them back a full year in their future training.

In America, the visiting Australian scholar goes to school, repeating, to a large extent, work he has already done. When he returns to Australia his friends and classmates are already a full year ahead.

An alternative to selection of students in fourth year would be for Australian scholarship holders to enrol at American universities instead of schools.

Completion of a first-year course over there could count as one done here, and on their return they could go straight into their second year.—*"Horizons," Sydney.*

Hare-raising

RECENTLY I was godmother to a friend's baby. After the service I handed the baby over to my fiance, and was rather surprised to find that he handled the baby correctly.

When I commented on this, he replied casually: "Well, I'm used to handling rabbits, and there's not much difference." — *Margaret Cameron, Fairlight, N.S.W.*

Hey, steady!

TEENAGERS who go steady at an early age probably don't know that they are doing so just as a substitute for knowing how to make the most of being alive.

There are so many wonderful things to do, so many interesting people to meet, and only a few all-too-short years to do it in. But if you don't have plenty of outside interests, boredom and loneliness set in.

The most interesting and alive people I know are those who are not tied to one person, and lead a full and varied life. When you go steady and don't have any real experience, you find your world is small, and you are likely to feel later in life that you were cheated out of the most wonderful years because a "steady" has limited you from doing all the things that can be done only when young.

Going steady has crashed in on the teen years, and it would be a good idea if we let it go back where it belongs — for when you're in the twenties. — *Rosemarrie Jones, Daglish, W.A.*

TEENAGE—GOOD OR BAD?

● *When she said there seemed to be some sort of stigma attached to being aged between 13 and 19, Jill Scott (T.W., 27/5/64) sparked off a general correspondence on what it's like to be a teenager . . .*

AT a recent conference of an Australia - wide group, it was suggested that the word "teenager" be dropped from our vocabulary. These people considered that the word was partly responsible for the behaviour of some young people.

Apparently they said that when boys or girls reach teenage, they thought they had licence to behave in any way they saw fit. This caused much juvenile delinquency and teenage trouble. Surely this is complete rubbish!

The word "teenager" has something significant about it and applies to a big section of our community, and many thousands of young people are proud to call themselves teenagers. — *Brett Allan, Darlington, W.A.*

READERS REPLY

YOUR teen years are the most important in your life. It is a time for you to decide what to do with the rest of your life, and what career to follow. You are leaving a child's carefree existence to take on responsibilities. You will no longer be regarded as just a child, you are on the step of adulthood.

Admittedly, it is one of the most difficult phases in anyone's life, but it must be accepted as one of the most important, bridging the period between childhood and adulthood.

I urge you to make the most of your teen years. You will be surprised how happy you can be. — *"Denna," Geebung, Qld.*

OVER and over again I have read severe criticism by adults on the subject of today's teenagers.

I admit there's a handful who deserve to come under fire, but what about the rest of us—do we have to take it, too? I know we're not perfect, but neither are we as bad as adults make out.

Just because we dare to be different and enjoy surfing, modern dances, and show enthusiasm for groups such as the fabulous Beatles, we're looked upon as stupid, confused adolescents.

Perhaps one day I'll look upon teenagers as today's adults do, but meanwhile I'm glad I'm a teenager and wouldn't give up my teen years for anything. There's nothing wrong with us, we're just full of life! — *"Teenager and Proud Of It," The Entrance, N.S.W.*

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE:

● **They've been bitterly attacked by parents — and hailed by teenagers as successors to (even bigger than) The Beatles. They're the Rolling Stones. Next issue, see a big color pin-up of them and read a special long story that tells all about their rapid rise to fame.**

ICE-BREAKER CONTEST RESULTS

● **Here are the prizewinners in our £250 Date Ice-Breaker Contest. Winners will receive their prizes by mail.**

1st PRIZE —£100:

● PAULINE J. ROSS (17), 48 Hannah Street, Beecroft, N.S.W.

LAST January, an old boyfriend of mine with whom I had corresponded for two years came down from the country for a month's holiday in Sydney. He rang me up and asked me to a party. I accepted the invitation.

Two nights later we were staring in amazement at each other over my front doorstep. He had grown into a young man, and I — although I failed to realise it at the time — had correspondingly abandoned the inevitable pigtails and giggles of a schoolgirl.

We were completely tongue-tied. Everything one talks about on a first date had been exhausted in our letters. My valiant efforts at conversation were met by monosyllables. He did not like me — of that much I was sure.

By the time we had reached our destination the silence between us was even more strained than before and the night seemed doomed to dismal failure. Then my friend spoke.

"I don't know about you," he said, "but I am horribly bored."

A flash of insight struck me. Slipping my hand gently into his, I said:

"No you are not. You are just horribly shy — as I am."

He stared at me in surprise, then smiled. I smiled back, and the warmth of our smiles melted the chill around our hearts. The ice was broken. My words had established an understanding between us — an understanding of each other's shyness at the new adulthood in the other. A new and ever-deepening friendship began.

2nd PRIZE —£50:

● MRS. MARIE L. JOHNSON (18), 6 Rochester Terrace, Kelvin Grove, Brisbane.

I HAD been working in a service station for a year when at last HE asked me out. I was in seventh heaven and I had to tell someone about it.

I decided to tell my girlfriend—whose brother, by the way, was a friend of Tony's (my aspiring beau).

I was terribly upset when I heard from my friend and her brother that my Tony, though a nice boy at heart, was awfully fresh and inclined to be a bit wild.

I thought it over and decided to give the boy a chance and go out with him. He had always been very mannerly and respectful toward me in the past.

Saturday night . . . a new dress . . . introductions — and at last I was in the car alone with him. Usually I could break the ice quite easily when out with a boy for the first time, but now I was sitting there petrified.

We both sat there like dummies until at last I found my tongue — only to wish it had stayed lost. For I blurted out: "Are you REALLY a masher?"

Well! There was a shocked silence for a couple of minutes. Then he started to laugh — and I, too, saw the funny side and laughed with him.

After this we couldn't possibly be nervous with each other and I had a wonderful night getting to know what a nice boy he really was.

By the way, he was so nice I married him 18 months later!

3rd PRIZE —£25:

● JEAN WILLETT (19), 1 Gary Avenue, Moorabbin, Vic.

MY "ice-breaking" situation occurred in the early initiating stages of my social life.

I was 16, inexperienced, and attending my first ball with a "blind" date. I had not met the boy before this night so I spent most of the day wishing and hoping — and very nervously waiting.

I was ready at 8 p.m. for my date to arrive at 8.30 p.m. The door-bell rang at the correct time and I apprehensively opened the door — to find myself facing a tie-bar.

My date was a giant! He was over 6ft., but looked 7ft. to my 5ft.-nothing.

On the spur of the moment I jumped on to a stool near the door and greeted my date face-to-face. He was so surprised that he started to laugh, and I joined in.

We had a wonderful night — and as well as making a firm friend I also cured my inferiority complex about tall partners.

● **Now try your luck in our Road Safety contest. There's a new car each for the winning boy and girl. Rules and entry form are on the opposite page.**

FIVE £10 PRIZES:

- PETER LIVINGSTON (17), 63 Clements Street, Five Dock, N.S.W.
- NGAIRE SUSHAMES (17), 3 Park Street, Parklands, Burnie, Tas.
- ROBYN HIDE (18), 8 Barton Street, Concord, N.S.W.
- PETER LAWLESS (16), 7 Brady Street, Mt. Hawthorn, Perth.
- DAWN SMITH (18), c/o Post Office, Mount Barker, S.A.

FIVE £5 PRIZES:

- JENNY SANDERS (16), 16 Cameron Crescent, Ryde, N.S.W.
- MISS ILONA DOMJEN (18), 5 Newton Parade, Forestville, N.S.W.
- JENNIFER V. RAVEN (18), 47 Ryde Road, Hunters Hill, N.S.W.
- JENNIFER KEMPTON (15), Montpelier Drive, Highton, Geelong, Vic.
- JOY V. GASSMAN (19), 39 Charlotte Street, Leichhardt, N.S.W.

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BANDSTAND

● Not so long ago on "Bandstand" I mentioned a number of artists who seem to have faded away. I mentioned, among them, The Everly Brothers, Neil Sedaka, even Connie Francis.

BUT after studying the new Disc Jockey Poll from America I realise that what I was saying often applied only to Australia.

Although Connie is by no means as big as she used to be here, she has emerged for the sixth consecutive year as the Most Programmed Female Vocalist in America.

I feel a similar poll conducted here would make Brenda Lee the winner. She certainly has had more hits during the past year.

There may be a feeling here that **Frank Sinatra** is old hat, but he has been the Most Programmed Male Vocalist in the U.S. for the eighth consecutive year. (Admittedly, in 1962 he tied with **Elvis Presley.**)

This annual poll is a guide to the lasting popularity of artists.

It will come as no surprise to you, I'm sure, to learn that **The Beatles** were the Most Programmed Vocal Group, had the Most Programmed Record of 1964 with "I Want To Hold Your Hand," and the Most Programmed Album, "Meet The Beatles."

In closing, let's look at the Most Promising Male and Female Vocalists. **Jack Jones** (recently in Australia and on "Bandstand") won the male award for the third year in succession, and one of our favorites (and a performer I have written about before) takes out the girl award—**Barbra Streisand.**

The American poll may not appear to have a great bearing on our listening habits and tastes, but it is interesting to see the progress made by overseas stars and to have an indication of the future of many new artists.

CONNIE FRANCIS

TOP ALBUMS

"PETER, Paul and Mary in Concert" (Warner Brothers) is being rush-released, as phenomenal sales are expected for this two-album package.

Material on the albums is culled from a variety of concerts, mainly in California, and includes songs and routines familiar to those lucky enough to catch their Australian performances.

For folk fans these two superb albums are a must.

★ ★ ★

"SPECIAL DELIVERY" is an RCA Camden stereo album featuring **Bobby Bare, Joey Powers,** and **Roy Orbison.**

It's a country-and-western album, has excellent recording quality, but is mainly for C and W fans.

Choice tracks include Bobby Bare's "Above and Beyond," Joey Powers' "What Will Mary Say?", and Roy Orbison's "Jolie."

★ ★ ★

FESTIVAL have released a new **Ray Charles** album, "Have A Smile With Me" (Ampar), to coincide with his Australian tour.

It's a good Charles album, a blend of the old Charles with the new.

The Raelets are also featured on the disc and there's a refreshing change of pace from the sad ballads Charles usually sings.

Good tracks given the Charles treatment are: "Ma (She's Making Eyes At Me)", "Feudin' and Fightin'," and "The Naughty Lady of Shady Lane."

"BANDSTAND" can be seen on Saturday evenings from TCN9 (Sydney); QTQ9 (Brisbane); TVW7 (Perth); TVT6 (Hobart); CTC7 (Canberra); on Sunday evenings from GTV9 (Melbourne); NWS9 (Adelaide).

"INSTANT" RECORDS

THIS might go well in Australia:

The Americans have developed a new "juke box" with a twist.

If you want to buy any of the records from a selection of 250, you drop two quarters (just over four shillings) into the machine, which presses the disc and coughs it up on the spot!

A special "stamper" presses the number on to a blank disc which is made of a special plastic substance.

The quality of the disc is reported to be up to the standard of records sold in the conventional way.

But as the plastic substance is quite soft, the playing life of the disc couldn't be very long.

But it would probably outlive the popularity of that particular song!

PAUL STOOKEY, of Peter, Paul, and Mary.

FILM FLASHES

ELVIS is making a new picture, set on a dude ranch, called "Tickle Me."

Frank Sinatra will make an appearance in "The Go-Go Set," which has daughter **Nancy Sands** as one of the leads and also features the English group **The Animals.**

And speaking of Frank Sinatra—he plans to direct his new film, "Community Property," in which he co-stars with **Ann-Margret.**

ANIMALS' TOUR

THE ANIMALS will make a second tour of America, giving concerts and appearing on topline TV shows. They have won a gold disc for their "House of the Rising Sun," which they are following up with "I'm Crying," written by two members of the group.

Brian Henderson

THE CLASSICS

BRAHMS: Orchestral works

TWO recent records present the Philharmonia Orchestra of London in works by Brahms—under different conductors and different labels.

One of them is conducted by Josef Krips, under the H.M.V. label; it offers three of Brahms' shorter orchestral pieces — The "St. Anthony" Variations, Academic Festival Overture, and Tragic Overture.

The other, under Carlo Maria Giulini, is a Columbia release; it has the Third Symphony and the Tragic Overture.

In both cases the orchestral playing is splendid. Under Krips it is warm and sensuous and beautifully finished; the Italian Giulini is a little more fiery and dramatic.

Either record gives a good view of the range of Brahms' orchestral style: the outer movements of the symphony and the Tragic Overture are passionate and dramatic; the inner movements of the symphony are lyrical, whimsical, the Festival Overture is tuneful and good-humored; the variations pass through a number of moods.

The variations are based on a tune from a little-known work of Haydn — a tune that Haydn called "St. Anthony Chorale." It is now thought probable that Haydn himself borrowed the theme and Brahms' work is usually called "St. Anthony" Variations—though it bears its old title of Variations on a Theme by Haydn on the cover of this disc.

—MARTIN LONG.

ANOTHER CHANCE FOR YOU TO WIN TWO CARS

● Here's your chance if you haven't yet entered (or want to enter again) our road safety contest, offering as prizes two brand-new Volkswagen sedans — one each (worth £1125) for the winning boy and girl.

READ the rules shown below and, if you are eligible, sit down with a pencil and several sheets of paper.

Read the 30 suggestions for improved road safety carefully and then work out in which order of importance you think they should go.

For instance, if you think the compulsory wearing of seat belts would do more than any of the others to cut the road toll, then that is your number one choice. You might think that more road safety instruction in schools is the next most important. Then that would be number two. And so on.

When you are sure of your selection cut out the entry form and number the suggestions in order of importance, from one to 30, in the squares provided. You must place a number in each square.

You can put in as many entries as you like—as long as each entry is on our entry form.

Before you post your entry (all must be received in Sydney on or before October 6, 1964) read the rules again and check that your entry is correct and that you haven't forgotten to include your name, age, and address. It would be a pity if your otherwise good entry were disqualified for an oversight.

Don't forget, either, to complete the sentence "I resolve . . ." (in no more than 12 words altogether). In case there are two or more winners with otherwise identical entries, the best personal resolution would provide a winner.

The best order of suggestions submitted by a boy will win him a car, and the best order submitted by a girl will win her a car.

A panel of experts from the Australian Road Safety Council will be the judges.

CONTEST RULES

1. **WHAT TO DO.** On the entry form (below) indicate, in your opinion, in order of importance the 30 suggestions for improved road safety. In the event of a tie between two or more boys or of a tie between two or more girls the prize will go to the entry including the best resolution for road safety expressed in no more than 12 words (the total to include the words "I resolve"). Send as many entries as you like, but each entry must be on a published entry form.
2. **CLOSING DATE.** Contest closes on October 6, 1964.
3. **WHO CAN ENTER.** This contest is open to males and females who have not turned 25 on or before October 6, 1964, and who, on or before October 6, are old enough to hold car drivers' licences in the State in which they live.

Employees of Australian Consolidated Press Ltd., its associated companies, the Commonwealth Department of Shipping and Transport, and members and staff of the Australian Road Safety Council and the State and Territorial Road Safety Councils are not eligible to enter this contest, nor are their husbands, wives, parents, children, brothers, or sisters.

● This contest is governed by the rules published in our issue of September 9.

YOUR ENTRY FORM

Read the rules carefully — then number the 30 suggestions for improved road safety in the order which you consider most important. (You must place a number in each square.) Complete the personal road safety resolution.

- ☐ Establishment of more training centres for learner drivers.
- ☐ Stricter control of pedestrians.
- ☐ All vehicles to stop before moving on to a level crossing.
- ☐ Greater use of "horror" in road safety education campaigns.
- ☐ More built-in safety features in new cars, such as padded dashboards, safer door locks, and collapsible steering columns.
- ☐ Uniform road signs and markings throughout Australia.
- ☐ More road safety instruction in schools.
- ☐ Cancel licences for serious offences such as drunken driving, excessive speed, and dangerous driving.
- ☐ Probationary licences for new drivers.
- ☐ Uniform, easy-to-understand traffic laws.
- ☐ All new cars to be fitted with seat belts.
- ☐ Maximum speed limit of 40 m.p.h. for newly licensed drivers (for first year).
- ☐ More traffic police.
- ☐ Compulsory annual inspection of all motor vehicles at Government testing stations.
- ☐ Greater use of Press, radio and TV for road safety education for young people.
- ☐ Maximum 60 m.p.h. speed limit for the open road.
- ☐ Ban regrooved motor vehicle tyres.
- ☐ Compulsory suspension of licences of drivers repeatedly convicted of moving-traffic offences.
- ☐ Compulsory wearing of seat belts by drivers and passengers.
- ☐ Increase minimum age for driving licences.
- ☐ Stiffer practical tests for driving licence applicants.
- ☐ Stricter enforcement of traffic laws.
- ☐ More commercial and community support for road safety.
- ☐ More divided highways with controlled access from side roads.
- ☐ Failure to wear seat belts to be deemed contributory negligence in legal action.
- ☐ Compulsory safety helmets for motor cyclists, scooter riders, and their passengers.
- ☐ Compulsory attendances at lectures and films by drivers convicted of traffic offences.
- ☐ Compulsory chemical tests for drivers and pedestrians suspected of intoxication.
- ☐ Better street lighting.
- ☐ Organise road-accident-prevention courses for youth organisations.

NAME (MR./MRS./MISS) .....

ADDRESS .....

DATE OF BIRTH ..... STATE .....

I RESOLVE .....

.....

Mail Your Entry to "ROAD SAFETY CONTEST," BOX 5252, G.P.O., SYDNEY

CONTEST CLOSES OCTOBER 6, 1964

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5528551

IS SHE SUPERIOR—OR JUST OVER-CRITICAL?

Here's your answer

Louise Hunter

"COULD you tell me if I am conceited or if I have genuine mental maturity? I have attained the age of sixteen and I find the girls in my age group exceedingly shallow.

"Their characters seem to be confined to the rut in which they exist. Politics and understanding of current affairs are virtually non-existent.

"My only interest in sport lies in the art of fencing — all others I find both laborious and boaring. Also I have a tendency to be critical of mistakes made in speech."

"Worried," N.S.W.

And I have a tendency to be critical of mistakes made in spelling. I suggest you learn how to spell "boring," stop taking yourself so seriously, and make yourself aware of the human qualities of those around you instead of looking down on them from your very immature standards of intellectualism.

● Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and private address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

He's shy, but friendly

"I WORK in a city store and I have fallen in love with the shyest boy in the store. He knows I like him because my girl-friend overheard his mates telling him. He looks at me and smiles when he walks past and my face goes red and I get happy and excited. I am 17 and he is 20. How can I win his attention?"

"In Love," N.S.W.

It sounds as though this boy does like you, and if he is really as shy as you say you would probably be justified in making the first move.

Could you organise a small party or record evening at your home or the home of a friend?

Invite him along and ask him to bring a couple of mates. At the party, be friendly toward him and I think you should know by the end of the evening whether he is really interested or not.

But remember, the next move must come from him.

If he doesn't ask you out or show any signs that he wants to see you again then I think you had better switch your attentions somewhere else.

Unlucky thirteen

"I AM a 13-year-old boy and I like a 15-year-old girl who catches our bus to school. The only trouble is she likes all the older boys and never takes any notice of me. How can I get her to notice me and talk to me?"

"Drainpipe," N.S.W.

I'm afraid there is nothing as uninteresting to a 15-year-old girl as a 13-year-old boy — unless perhaps it is a 12-year-old boy.

I wouldn't worry about girls for a while yet if I were you. Wait until you are a little older and then form friendships with girls in your own age bracket.

She loses interest

"I'M 16 years old and have had quite a few boy-friends, but I cannot keep them, no matter how nice they are. As soon as they start to really take an interest in me I lose all interest and can't do a thing about it. I'm beginning to worry whether I'll ever be interested in a boy enough to go steady or even get married. Please don't tell me I'm not mature or something like that as I'm sure I am."

"Desperate," N.S.W.

And I'm just as sure that you're not.

But, at 16, being immature is nothing to be ashamed of — it's natural.

How can you be worried about liking someone for ever when your own personality is changing so constantly, and in so many different directions?

Stop worrying so hard about tying yourself down to someone at 16.

Most people look back on their early teens and wonder what on earth they saw in people they were mad over at 16, so take your time, relax, and enjoy these years of picking and choosing.

They won't come again.

He can't read, write

"I AM in love with a boy who asked me to marry him, then said that he couldn't because he can't read or write. He said that if we had children he would hate them to know they had a father who couldn't read. Please help us. I am 18½ and he is 20 years old. We didn't plan to get married for three years."

"Unhappy," Qld.

As you can obviously read and write, surely the best solution would be for you to send to a correspondence school for a course in reading and writing.

Go through it with your boy-friend, and give him the benefit of your education.

Working together will probably draw you even closer and in three years, when you marry, there is no reason in the world why he could not be reading and writing as well as most people.

Wedding ushers' duties

"RECENTLY a relative of mine was married and two young cousins in their early twenties were ushers. However, as no one told these lads their duties they had no idea of what to do. What exactly are the duties of ushers at a wedding?"

"F.E.," Qld.

The main duty of ushers is to receive the guests as they enter the church for the wedding and conduct them to their seats.

Sometimes, too, the head usher informs the bridegroom that the bride has arrived and signals the organist to commence the music.

After the ceremony, ushers should assist the best man in seeing the guests into the cars.

Small-bust worry

"I AM 21 years old and my bust measurement is next to nothing. I have tried exercises faithfully but to no avail. How can I improve my bust measurement?"

"Figure Conscious," W.A.

You just have to resign yourself to the fact that you are — and were meant to be — small-busted.

Lots of beautiful and elegant women have measurements which are "next to nothing," and instead of worrying about it they capitalise on their boyish figures.

Exercise is fine for toning up the muscles surrounding the breasts, but nothing can increase their actual size, as they are tissue not muscle.

There are so many discreetly padded bras on the market today and swimsuits with built-in tops that there is really no need for any girl to feel that she is "lacking."

Besides, in olden days small busts were considered a sign of aristocracy (and everyone knows about the flat-chested flappers of the 'twenties).

Even today small busts are considered pretty.

Ask any dress-designer for whom he would rather design—Jayne Mansfield or Audrey Hepburn!

Friendship ring

"I WOULD like to give my girl-friend a friendship ring. Do I have to get her parents' permission to do so, or can I just do it off my own bat?"

"Ringo," S.A.

Friendship rings are just that—rings given in friendship. You don't have to get parents' permission to give them, but they are not always a good idea—I know some girls who don't like to accept these rings, as they feel too close to the formal step of engagement.

Deferred date

"FIVE years ago I made a date to go to a dance with a boy, who later went to London. The five years is up at the beginning of next month and as he is now married with two children I am wondering if I should turn up. He said last time I saw him that nothing would stop him from turning up, not even if he was married with six children. What do you think?"

"D.S.," Vic.

I wouldn't expect this boy to be there if I were you — a lot of water has obviously flowed under the bridge in the past five years.

Save your dignity and stay home.

The stars' STARS and you

A GREAT HAPPINESS

DAVE CLARK, born on December 15, 1942, like so many Sagittarians (November 22 to December 20), has an uncanny instinct about people. He understands others so well that at times he runs the risk of showing that he has power over them. And sometimes other people can resent this, especially if they have anything to hide.

Dave is an instinctively happy and optimistic type of person. With those closest to himself he can be the most demonstrative of people. That is true of most Sagittarians.

He has great determination and would face tremendous odds to achieve his goal. His vast energy helps in this. Very independent in nature, he finds it easy to express himself.

I predict that Dave Clark will have a long and lasting romance.

I predict that he will emerge as an artist in his own right. I do not mean the Dave Clark Five will break up. Quite the contrary; his success will make the group stronger.

IF YOU ARE A SAGITTARIAN . . .

I find that you Sagittarians are much in demand because you always look on the bright side. Witty, cheerful, you can enjoy immense popularity. The people that you accept as friends find you very loyal and understanding.

On the other hand, people who strike you as foolish or deceitful can get the sharp end of your tongue only too easily.

I predict that demands will be made of you and from them you will enjoy considerable rewards.

I predict a great happiness soon.

● More stars next week.

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Bethal Tablets clear away STUFFY HEAD COLDS!

Winter time can be very miserable when you suffer from Head Colds. If you do, take Bethal Tablets. Then you'll get the same fast relief Bethal has given thousands of others. Bethal Tablets act through the blood-stream, break up congestion and dry out nasty sniffles and sneezes. Chemists have recommended Bethal Tablets for years. You ask them.

Bethal Tablets

2/9, 6/3 or 19/6

BC73

KIDNEY TROUBLES? like this.

Pressure and pain in kidneys, weak bladder?

Then start a course of MACKENZIE'S MENTHOIDS

When your kidneys are not working properly, uric-acids and poisonous toxins are deposited in muscles and joints, causing aches and pains that make life a misery.

The wonder-drug THIONINE in MENTHOIDS helps cleanse your blood of these poisons and soothes and assists relieved, overworked kidneys to resume normal healthy functioning. If you or yours suffer kidney and bladder weakness, bad back, aching muscles and joints, rheumatism, sciatica, headaches or hot flushes, try the MENTHOIDS treatment. MENTHOIDS, with diet booklet, are 15/-, 9/- or 5/- everywhere. M10C

For the immediate relief of aches and pains, massage MENTHOID CRÈME in the trouble spots. Menthoid Crème penetrates deep to soothe painful areas and give quick, positive relief. Remember! If a MENTHOID CRÈME to relieve the local pain and MENTHOIDS to treat the cause.

MACKENZIE'S MENTHOIDS

SKIN ITCH & TINEA

To clear your skin soft and smooth—free from pimples, blotches, eczema, sun blotches, blemishes and moles, use NIXODERM. Get NIXODERM from your chemist. Cleans skin while you sleep.

Butterick PATTERNS

EXTRA QUICK 'N EASY

3028.—Easy and quick-to-make semi-fit shift with cap sleeves. The back-buttoned blouse has the new cowl collar and three-quarter length cuffed sleeves. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Price 6/- includes postage.

3029.—Semi-fit sleeveless dress with shallow neckline. An attractive outfit with the straight-line coat. Coat is buttoned through, with three-quarter length sleeves. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Price 6/- includes postage.

3061.—Pretty sleeveless dress with bloused bodice and eased skirt; self belt. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Price 6/- includes postage.

3062.—Flattering shift dress with new drawstring neckline. Can be worn with or without tie belt. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36 38in. bust. Price 6/- includes postage.

3026.—Another easy-to-make shift with shallow neckline, extended shoulders, and belt carriers; self-tie belt. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Price 6/- includes postage.

3027.—Smart yoked dress, semi-fitted front with straight back, patch pockets, and saddle-stitch trim. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36in. bust. Price 6/- includes postage.

BUTTERICK PATTERNS ARE AVAILABLE IN LEADING DEPARTMENT STORES.

Send your order and postal note to: PATTERN SERVICE, P.O. BOX 4, CROYDON, N.S.W. (N.Z. readers: P.O. BOX 11.039, Ellerslie, S.E.6.) BE SURE TO STATE SIZE.

NAME	DESIGN	SIZE
ADDRESS		

HIGH FASHION ELEGANCE ACHIEVED WITH NEW VILENE INTERLINING.

The superbly simple lines of this full length evening coat is permanently shaped with Vilene interlining—and Vilene is so simple to use—has no bias—can be cut in any direction. Crease resistant. Washable. Dry-cleanable. For free booklet "Sewing with Vilene", write to: Vilene Studio, 7 Elizabeth Street, Sydney. Vilene is fully guaranteed. Always look for the name 'Vilene' on the selvedge.

DOWN IN THE MOUTH YESTERDAY

Riding high today

Based on a real life story

Brring! Brring! Peter flashes past on his new bike.

"What energy!" says his mother. "Yesterday he was so tired and miserable. Wouldn't eat—not even his favourite ice cream. Glad I remembered Laxettes."

Children's upsets are often due to constipation. Laxettes help restore regularity overnight. Not habit-forming. No embarrassing urgency. Each milk chocolate square contains an exact dose of safe, gentle laxative.

When Nature forgets, remember Laxettes! 3/3.

96710

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Pluravit—a high-potency multi-vitamin capsule made by NYAL—is a complete vitamin and mineral supplement. Pluravit positively promotes health, vigour and energy; helps build resistance to infection; stimulates the appetite. Just one Pluravit Capsule each day helps you to enjoy continuing good health. One month's supply, 22/6; 3 months' supply, 52/6.

Each Capsule contains:

Vitamin A	25,000 I.U.
Vitamin D	1,000 I.U.
Vitamin B_1	10 mg.
Vitamin B_2	10 mg.
Vitamin B_6	2 mg.
Nicotinamide	25 mg.
Calcium Pantothenate	8 mg.
Vitamin B_{12}	2 mcg.
Vitamin C	75 mg.
Vitamin E	10 I.U.
Magnesium	6 mg.
Manganese	1 mg.
Molybdenum	0.2 mg.
Potassium	5 mg.
Phosphorus	10 mg.
Iron	15 mg.
Cobalt	0.1 mg.
Copper	1 mg.
Iodine	0.15 mg.
Zinc	1.5 mg.
Calcium	25 mg.

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